Good Housekeeping

MAY 1930

25 CENTS

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

APR 24 1930

JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH.

Beginning GEORGE WESTON'S *New Novel*

~ Kathleen Norris ~

Margaret Widdemer ~ Hugh Walpole ~ Frances P. Keyes
Mary Lawton ~ Wm. Lyon Phelps ~ Freeman Lincoln

It's the *top* of the can that counts these days

Look for DOLE stamped in the top
DOLE 1
DOLE 2
DOLE 3

A color photograph

The three NEW *grade numbers are fully explained below:*

Grade 1

Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup as above.

Tidbits (Salad Cuts)—Grade 1 slices cut into small, uniform sections packed in the same rich syrup.

Grade 2

Also comes in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color — Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine delicious product. Grade 2 syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

Grade 3

Broken slices packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit itself is of good, wholesome quality.

Now you can choose just the grade of pineapple best suited for each salad, each dish, each dessert

GROW pineapples carefully as you may. Choose only the finest plants, the richest soil. Gather them, as we do, at the peak of ripeness. Even with such care there are degrees of perfection.

So we have always graded every can of our pineapple—over 70,000,000 cans a year. But never has it been so clearly and simply marked as now—by *numbers stamped right in the top of the can.*

First—the perfect fruit. That's Dole 1—and so stamped in the top of the can. Fruit not quite so perfect in shape, in color—Dole 2. Broken slices—Dole 3.

Gleaming cans of Pineapple on the grocer's shelf. Which shall you buy for that dish or dessert you are planning for dinner? Look, first, for DOLE stamped in the top of the can, for that tells you the ripe and freshly gathered fruit inside is Dole grown—Dole packed. And beneath DOLE look for the grade you wish—1 or 2 or 3. Yes, "It's the top of the can that counts, these days."

You can thank "Jim" Dole for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple.

Do you know you can now buy pure, unsweetened pineapple juice—packed by DOLE?

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY

Honolulu, HAWAII ***Sales Office:*** **215 Market Street, San Francisco**

World's largest growers and canners of Hawaiian Pineapple

39 new recipes created by food editors of four famous magazines.

..free

You'll find them in this beautiful and useful booklet, and you'll also find the full story of the Hawaiian Pineapple industry and the man who started it all—James D. Dole. Fill in and mail coupon — that's all you need to do.

© 1930 H. P. Co.

Mail to HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE CO., Dept. G-40
215 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.

NAME ------------------------------

ADDRESS ------------------------------

CITY -------------------- STATE ---------- G-40

May 1930 Good Housekeeping

IF YOU WANT THE TRUE, THE DELICIOUS SPAGHETTI, IT MUST BE ITALIAN!

Franco-American
SPAGHETTI
À LA MILANAISE
(TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE)

AND here it is—the real Italian spaghetti made from a recipe of old Milan! But such perfection as even Italy herself cannot produce, for this spaghetti is blended by skilled French chefs, working in spotless American kitchens...What a treat it is—this product of the combined genius of three nations. Golden, delectable spaghetti, with the tingling tang of rare cheddar cheese and its glowing, glorious tomato sauce . . . Once taste Franco-American, and it will remain in your memory as the spaghetti which possesses that indefinable Italian verve—a challenge to the finest sense for flavor—supremely, deliciously satisfying to the hunger . . . Main dish or side-dish, Franco-American Spaghetti never fails to delight . . . 12 cents a can.

★

FRANCO-AMERICAN
READY-COOKED
SPAGHETTI
À LA MILANAISE
(TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE)

May GOOD HOUSEKEEPING 1930
Vol. XC No. 5

Contents

Cover Design by Jessie Willcox Smith

The Editor's Page

Fighting the Good Fight Again 4
Index to Advertisements 6

Fiction

The American Marquis A New Serial
George Weston 24
The Blue Plush Rabbit A Short Story
Elizabeth Troy 30
Steel A Short Story
Freeman Lincoln 36
All the King's Horses A Serial
Margaret Widdemer 42
Endurance Flight A Short Story
Mary Badger Wilson 48
Love Is Like That A Short Story
Hazel Havermale 64
The Fool of the Family A Serial
Margaret Kennedy 80
The Lilac A Short Story
Hugh Walpole 96

Special Articles

Back Pay on Mothers' Day
Kathleen Norris 28
Surprises of the Greenwood
Archibald Rutledge 34
Your Voice Gives You Away
Helen Hathaway 40
Stars and Scissors
Mary Lawton 46
The Land of Fire
Frances Parkinson Keyes 62
Pleasant Books
Emily Newell Blair 84
The Wisdom of Folly
William Lyon Phelps 85
Our Own Four Walls 100

Good Housekeeping Studio

Interiors in the French Provincial Type 54
Porch Furniture the Studio Will Buy 59

Good Housekeeping Institute

Edited by KATHARINE A. FISHER
Windows That Sparkle 86
Let's Have Pie 88
Gas Ranges 90
What "Tested and Approved" Means 92
A Spring Breakfast Party 93
May Meals 94

Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health

On the Trail of Vitamin C
Dr. Walter H. Eddy 102

For the Children

Punda A Short Story
Mrs. Martin Johnson 60

For the Home Owner

Your Doorway
Roger H. Bullard 50
The Studio Designs a French Provincial House 52

Verse

The Potter
Clara Hood Rugel 23
I Think That God Is Proud
Grace Noll Crowell 44
May
James Courtney Challiss 66
You and I
Minnie Case Hopkins 326

Special Service Features

Make Up for Color and Accent
Ruth Murrin 105
Common Stocks and Common Sense
Ruth Boyle 106
When a Child is Thin
Dr. Josephine Hemenway Kenyon 108
Dr. Wiley's Question-Box 110
Entertainment Page 115

Fashions

Edited by HELEN KOUES
The Bride Must Wear What Paris Wears: Wedding Gown and Bridesmaids' Gowns; Going-Away Suits; Afternoon Clothes; At-Home Gowns; Evening Gowns and Wraps; Street Jacket Suits and Bolero Frocks 68
Trade-Marked Shoes You Can Buy in Your Own Town 74
Let Us Buy Your Spring Clothes on Fifth Avenue 76
Summer Frocks in Patterns that are Easily Made 79
Inexpensive Frocks We Will Buy For You 116

Our First Summer Number

With Three Intriguing Serials,
Five Short Stories, as Different as They Are Delightful,
And Seven Sparkling Special Articles

Makes June a Memorable Month in the Magazine World

Published monthly by the International Magazine Company, Inc., 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
RAY LONG, President. THOMAS J. WHITE, Vice-President. AUSTIN W. CLARK, Treasurer. ARTHUR S. MOORE, Secretary
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, MAY, 1930. VOL. XC, No. 5
Price in the United States and Canada $2.50 a year.
Subscription to foreign countries postpaid $4.00. COPYRIGHT, 1930 (Trade-mark registered) by International Magazine Co., Inc. Entered as second-class matter on August 1, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879; additional entry at Boston, Mass., Chicago, Ill., Los Angeles, Cal., San Francisco, Cal., Columbus, Ohio, Harrisburg, Pa., Kansas City, Mo., Minneapolis, Minn., Syracuse, N. Y., Seattle, Wash., Lynchburg, Va., Louisville, Ky., Pittsburgh, Pa., Omaha, Nebr., St. Louis, Missouri, Cleveland, Ohio, Philadelphia, Pa., Buffalo, N. Y., Detroit, Mich., Baltimore, Md., Denver, Colo., Washington, D. C., Albany, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Canada. Address all communications GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City. All subscriptions are payable in advance at the full price. When changing an address give the old address as well as the new, and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you.

Good Housekeeping is fully protected by copyright, and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted either wholly or in part without permission

Armour's new Star Bacon
with the

Fixed* Flavor

makes an instant hit. In all the world, no flavor like that achieved by Armour's new *"double-f"* process

AMERICAN housewives have discovered a new "star" of particular brilliance . . . Armour's Star Bacon, prepared by a new, improved method. A finer, more even-textured bacon whose very fragrance in the fry-pan whips the most jaded appetite to primitive frenzy. You just can't wait to get your fork into a slice of it!

What is this "double-f" process—this Fixed* Flavor? It came about by an earnest desire on the part of Armour and Company to give you still better bacon . . . to better previous "bests." We began with the livestock itself, raising still higher the standard of selection.

Then we revised the whole process of cure and smoke from start to finish. Some of our well-meaning friends advised us to leave well enough alone. Star Bacon was already the most melting, mouth-watering morsel that ever decorated a dish, they said. But we were bent on "doing the impossible." Years were devoted to research, to perfecting that uniformity of fragrance and taste which we have called Fixed* Flavor. The result justifies the time, money, and labor expended. Your own tongue will tell you—there is no other bacon like the new Armour's Star in all the world.

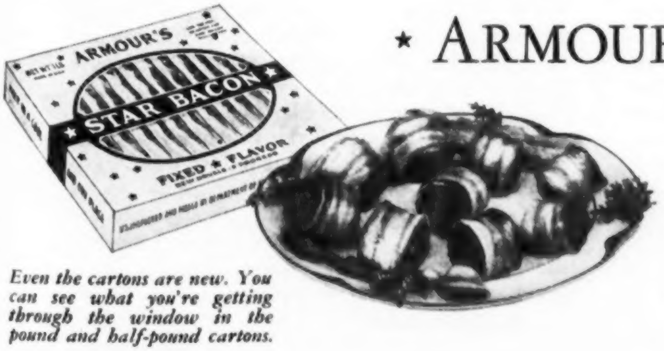
Let your family decide tomorrow, at breakfast. After all, there are no words in Webster that can put *taste* in your mouth. But you will *know* the instant you remove the wrapping. When the fat sputters in the pan, and that glorious fragrance percolates through the kitchen, you will be more certain. And when, finally, your fork divides each marvelous mouthful, you will be convinced beyond question. Mail the coupon for "36 Ways to Serve Bacon."

* * *

Tune-in the Armour Hour every Friday night at 8:30 eastern standard time, over any of 36 stations associated with the N. B. C. Armour and Company, Chicago; Armour and Company, Limited, London, England.

* ARMOUR'S STAR BACON

with the Fixed* Flavor



Even the cartons are new. You can see what you're getting through the window in the pound and half-pound cartons.

36
WAYS
to Serve
BACON

Dept. A-5, Div. Food Economics
ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.
Please send me free copy of "36 Ways to Serve Bacon."

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

In using advertisements see page 6

Fighting the Good Fight Again

IN PICTORIAL REVIEW for April, under the heading, "Let Mothers Live," Mrs. Genevieve Parkhurst presented an unanswerable argument in behalf of maternal welfare legislation now pending in Congress. We know that it is unanswerable, because we have been using it for the last ten years for the same good purpose. At first, those who hold the unalterable conviction that far too many mothers and babies die every year succeeded in having passed a law that made the nation a partner with the states in their maternal and infant-welfare work. The Congress appropriated a sum of money which was to be used, under the direction of the Children's Bureau, in the states that, by legislative action, undertook to cooperate in the work. When the government withdrew its support in June of last year, only three states—Connecticut, Illinois, and Massachusetts—had refused to accept the benefits of the Sheppard-Towner Act.

The cooperative work was carried on for a period of seven years. The original bill covered a five-year term. As that term neared its end, child-welfare workers, observing the great good that was being accomplished and foreseeing even better results as the work became better established, asked for an extension of time. After a bitter—and shameful—battle in the Senate, the act was extended for two years, but even that little success was not obtained until Senator Sheppard and others had agreed that at the end of two years Federal cooperation with the states should cease. June 30, 1929, was the date set, and on that day, while Federal cooperation in the building of roads and the raising of corn, cattle, and hogs continued, Federal interest in the paring down of our high mother-and-infant death-rate came to an end.

What shall be done next is a serious problem, and there is much confusion, both in and out of Congress, owing to the various bills that have been introduced. Says Mrs. Parkhurst: "In the concurrent Congress an effort is being made to put through what is known as the Jones-Cooper Act—a bill which is the same in its provisions and effect but wider in scope than the Sheppard-Towner Bill. It has the support of the women's organizations, of the Children's Bureau, of the American Child Health Association . . ." That was a true picture of the situation when Mrs. Parkhurst wrote, but on February 14th Mr. Cooper introduced H. R. 9888, a bill which relegates the "promotion of the welfare of mothers and children" to third place in a general program for the prevention of disease and the development of local health service. Those who have implicit confidence in the work the Children's Bureau is doing and is qualified to do were very much disturbed by this move by Mr. Cooper, which looked like desertion of the cause at a critical moment. The situation was complicated by the fact that Mr. Cooper's bill, while not acceptable to child-welfare workers because of limitations it placed on certain phases of the work, was nevertheless better than no bill at all. It was on this ground that some who have stood most loyally by the Children's Bureau decided not to oppose the Cooper bill.

Such was the situation when, on March 7th, Mr. Goodwin, of Minnesota, introduced H. R. 10574, a bill to reenact the original Sheppard-Towner Act.

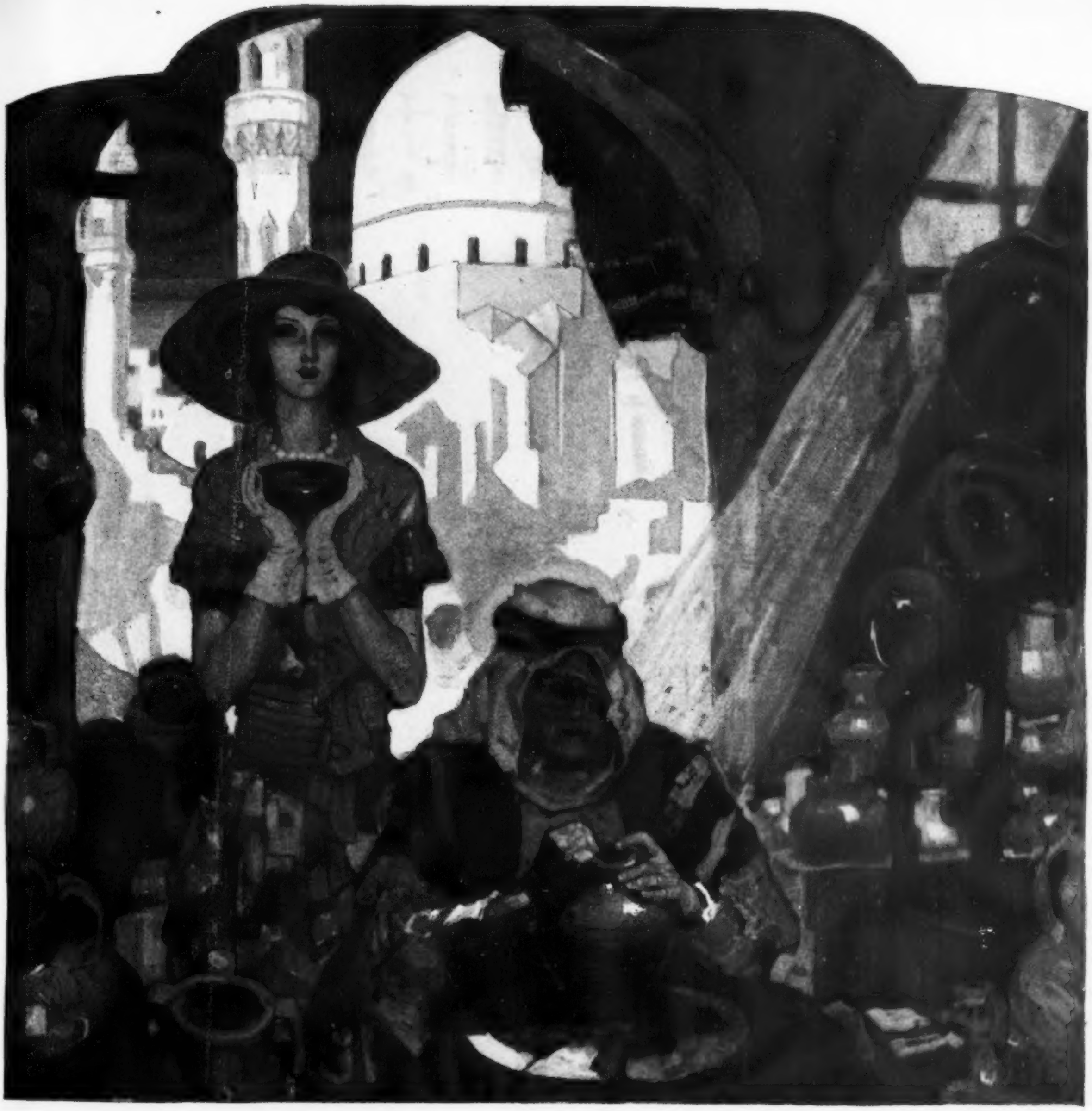
It will be remembered that, under the terms of the original act, each state accepting the cooperation of the government, through the Children's Bureau, received $5000 outright and an additional $5000 if matched by the state. The balance of the appropriation—the total amount available each year was $1,190,000—was distributed among the states, if matched, on the basis of population. These are the funds that Mr. Goodwin's bill would have put into the hands of those who are trying to save the 20,000 mothers who die in childbirth each year and the 100,000 babies who live but a few months.

But, just as we go to press, word comes that this bill is not satisfactory to all concerned, and with the other two is to be dropped in favor of a compromise bill. There is a very definite feeling in some quarters that the Public Health Service should be built up, not at the expense of the Children's Bureau, but along with it. And there seems to be no good reason why this should not be done. It will take a bit of money to extend either one of these great and vital departments of the government's work, and a bit more to enlarge both of them. But a Good Roads Bill, carrying over one hundred million dollars, has just been passed by both houses of Congress, and we feel sure that a million or so can be found for building health and longer life. Good roads are a fine thing, but, oh, let's stop that procession of cars to the graveyard.

We regret that we can not give you the name or number of this new bill, but we are assured that it will be introduced soon, and that it will have the approval, not only of the Children's Bureau and the Public Health Service, but of the White House. There is great need for harmony in all this work. Departmental jealousies should give way to all-round cooperation, and if this new bill will accomplish that happy end, it is the bill we want.

May Day is Child Health Day. What an appropriate time to send to your Congressman and your Senators word that you think this new bill should be passed right speedily! America should again go on record as favoring a fair, square chance at life and health for mothers and babies.

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW, EDITOR



THE POTTER

By Clara Hood Rugel

Illustrated by Dan Content

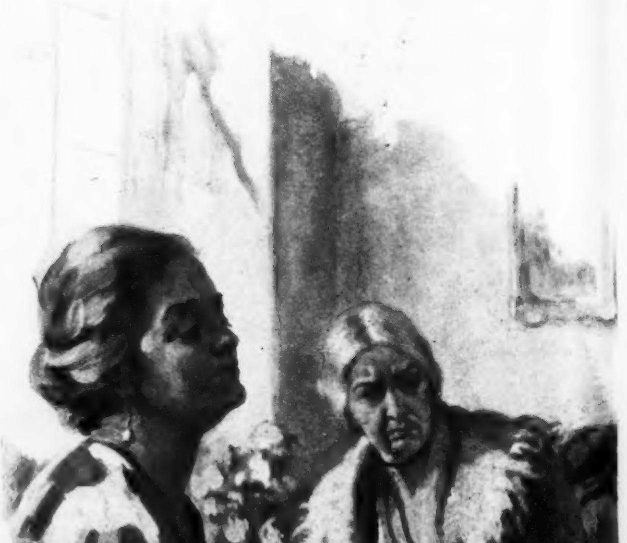
I WALK the streets of Cairo in the sun
And slow my steps before an old bazaar;
The colors—how I count them one by one
On finished bowl and flaming attar jar!

WITH bare, brown feet a potter turns his disc,
His throwing-wheel revolves to move the clay;
It answers in his hands the simple tools
That shape the water jug I take away.

I WAIT . . . and feel another Potter there.
His tools are love and life—and I the clay;
Will all His toil bring beauty in the sun—
Or only chaff that potters throw away?

Beginning
The AMERICAN

Another Case of Hands—and Diamond Engagement Rings—Across The Sea



CHAPTER I

ON HIS way home, Judge Marlebone met his eldest daughter, Alicia, in front of Reid & Allen's Department Store, where she had charge of the book counters.

The Belleview shops were trying the five o'clock closing hour that year; and when Alicia could get away promptly she often stood in the vestibule, watching the passers-by and waiting for her father.

Sometimes Ed Wyman would come along first in his car—Ed Wyman whose father owned the Belleview Motor Mart—and they would go for a short ride before he took her home—perhaps to the Falls, or Gardner's Lake, or even through the tree-bowered drives of Mohegan Park. But on this particular afternoon her father came first. Alicia promptly stepped down off the vestibule and took her place by his side.

As far back as she could remember, she had liked to walk with him. His imposing presence, the seal upon his watch-chain, his broad-brimmed hat, the judicial cut of his frock coat—all these things had appealed to her fancy as a child; had set him apart from the lowlier order of men.

And now, although she knew him better—knew his weaknesses and his failures, and loved him all the more, perhaps, because of them—she still took secret pride in his appearance and was the only one of the family who didn't urge him to take his gray mop oftener to the barber's.

They walked down Main Street together; and although the Judge owed money in nearly all the stores they passed, his dignified look remained as impressive as ever.

Gilbert & Cadden's Furniture Store drew his eye as they passed. He must see Alpheus Gilbert some time, he told himself, about paying for that new stove—a stove not exactly new any longer. And at the same time he would order one of those electric refrigerators. The idea pleased him, warmed him. If money had been in his pocket, it would have burned a hole there.

"Let's stop and look at this refrigerator, the one with the glass doors," he said to Alicia.

They stopped at the window and looked at the frost-covered coils through the display doors. On the shelves were a chicken ready for roasting, an erubescent lobster, chops, milk bottles, strawberries, grapefruit—

"Some day we'll get one of those," said the Judge decidedly.

"Won't that be nice!" said Alicia in a gently humoring voice.

A car stopped at the curbstone, and an obviously foreign couple stepped out. They walked to the store window, the woman unconsciously elbowing the Judge to one side.

"There, you see?" she said to the man who was with her. "Meester Gilbert say we have him two hunder' feefty dollar. Come, I show you."

The man frowningly nodded, and they entered the store together.

"Did you hear that?" said the Judge to his daughter as they started on again, and with an unconscious gesture to the Gods of Irony, he added, "Perhaps if we had been immigrants, Alicia—the first of our family instead of the last—"

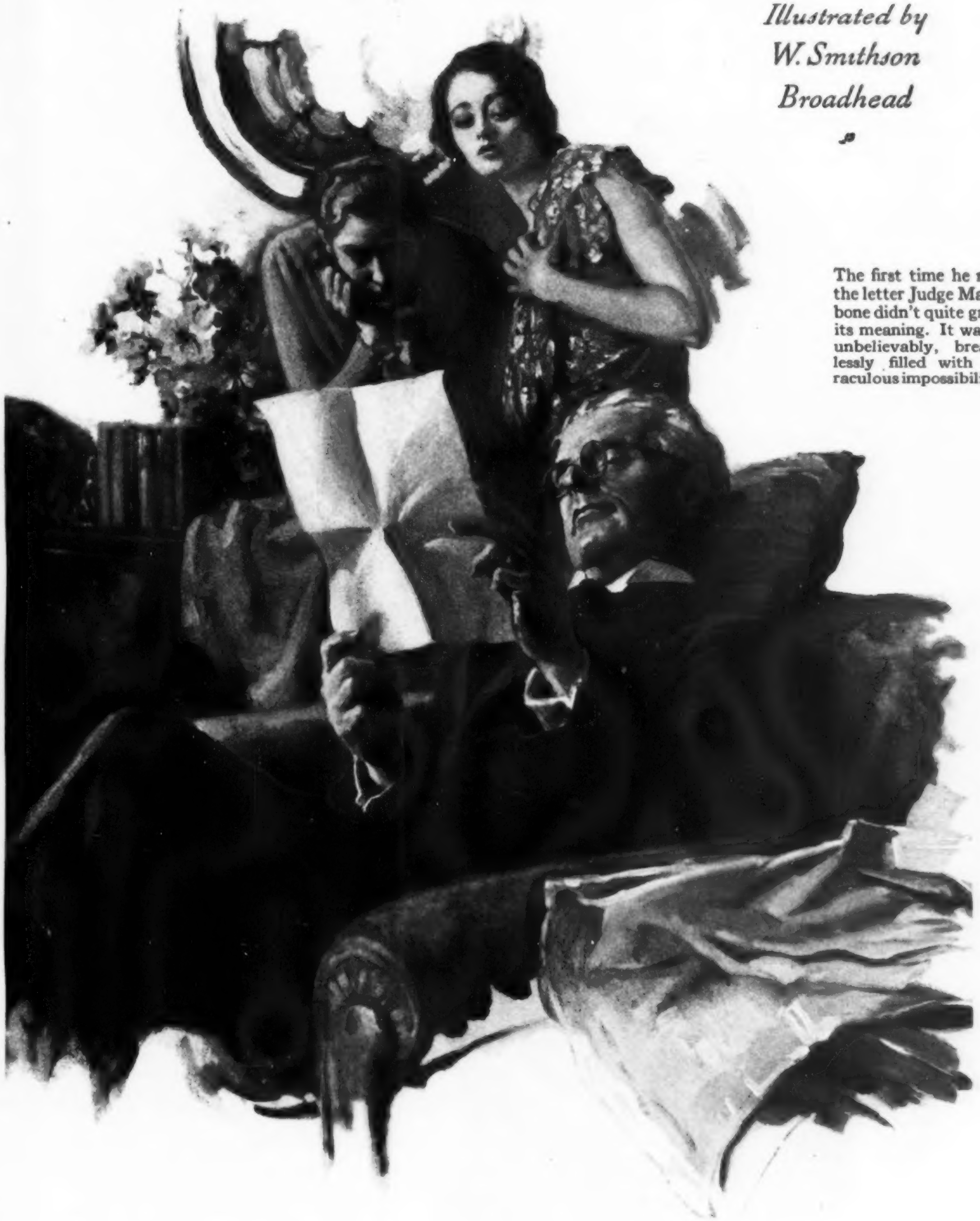
She gently pressed her arm against his—the pressure of sympathy and understanding. "I know, dear," she said in a low voice.

More and more he was growing tired of these foreigners with their impossible names who elbowed him and didn't even know him. For that matter, many of the young native Americans who spoke to Alicia didn't know him, either; but the

MARQUIS

By George Weston

Illustrated by W. Smithson Broadhead



The first time he read the letter Judge Marlebone didn't quite grasp its meaning. It was so unbelievably, breathlessly filled with miraculous impossibilities

young had no respect for their elders any more—no respect for families or traditions. It was nothing to them that the Marlebones had been on the pages of history before America was discovered—that the name itself had originally been Mary le Bonne. But that would mean nothing to these young Smiths and Bergers and Callahans. A lot of young nobodies! He was surprised that Alicia even spoke to them.

"I want to stop at the library for a book," she said, as they left the business section of the town behind them. "Don't wait. I may be longer than I expect."

But the Judge wasn't long without company. Ed Andrews, an old political war-horse overtook him before he reached the next corner.

"Evening, Judge," he said. "What's this I hear about you running for state Senator?"

"Good evening, Edward," said the Judge in his dignified, gracious voice. "I had thought of allowing my name to be used, yes, but Sheriff Yates tells me that the fight is an open one."

Ed looked over his shoulder, and when next he spoke his voice had fallen to that mysterious whisper which is the keynote of politics. "Listen, Judge," he whispered. "You ought to get that nomination. They've never given you anything but Justice of the Peace, and what does that amount to? Why don't you go and see Monty Chandler? He runs the whole state now—and these little fellows who think themselves leaders, they daren't even wag their tails any more till J. Montague Chandler rubs them behind their ears."

The Judge cleared his throat, as though the cud of bitter reflection threatened to choke him. "Don't I know it?" he said. "Didn't I go to see J. Montague this afternoon?"

"Good for you!" said Ed. "What did he say?"

"He said," and this time there was no mistaking the Judge's irony, "—he said he never interfered with his county leaders. 'Interfere?' I said to him. 'Of course, you interfere, sir! I can name a dozen instances, if you wish! Always before,' I said to him, 'I have carried out your wishes, but now I want you to make a wish for me. I want you to tell Sheriff Yates that you would like to see me nominated for State Senator!' "

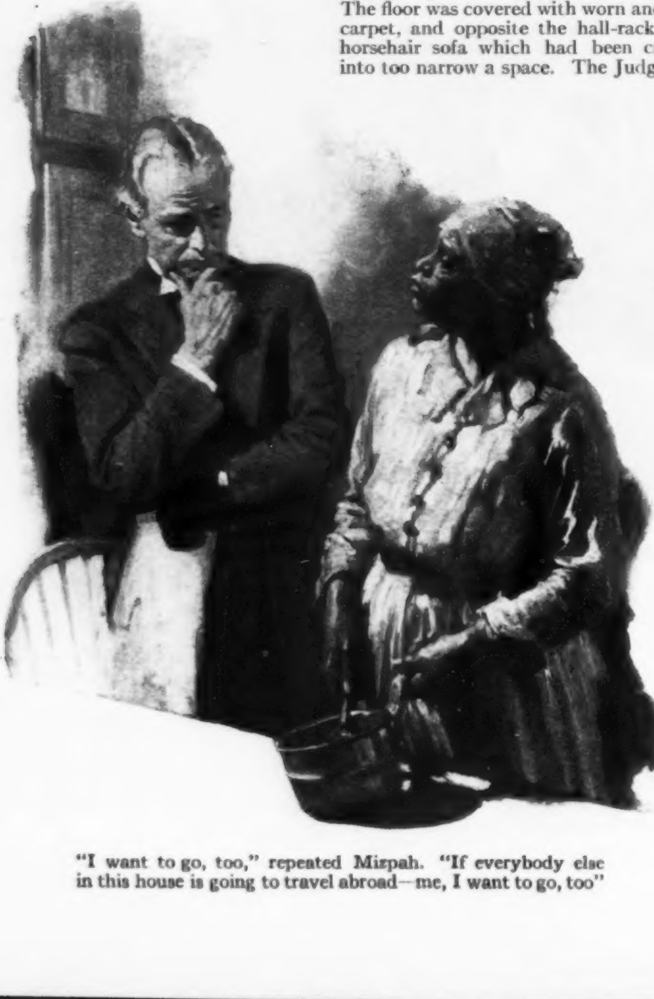
"Good for you!" said Ed again, more heartily than ever. "What did he say to that?"

"He asked me if I wanted to see him about anything else," said the Judge, his face darkening slightly at the memory.

It had been an unmannerly dismissal; and whenever confronted with cavalier treatment, it was the Judge's instinct to contrast it with a somewhat exaggerated courtesy. So—although he didn't tell this to Ed Andrews—he had bowed to J. Montague; had bowed and said, "I prefer to feel that when you speak so emphatically, sir, you are simply trying to be explicit."

But it had been a Pyrrhic victory; and when the Judge left Ed Andrews and started down the steep hill which led to his home on Oak Street, he felt indeed that he was going down hill in more than one sense of the word. He had offended Chandler—there was no doubt of that. Still, in a way, he was no worse off than before. Evidently he was not to get the nomination. Some younger man, probably—somebody more prosperous—who didn't owe so many bills . . .

At 17 Oak Street he opened the gate. No trim lawn here with blue spruces and rose-trees like those which stood in front of the Chandler mansion on the hill. The Judge's front lawn was a small rectangle of overgrown grass with a row of lilac bushes partly shielding the veranda. He walked up the steps and entered a narrow hallway. The floor was covered with worn and faded carpet, and opposite the hall-rack was a horsehair sofa which had been crowded into too narrow a space. The Judge hung his hat on the rack and entered the living-room.



"I want to go, too," repeated Mizpah. "If everybody else in this house is going to travel abroad—me, I want to go, too"

Unlike the hall, the living-room had a hardwood floor and such modern touches as a phonograph, a radio, and an up-to-date three-piece suite. But the past was also represented by an upright ebony piano, and a Morris chair which had been sat in so often that its cushions had become molded to the human form, and by a wire rack in front of the side windows containing pots of geraniums, and ferns, and polychromatic elephant's ears. But speaking of the past more eloquently than any of these was a little old lady seated near the front window, industriously darning a pair of black lisle stockings.

"Well, Mother—" said the Judge with a fine affectation of cheerfulness.

"Well, Lucius. What's worrying you now?"

"Worrying me?" he scoffed with a large gesture. "Nothing!"

"Ah, you don't fool me," she said. "I could tell from your step that something was wrong before you turned in at the gate."

He leaned over and kissed her, having lived with her long enough to know the futility of trying to change the least of her opinions. She was seventy-one years old, a wiry little woman—sharp, shrewd, and slightly deaf—who looked as though she might live to be a hundred. She had a small, sufficient income which died with her; but the house, at present in her name, would one day belong to the Judge.

"And how did things go at the office to-day?" she asked.

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "Very good day!"

"Ah," her silence seemed to say, "you don't fool me."

He patted her shoulder and went back into the kitchen for the doughnut and glass of milk which were always waiting for him to curb his impatience if dinner should be late. Mizpah, the stout old colored woman who had been with them for thirty years, was mixing something in a bowl, but she found time to roll her eyes and show her surprisingly white teeth to the Judge.

"You haven't forgotten me, Mizpah?" he asked, looking in the ice-box.

"No, sah, Judge. You'll find it on the shelf."

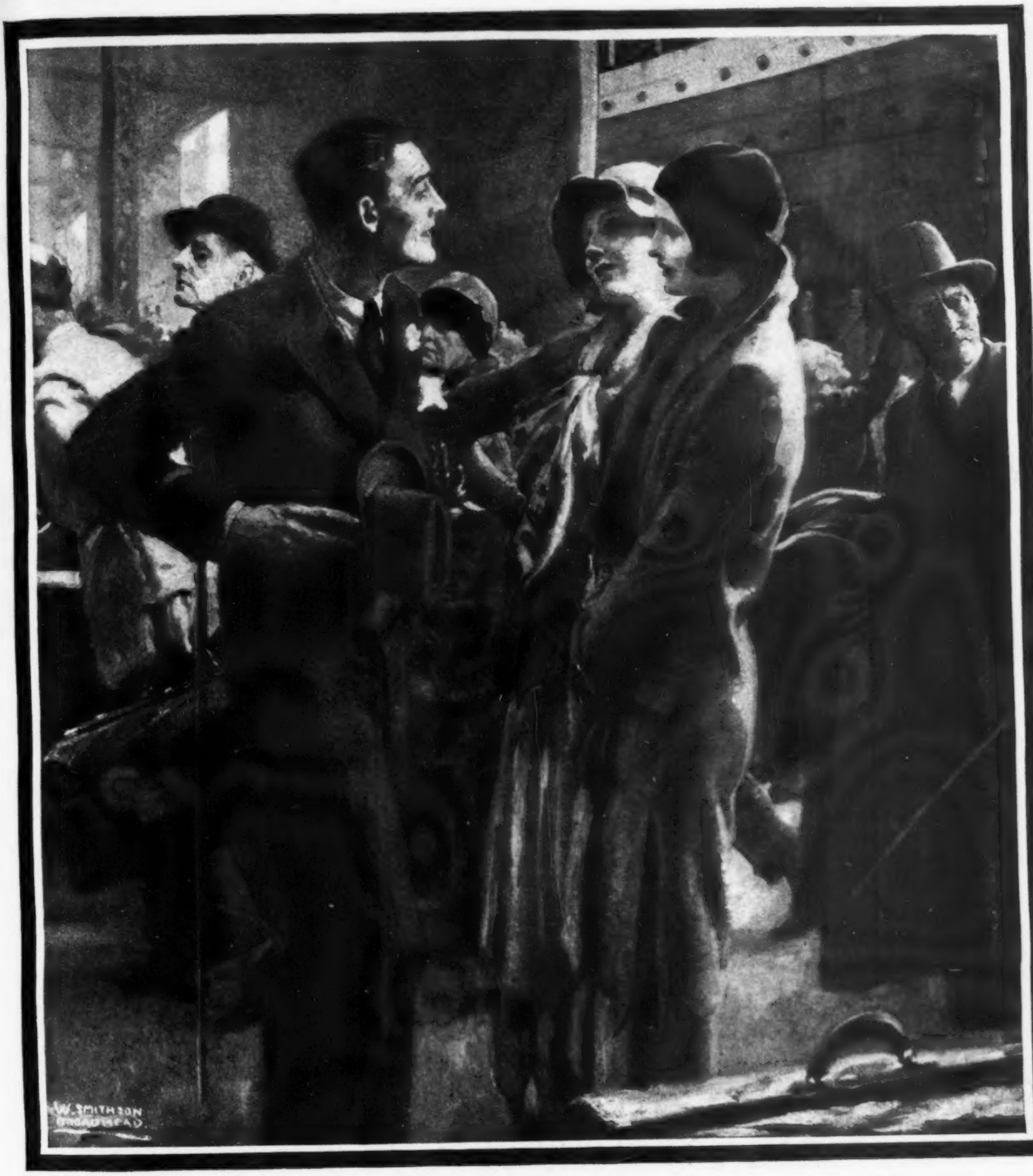
He sipped his milk and, according to his dignified custom, engaged in a bit of condescending banter with Mizpah.

"What are you making there?" he asked. "A wedding cake for yourself?"

Mizpah threw back her head and cackled with right good will. "No, sah, Judge!" she exclaimed. "The man I marry again ain't bo'n yet. I tried three times to get me a good black bass, but all I got was catfish. No, sah, they don't fool me again."

Smiling, humming to himself to show his peace of mind, the Judge returned to the living-room and fitted himself into the mold of his Morris chair. By the side of the chair was a table which also served as desk. From this he lifted the morning paper which had evidently been placed there ready for his hand, and was just settling himself to read, when the front door opened and his sister Josephine came striding into the living-room.

"Don't mind me if I start falling over



"Welcome to England," said Archey. "I'm your father's cousin, and you're my little relatives from America." Almost instinctively his little relatives gathered round him—especially Coral

furniture," she said. "I'm so mad I can't see straight!"

Josephine was five years younger than her brother—that is to say, she was forty-five. In appearance she was stout but active, had prominent eyes and an excitable manner of speaking. She taught English, French, and geometry at the Belleview Normal School, and for the last few years she had been working hard for the appointment of vice-principal.

"What's the matter?" asked the Judge, with a significant glance toward the bent old figure by the window.

"That old Tim Meskell!" exclaimed Josephine, with an answering glance which said, "I know she's there." And in tones which fairly dripped with scorn she continued: "Less than two weeks ago he promised to help me. And today, Miss Snell told me—Miss *Snell*, if you please—that Tim Meskell had promised to vote for *her!* Mad? If he had been there, I could have slapped him!"

"You would only have dirtied your hand," said the Judge with unconscious eloquence. "That's politics. You can give all your time, all your energy, everything you have, and in the end you will only find yourself thrown in the wastebasket like — like yesterday morning's paper."

"Ah-ha!" thought she by the window, without looking up from her darning. "I knew there was something."

Another diversion stopped more serious conversation. A car stopped in front of the house, and Alicia stepped out, a graceful figure, pausing a few moments to chat with the driver, apparently finishing a pleasantly exciting and more or less confidential conversation which had started in the car.

"Alicia's coming home in style again tonight," said (*Continued on page 120*)

If You are the Right
Will Not Be

BACK PAY on

Says Kathleen

SOME sons and daughters are so loyal and so dutiful that they always put the thought of Mother first, and gladly sacrifice their lives, their futures, their own happiness, to the sacred duty of making Mother happy.

And other sons and daughters never show the slightest appreciation of home, get out of it as soon as they can, refuse to respond to any affectionate maternal overtures thereafter, and drift completely away from the woman who loves them better than anything else in the world.

Between these two poles we mothers find ourselves drifting in troubled waters, hardly knowing what we ought to expect of our children or what we owe them, not quite sure whether we are imposed upon or imposing. We want them close and devoted, but not to the point of giving up other love, and home and ties of their own. We want them to feel free, but not so free that they go out of our lives altogether.

Both extremes are so depressing! The spectacle of the cold, selfish, ungrateful child is only a little more disheartening than the sight of the octopus mother, who tightens her tentacles about her daughter or son and drains all the beauty and possibility out of that child's life forever.

Now that May is bringing around another Mothers' Day, it might be surprising, it might be enlightening, if some mothers, instead of wondering just how generously the children are going to treat them, could find the courage to look the situation fairly in the face, and ask themselves exactly how generously they are treating the children.

Happy mothers—busy, needed, adored mothers — need waste no time on the problem. But in the world there are thousands of other mothers, lonely, puzzled, superfluous, and sometimes very bitter. And those are the women who have something to think seriously about on Mothers' Day.

Motherhood, whether of a baby of five weeks, or a man of sixty, ought to be the happiest estate in the world. It ought to be one long adventure in felicity. If it is not, then something is wrong with somebody—and that somebody usually is Mother.

A lot of cheerful, affectionate, unthinking young women drift happily into marriage, experience motherhood, adore their small babies, endure the burdens and responsibilities of school years with what everyday common sense they can command —in other words, live on their own terms. Then, finding themselves at forty-five or fifty, with a grown son and daughter, perhaps themselves widowed, or at any rate with most of the excitement and thrill gone out of life—finding themselves in this situation at forty-five or fifty, they suddenly discover the grateful rôle of martyr for themselves.

They suddenly remember that they have sacrificed their lives for these children, done everything, given up everything.

Copyright 1930, by Kathleen Norris

Clara Elsene Peck

Kind of Mother, You Looking For

MOTHERS' DAY

Norris

Illustrated by Clara Elsene Peck

They expect in return protection, devotion, income; they expect Nancy to give up her young man and Bob to remain a bachelor; they lean sweetly and helplessly on these young lives— "After all, we did everything for them, when they were little!"

The moment a woman gets it into her head that she has done her children a great favor in having them at all, that it was all for their sakes, and not in the least by her own wish, that she became a mother, that moment she takes a first step toward destroying their affection for her and her own peace of mind forever.

Because that is not honest, and to go on year after year persisting in emotional dishonesty is an expensive piece of work. Mothers get queer mental and pathological twists when they encourage this idea.

"Oh, Nancy and Bob have no use for poor Mama now!" Mother says pathetically to any one who will listen. "I bore them, I nursed them through their baby illnesses, I did everything for them, when they were too little to do it for themselves—but Mama doesn't count any more! No, Bob's married to a selfish, extravagant girl who doesn't want children and hates home, and Nancy's wrapped up in that doctor who thinks she's a sort of upper servant to spoil him and the children.

"I go to see them, but they don't need me, and they don't want me. It's all different from what it was when I was young. We had some sense of duty then. 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' we believed. But nowadays you don't hear much of that. My boy came in to see me for *ten* minutes on Christmas Day! I hadn't seen him for eighteen days, living right in the same town with me! I hardly had time to ask him why he'd completely neglected poor old Mama before he was off again—"

It sounds so touching. It sounds so incomprehensible. She may be a tiresome, exacting old lady—but, after all she *is* his mother, we tell each other when she is gone. It wouldn't kill him to run out and see her regularly once a week.

And we forget that it is precisely because she is his mother that the situation has become so difficult. If she really were just a nice, tiresome old lady, with no legitimate claim on him, Bob would not mind running out to see her at all.

But that fatal maternal complex has made her much more, and much less, than this. On her own admission she spent those precious ten minutes on Christmas Day in cross-examining him as to why he had neglected her for so long.

One can imagine Bob, "Why, wasn't I out here last week?"

"Last week! You were here on the seventh, Bob. I remember."

She remembers everything. Bob mutters something about the car having been laid up, his trip to (*Continued on page 215*)

The BLUE PLUSH RABBIT

Illustrated by W. E. Heitland

Doubles in The Role Of Cupid in the Maddest Elopement Ever Staged

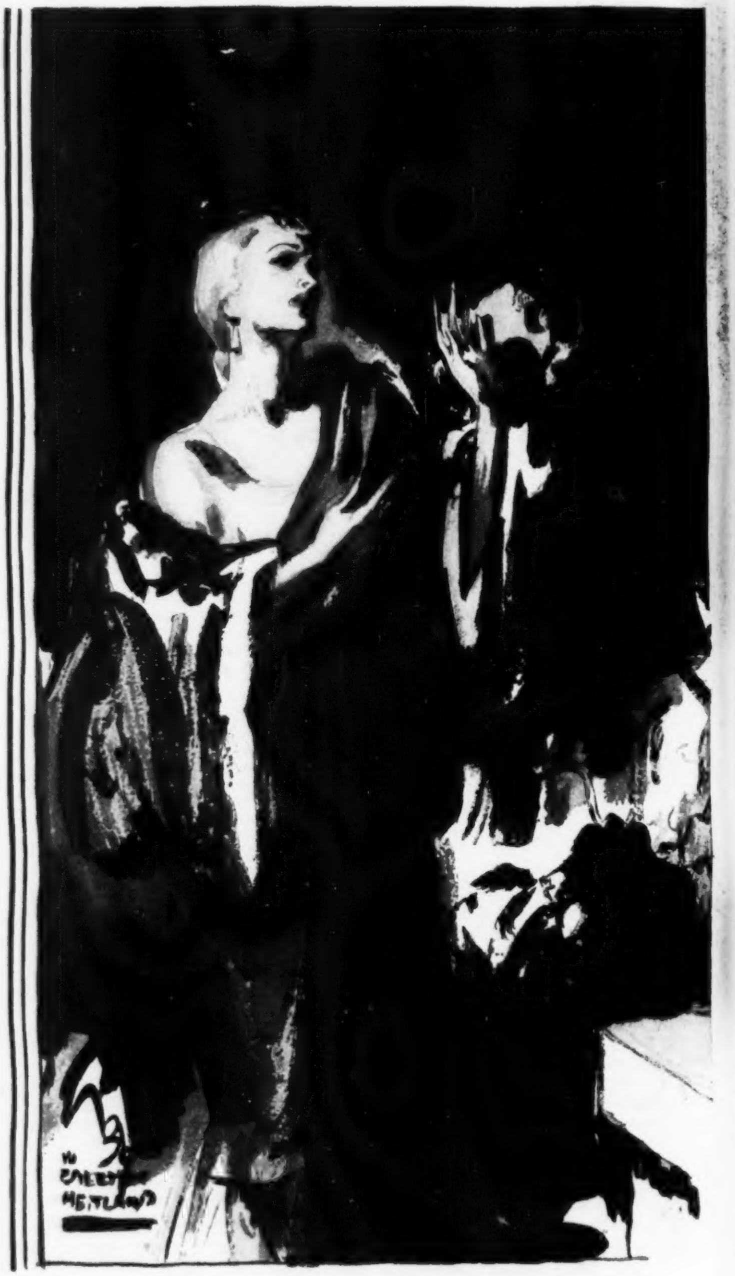
IT WAS that dim twilight hour just before daybreak.

James Worthington Pringle, III, lay flat on his back in his evening clothes, waving a half-empty bottle in the air. Deep, hiccoughing sobs shook his frame, while his eyes, streaming with tears, gazed fixedly upon the prone body of a brilliantly blue rabbit which lay on the floor just out of reach of his outstretched hand. After each fruitless effort to seize it, fresh sobs bubbled up. Finally, as if in desperate need of forgetfulness, he lifted the bottle to his lips, only to fling it from him with the groaning despair of one for whom drink at long last has lost its power to soothe . . .

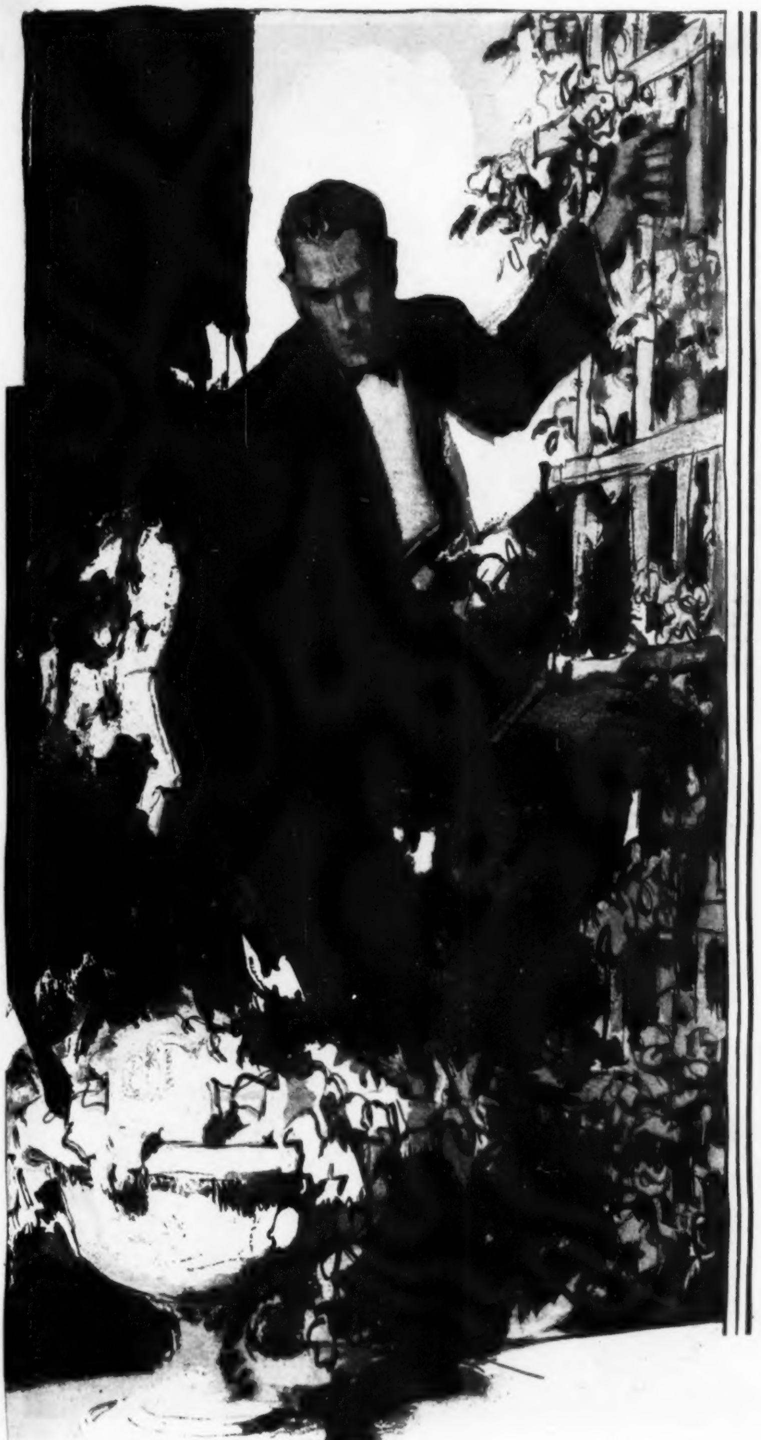
Thus the new generation suffers at times in its ill-advised struggle to attain something beyond its reach. More indeed does it deserve pity than censure; particularly James Worthington Pringle, III, whose bottle of Grade A certified milk had grown chill; whose evening clothes, though they were of blue flannel and had feet in them, were inadequate protection against the chill morning to which his furious kicking off of the bedclothes had exposed him; and who, though he took, as his mother would have proudly told you, a two-year-old romper, was but eighteen months old.

The rabbit was not an illusion born of the bottle. It was a beloved reality made of plush and cotton. It had long, drooping ears and one red-glass button eye. And it was the great love of a young man's life. It had come to him on his first Easter and just after his first molars—at a time when, as so often great love comes to man, it had seemed to him that no one really understood him or spoke his language. Night after night it lay in the fat curve of his elbow, lending its ear to his confidences, and with its one red-glass eye staring out of countenance until they slunk away the strange shapes which, with the coming of darkness, had a way of sitting on the foot of the crib, making faces.

More than his mother, who was soft and fragrant and who cuddled him pleasantly; more



Gingerly Mr. Middleton took hold of the trellis, which shook and cracked beneath his unwilling feet. The blue eyes to which he owed this wild night's work regarded him steadily



than his father, who had unparalleled gifts for rough-house fun; more even than Heliotrope, the mahogany young woman who was his practical slave, he loved his rabbit; and a world in which it was not was unimaginable. Yet it had left his side, and those upon whose devotion he would have staked his very life heeded not his cries. He roared. He yelled. Nobody came. It was simply awful . . . The cries ceased and slid into little, moist, bubbling sobs, and the gray dawn slowly lifted so that in the heartlessly happy sunlight on the floor the rabbit became more maddeningly visible—more out of reach—than ever. He put his thumb into his mouth and closed his eyes tightly, unable to bear the sight.

Suddenly there were noises—strange noises—a step on the balcony on to which his bedroom opened—and a man's long, black-trousered leg coming over the threshold of the open French door . . .

By
Elizabeth Troy

AFTER all, this is not the story of a kidnaping—not exactly. Nor is the harrowing scene just outlined meant to indict a child's parents for heartless neglect. They were merely, as young parents so often are, at a party; and suspicion now being entirely removed from them, we can get on with the story.

James Worthington Pringle, II, was at this same moment finding himself in a world of disheartening proof that the permanence of happiness is no more permanent than a permanent wave. Even as his son suffered this disillusionment, he suffered. He had seen another man kiss his wife.

He did not sink into a chair, staring into space, murmuring, "But people don't do these things," or whatever it was that Ibsen wrote so tragically; because he knew, ever since he had come to that gay young suburb, Bowling Green, that people did do these things, and this was a difficult era for a young man with an old-fashioned code of manners and behavior.

He simply lost his temper and did a terrible, unforgivable thing.

Many things besides the kiss—which was really only the last straw—led up to his action. The first was his having brought his wife to Bowling Green just before the advent of James Pringle, III. At that time their marriage was only a year and three months old, and they were still englamoured with the notion that other people were unnecessary and loneliness was a state of mind peculiar to hermits. They came to the country because the sun in the city was reputed to be entirely lacking in ultra-vitamin rays upon which their son—they knew it would be a son—was to be brought up.

Bowling Green, eager as it was to acquire new material for its social life, saw how things were and decided not to call or ask the Pringles to anything for awhile. Later on, of course . . .

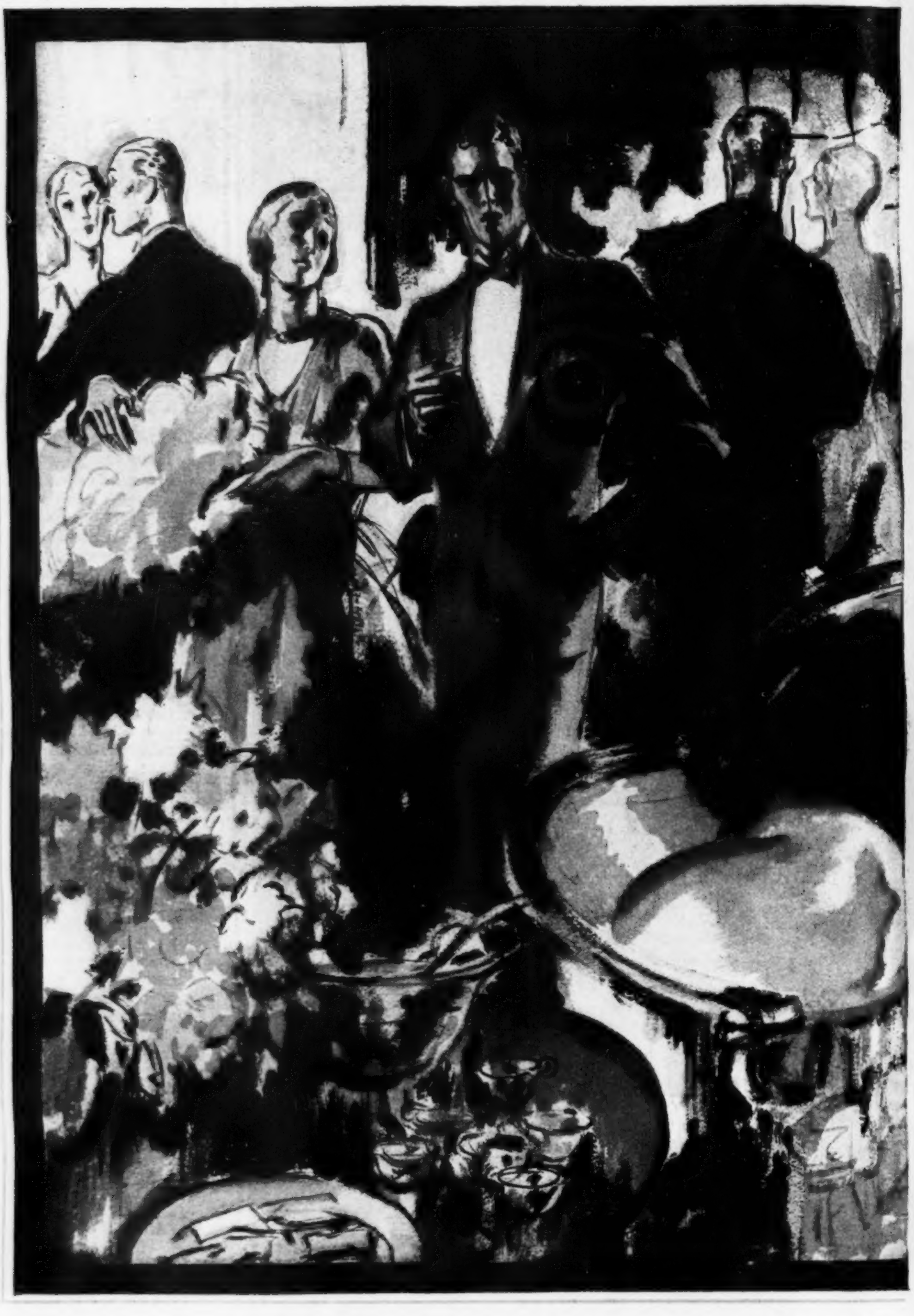
This well-meant decision was destined to hint to young Mr. Pringle that he was not, as he fondly believed, all that Sylvia needed for a perfect and complete happiness. She suddenly fell to weeping one evening and declared that once she got her figure back, she was going to clothe it with the most beautiful clothes in the world. She would show these snooty suburbanites. She would dazzle them. Nor did she need their slights to remind her of how awful she looked.

"To me," Jimmy had declared with impassioned sincerity, "you look just the same—lovelier," and she had answered with a contemptuous, "To *you!*" and wept harder than ever.

After that Jimmy sought consolation in the naive belief that when the ordeal was over, everything between him and Sylvia would be exactly as before; even more so because of their son who would be miraculously theirs and created in their own image.

The child was indeed a son. Jimmy had been right about that, even though it did appear to have been created in more nearly the hue and image of a rather old radish; and seemingly he had guessed right about Sylvia, too. She forgot her longing for transparent velvet and gold lamé and gave her soul to flannel and birds'-eye cotton, and the extravagant array of cosmetics on her dresser lay forgotten while she devoted herself to stearate of zinc, pure olive oil, and boracic acid.

Jimmy was coming home evenings to a pretty wife, a delightful infant, and excellent food. He could relax once more, he told himself thankfully, and relax he did. Sylvia, becoming more restless as time went on, looked upon James relaxing and called his blissful state, as he dawdled behind his newspaper or over the radio, a coma. She wanted, as the homely phrase has it, to go places and see things—chiefly herself in new clothes, as she would look to other people.



Gravely Mr. Middleton bent over Sylvia's pretty hand and murmured, "I've been rain from heaven. She knew, too, that Jimmy was listening, so she replied daringly,

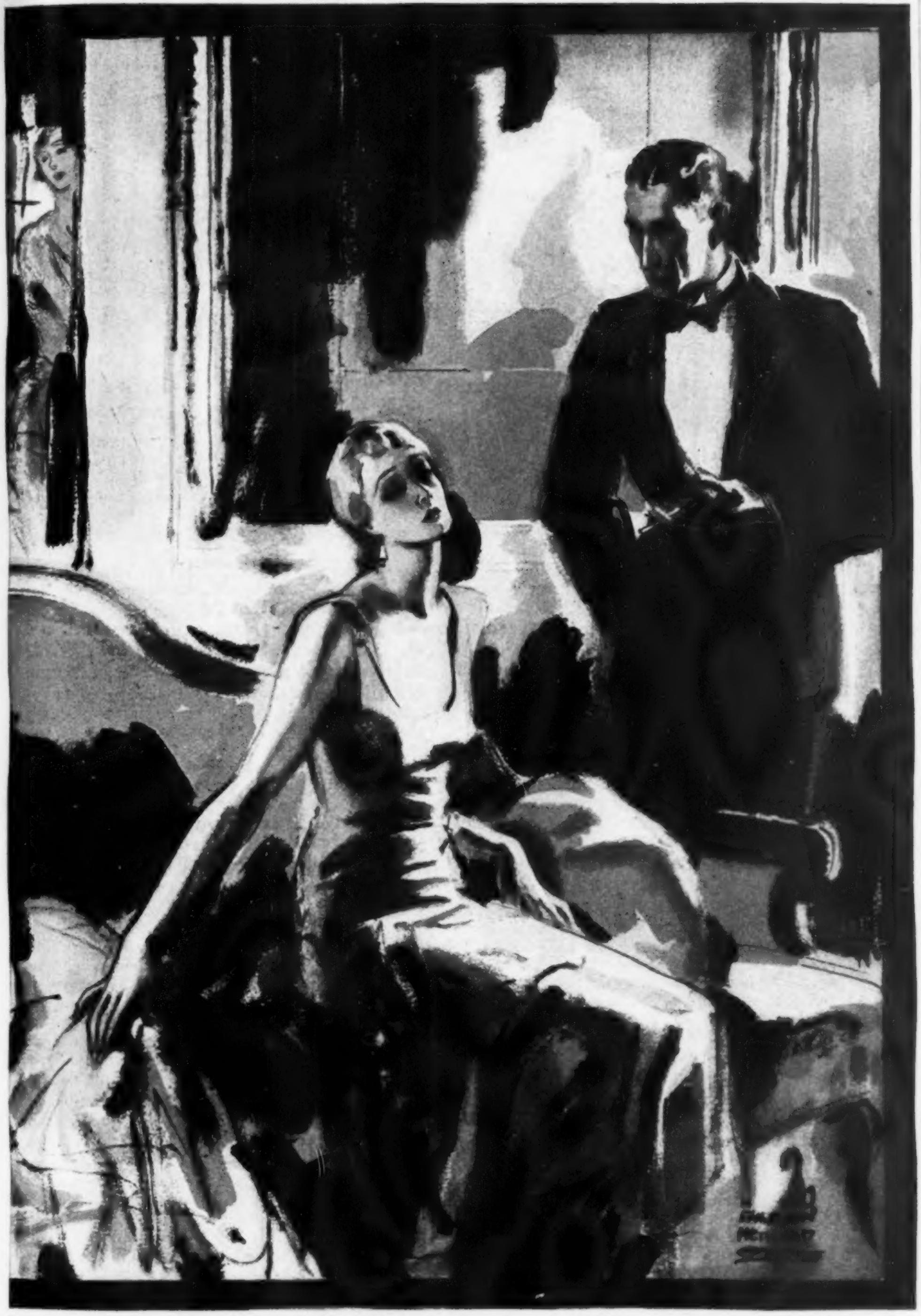
Naturally she responded eagerly when Bowling Green began to invite the young Pringles to its dances and bridge tables. Jimmy donned boiled shirts and hunted for studs with grim resignation. And he made no secret of his disapproval of Bowling Green's tendency to let its joy in a party be unconfined; particularly with respect to the notions he himself had been brought up with—as to how married people should behave.

Sylvia said he was an extinct bird called the dodo and adjured him to be his age and of it. There were hot and cold—very cold—discussions.

Meanwhile Sylvia realized, while sitting on verandas and in nice living-rooms over bridge and tea-tables with other wives, that in common with her neighbors she had a marital problem. Marriage and husbands were topics upon which they all dwelt at length, and to the problem of a dull husband with an anti-social complex they offered a simple method of solution usually referred to as "stepping out."

"It sounds dangerous," Sylvia protested the first time the subject came up.

"It's very simple," said Mrs. Marian Harlan, who at thirty-five was still beautiful and had a husband with a bald spot and an inexplicable love for long, inactive evenings at home. "Science," went on Mrs.



waiting for you all evening." The charming untruth fell upon her ears as a gentle in clear, carrying tones, "I'd have come much earlier if I'd known you were here"

Harlan, earnestly, "is being proved to be right. Men and women were meant to be free from the unnatural restraint imposed by marriage. Escape lies in the direction of —well, of occasionally stepping out."

It seemed, thought Sylvia, listening to one of Mrs. Harlan's adventures in this pastime, harmless enough. A quiet if rather daring conversation with a man over a cup of tea at the Ritz; a few dances with another at one of the more decorous night-clubs; a brief motor ride with another in the park; none of it leading anywhere in particular. It sounded amusing and stimulating, particularly so since Jimmy had stopped saying the lovely things a man in pursuit can say to a woman. Men seemed to think, thought young Mrs. Pringle unhappily, that marriage ended the need to say these things, when actually the need was greater than ever.

Bits of all this were dropped to the outraged Jimmy, who received them as if they were vitriol.

And so when James III was eighteen months old—during the reign of the blue plush rabbit—there was the party for which the Pringles prepared with a furious discussion. In the last half-hour of finding his studs Jimmy had chosen to remark that in his opinion Mrs. Marian Harlan was a bad influence. This very day, he told Sylvia, he had met her by chance on Madison Avenue, and she had not only gold-dug him for lunch, but had embarrassed him by openly flirting with him.

Sylvia replied coolly that he had probably had a date with Mrs. Harlan and was telling her about it because he supposed rightly enough she'd have found out about it anyway. Stung by this outrageous injustice, Jimmy said a number of disproportionate things and would have committed himself to more, had not Heliotrope appeared at the door to inquire if anybody had seen li'l Jimmy's bunny rabbit. Jimmy found his son's soul-mate under his own bed. After this, in one of those vast bleak silences during which each participant wonders what the other is thinking, he and Sylvia set forth for the supper and dance of Mrs. Harold Munson.

Two persons among the guests registered immediate awareness of the arrival of the Pringles. Mrs. Harlan's large, provocative eyes came to rest upon the clouded brow of Jimmy, who was looking misunderstood and therefore would be plastic should he fall

(*Continued on page 266*)

Archibald Rutledge *Writes of*

SURPRISES Of The Greenwood

Which Come Even to Those Who Are at Home in the Woods

Illustrated by Harold von Schmidt

THE aromatic, cool leaves of the great sweet-gum slept in the balmy sunlight over the lambent, still waters of Blake's Reserve; and the waters slept; and the wildwood stretching away in glimmering beauty slept. I had been drowsing, but the scene I was observing had a quality of appeal sufficient to keep any man wide awake. I was having one of the surprises of my life, all the more unexpected because it had to do with a wood duck, a game bird of whose character and habits I had a good knowledge, having known and studied this beautiful, rainbow-hued bird since boyhood days.

The fragrant sweet-gum stood in the edge of the water, some of its leaves dipping the motionless tide. In a fork of the tree about twelve feet above the water the wood duck had her nest. There were nine young in the brood. I had had the nest under observation ever since the mother chose the site. Watching such a family is a refreshing pastime, but I hardly expected to be amazed by any behavior of theirs.

From a certain stately importance of the gorgeous male floating on the breathless tide, reminding me of

> "The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
> Floats double, swan and shadow;"

from a certain incessantly loving solicitude of the mother, and a nervous excitement quite different from her ordinary exquisite poise, I knew that something of moment was about to happen. I guessed what this would be—the babies were to have their first swim. But the real surprise to me was not that fact, though it probably was that very thing to the fluffy balls of down with the pink feet, the beady elfin eyes, and the shining bills.

The mother was on the limb at the side of the nest. With her bill she gently lifted a baby and set it on her back; then another, and another, until she had five teetering fairies to balance. She said something to them to make them snuggle down. Here was an adventurous cruise, first by air, then by water.

With what seemed to me an infinitely tender deftness, with a motion that was apparently without jar or effort, the mother spread her wings and described a slow, crescent-shaped descent to the water, coming lightly to rest with her precious freight close to the proud father, iridescently gleaming and idle as the becalmed ship of the Ancient Mariner.

But this kind of performance I had seen before. The surprise followed. Treading water slowly and settling herself, the mother literally submerged herself, until her winsome pixies just floated off her back! This was a motherly maneuver that I had never before seen executed.

Two more trips the devoted and wise mother made to the nest, and in precisely the same manner brought the rest of the brood to the bosom of the lagoon, submerged, and thus set them gently on their delighted voyage. But this was not all.

It was mid-afternoon when the downy elves began their swim. As the sun began to strike long, effulgent lances through the great pine forest, as the shadows of the great trees began to lengthen and to darken tenderly the lonely lagoon, the heart of the mother wood duck began to have misgivings for her babies. The Reserve is a solitary and haunted place. Night would soon be at hand. She could not cuddle them on those misty waters as she had on the nest. Then followed what to me was one of the tenderest scenes of wild life that I ever observed.

The mother gave a sweet low call, and at the sound of it her bright-eyed innocents thronged toward her. Again she sank in the gleaming tide, told her babies what to do, and at her command a company of the fairy regiment ranged itself above her, at which she rose gently and precisely to the surface, her tiny voyagers safely on her back. In a moment she had returned to the nest and had deposited her precious charges.

I had always had the impression (and such is probably the case) that a wood duck would never return her young to the nest; once out, they were out to stay. But in this instance mother love was stronger than custom and precedent; even among the children of the wild it is perhaps the most powerful as well as the most sagacious and virtuous of all emotions.

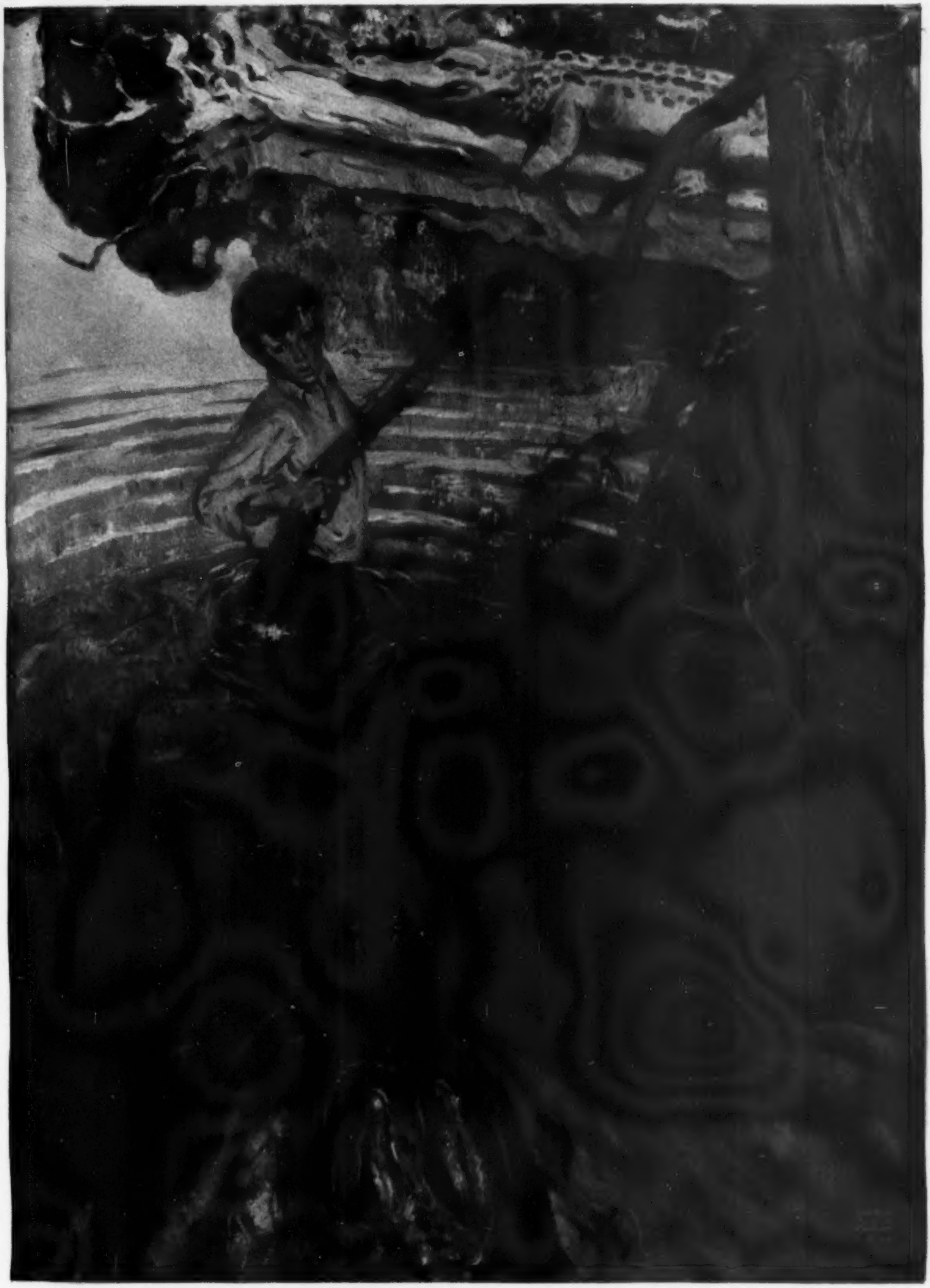
Any man who really studies nature is soon forced to several general conclusions concerning beasts and birds: they do have standard behavior, but one has to be prepared to expect surprises, and the likelihood of this occurring seems to be in proportion to the creature's intelligence. The higher the scale of mentality, the greater is the probability that the wild thing's performance can not be counted on to follow certain definite rules. It is of the exceptional behavior of wild creatures that I am trying to tell.

Among the bird singers of America, the mocking bird is probably supreme, but his eminence is often threatened by the brown thrasher, the veery, and the wood thrush. Though a sedulous imitator, the mocking bird is truly an artist, a weaver of delicate tapestries of tone, a maker of melody-masterpieces. Yet it was not a mocking bird, but a brown thrasher that gave me my greatest surprise—as far as woodland melodies are concerned.

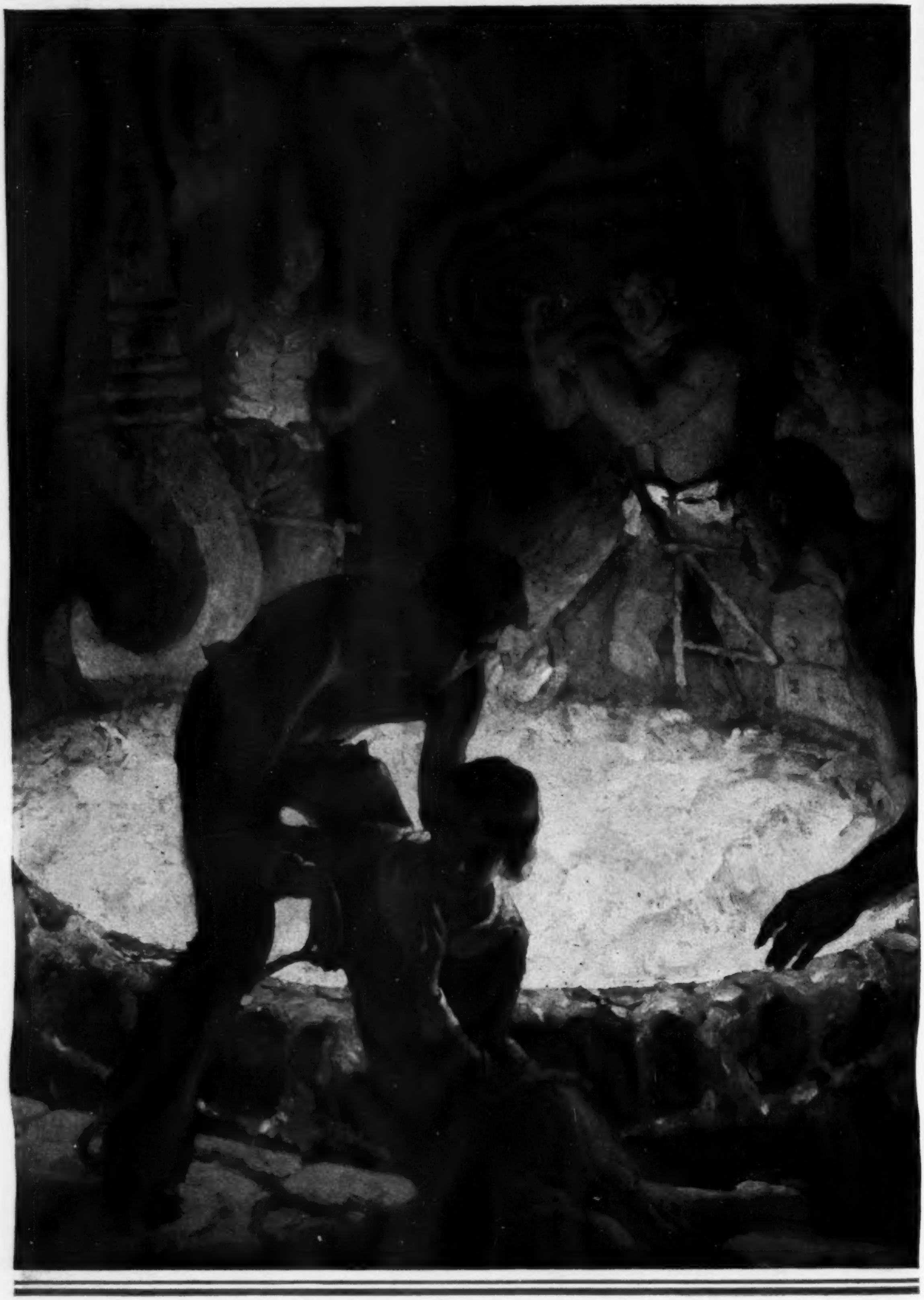
Early one May morning I was working in the garden. Dewy fragrances seemed to be hanging even from the weeds. A spicy air stole out of the near-by pine woods, bringing the breath of the wild into the civilized garden. A great locust tree on the edge of the pines, the highest tree in the neighborhood, suddenly became vocal, as a brown thrasher began to pour forth his liquid, dulcet, unpremeditated song, free and wild and given for the sheer love of singing. On the topmost tip of the locust he sat swaying, his body relaxed, his brown breast-feathers fluffed, his eyes dreamy yet attentive.

Clearly came the flute-like tones, at one with the dewiness and the fragrance of the maidenhood of morning, rendering the notes of a bobwhite, a parula warbler, a bobolink, a cardinal. For this combination of voices any listener might be prepared. But then, given with all the glamour of misty enchantment with which we usually associate it, the sad, weird, alluring call of the whippoorwill sounded out over the sunny awakened world!

We expected that mysterious voice from the darkened lonely wood at twilight, and long thereafter, when the fog-wraiths rise, and the moon and stars reign in silvery solitude. But not in the morning, and not in a garden! What set me chiefly to wondering was what could have brought the song of the obscure and night-haunting whippoorwill to the attention of the brown thrasher? Had he heard that exquisite, heart-breaking voice on some still night when the lyric effulgence of the full moon, raining down insufferable ecstasy of peace, had kept him from his rest? Had the thrasher heard it on some dim-misted day when the whippoorwill, imagining that twilight had come, (*Continued on page 191*)



JUST as I prepared to put the rifle to my shoulder, some flash of instinct caused me to look back. Directly on my watery track was a second alligator, certainly as large as the one on the log. There can be no question that he was following me—for what purpose I shall let the reader judge



A MOMENT later Lee was out of reach of the blistering heat, and strong arms were about her. A voice was going on rudely: "Who are you anyhow? What are you doing? As if there weren't enough trouble around here without you!"

There is Just One Thing as True as

STEEL

And Herein a Young Girl Learns What It Really Is

By Freeman Lincoln

Illustrated by Jules Gotlieb

HENRY J. RUDGE was hard—hard as steel.

Consider the time when Robert, Mr. Rudge's chauffeur, took a drop too much and smashed the new sedan into a telephone pole at the three corners. Robert's superfluous drops had twice before brought him to the attention of the police and his employer, and this time Mr. Rudge said Robert was going to jail.

What Mr. Rudge said, he meant. Mary, Robert's pretty young wife, discovered that when she came to plead her husband's case. Mr. Rudge listened patiently enough, but in the end he merely shook his head.

"Then what about me?" Mary was close to tears. "What about me and the kids?"

He reached into a drawer for his checkbook. "I'll take care of you and your children, but at the same time Robert must learn his lesson. He won't learn it any other way."

"You're hard, Mr Rudge." Mary's eyes were wide. "You're hard—as steel."

"Thanks, Mary." Mr. Rudge blotted the generous check and handed it to her. "I like to think that what you've said is true, because I've found that steel is the only thing in the world that can stand the hard knocks over the long run. The only thing."

She left him sitting there, with his still, blue eyes fixed straight ahead and his hair jet black under the light. Just as she closed the door she thought she heard him repeat one word quietly to himself,

"Steel."

Steel. To Henry J. Rudge steel was almost a religion. It was work and play, meat and drink, right and wrong. It gave him a friend for his loneliness and a reason for keeping on. It supplied him with wealth and power and all the things that men most desire. Steel gave life to Henry J. Rudge, and having given so much, it demanded a little in return.

It demanded, for instance, that he face the long warmth of his new, gray stone house squarely into the bitter north wind. The architect thought that Mr. Rudge was wrong, and said so with the passionate frankness of high-priced architects.

"But," he cried, "this house mustn't face north! It isn't done! No house faces north. Think of the question of warmth and light. Think of your gardens. Think of the marvelous view over the valley to the south!"

Mr. Rudge did not seem to be listening. "The house," he said quietly, "will face north, and we shall call it 'Open Hearth.' Not a bad name—'Open Hearth.'"

The architect could see some sense in the name. It had a pleasant double meaning appropriate to the home of a steel king. But to face the house north! He shook his head and faced the house north.

Mr. Rudge was satisfied. When the house was done and he came home from his office in the late afternoons, he could sit on the broad veranda and gaze down over the peaceful hills into the valley where the river ran. The river was not peaceful. For more than a mile at that point its banks were debauched by a welter of ungainly, gray buildings that squatted in an eternal haze of smoke and dirt.

The buildings were an insult to the landscape, but Mr. Rudge loved them, every one. He loved them because in their entirety they made up the Henry J. Rudge Iron and Steel Company, Incorporated.

From his veranda Mr. Rudge could survey the whole of his domain. In the daylight he could see the coke plant, the blast furnaces, the open hearth, the blooming mill, and the plate mill. In the night, whenever a giant thimble of white-hot slag was dumped out in the open, he could watch the whole sky turn pink, and then a deep, angry crimson.

At either time his mind did the rest. His mind pictured the coke helping to make iron in the blast furnaces; the iron turning into steel under the magic of the open hearths; the steel—great, glowing, five-thousand-pound chunks of it—being rolled into broad sheets in the plate mills.

Mr. Rudge was glad that his veranda faced north, for it kept him in touch with steel—which was real and dependable. Nothing else in life seemed to possess both qualities.

Lee, the only child of his widowerhood, was real certainly; as real as a mountain torrent or a flash of lightning. People said that she was the image of himself, and he admitted that superficially the statement was true. She had the same jet-black hair, the same still, blue eyes, the same economy of bodily movement. The physical resemblance was there, even though she was beautiful while he was not even handsome.

The difference between them lay in something deeper and in something much more important. It was a difference that worried Henry J. Rudge, and would have worried him a great deal more except for a philosophy of his own.

Old Tim Dawson, the melter, was the only one who ever heard anything of that philosophy, and Tim had not understood. He had not tried to understand, for he knew that the boss often talked vaguely when he wandered into the shadows of the open hearth. He also knew that he and the boss were firm friends, and in the light of that knowledge he was not interested in the meaning of words or in whether there were any words at all.

On that particular afternoon the pair had been standing in front of Number Four furnace, which was almost ready to be tapped. One by one the heavy iron doors, controlled by an unseen mechanism, slid silently upward, revealing the raging inferno within. Suddenly Henry Rudge pointed with the stem of his pipe.

"Do you see that stuff in there, Tim?" he demanded.

"Yes, sur."

"Then tell me what it is. It certainly isn't steel."

Tim cocked a shaggy eyebrow and barked a brief order to the first helper. Then he glanced calmly at his companion.

"Not steel, sur?" he inquired without anxiety. "Not steel?"

"No!" The boss was almost tense. "That stuff in there is seething and white-hot. It's irresponsible and dangerous as the devil. If it ever got out of control, it would wipe us all out in the wink of an eye."

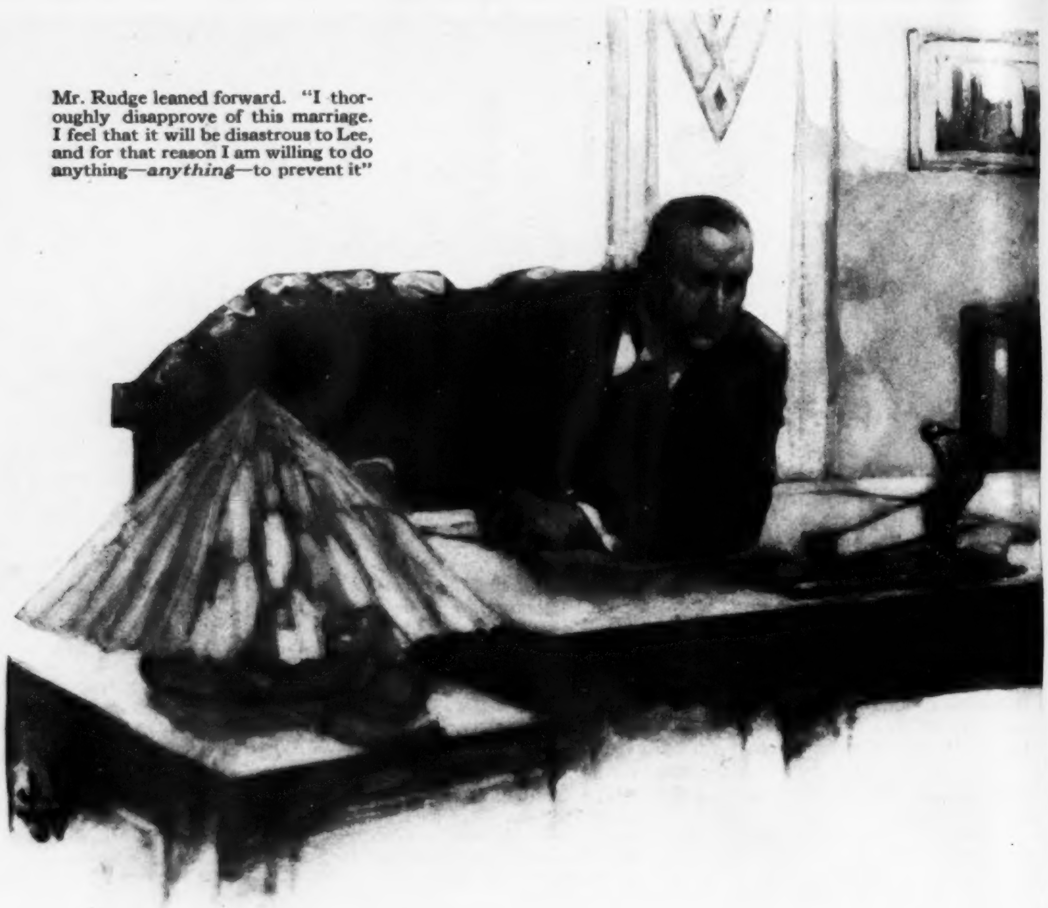
"It won't get out of control." Tim blinked. "I'm here to see that it won't."

"That's true." The boss felt comforted. "But you have a hard job just the same, because you're dealing with something that isn't steel. Steel is cold and strong and hard, and you know where you stand with it. You never know where you stand with that stuff. It isn't steel."

"No?" Tim scratched his head with an unperturbed hand. "Well, sur, if it ain't steel, it dam' soon will be." He nodded sagely. "It dam' soon will be, for it has the right stuff in it."

Good old Tim! He had hit the nail squarely on the head. "It has the right stuff in it," Tim had said, and that was an expression of Mr. Rudge's deepest hope for his daughter. He was almost certain that Lee had the right stuff in her, and if so, she would come out all right in the end. Tim had given him assurance of that.

In the meantime Lee was strangely like that molten mass in Number Four furnace. She gave the same impression of irresponsible energy, of an ability to do real harm



Mr. Rudge leaned forward. "I thoroughly disapprove of this marriage. I feel that it will be disastrous to Lee, and for that reason I am willing to do anything—*anything*—to prevent it"

to others and herself. Henry Rudge was not worried about what might happen to others. Let them, he thought grimly, take care of themselves. Lee, however, was another proposition.

Ever since childhood she had been a problem. Her life was made up of a series of burning enthusiasms. They were enthusiasms which she followed blindly and without thought of consequences in the beginning, but which she promptly abandoned at the first hint of opposition.

At the age of sixteen she ran away from boarding school and took refuge in an obscure convent.

"I am tired of the world," she wrote her father in a passionately earnest letter of farewell, "and I never want to see it again. Here I can really *think*. I am happy and shall always be happy here. If you try to take me away, I shall die. I shall absolutely *die*."

Twelve hours later her father interviewed her in the reception room of her austere sanctuary. He was admirably succinct.

"Get your hat and coat," he said calmly, "and come along."

"Yes, father. Where are you taking me?"

"I'm taking you back to school." He looked at her in wonder. "You didn't think I was taking you anywhere else, did you?"

She gave no sign of approaching dissolution—either absolute or comparative. She merely nodded meekly and went to get her hat and coat.

Since leaving school there had been two men, each of whom Lee had declared, with that smoldering intensity that was so much a part of her, to be the only vital thing in her life.

The first of those men had provided no particular difficulty. Mr. Rudge had diagnosed him at once and had merely informed him with convincing terseness that if Lee committed matrimony with him she would no longer feature in a certain last testament. He also tendered a sizable check and mentioned the hour of the next train leaving for the west. The young man pocketed the check, bowed, and was no longer seen in the land.

Lee charged cruelty, and undoubtedly would have destroyed herself except for the timely arrival of the second man.

The second man was rather more perplexing. He was an engaging young individual, sincere and without prospects. There was a suspicion of weakness about his mouth. Mr. Rudge gently pointed out that marriage would be impossible for some time and offered a job in Buenos Ayres at a salary too small for a family man but too good to be refused.

There was a heartrending parting at the pier in New York and a term of two weeks during which Lee merely toyed with her food. Ten months later she informed her father that young love was dead and that she had just posted a letter breaking her engagement.

Mr. Rudge did not smile. To the contrary, he sighed. "I was right, wasn't I, Lee? I was right this time, and I was right the time before."

She was honest. "Yes. I don't understand it."

He looked up at her. "I want you to promise me something. I want you to promise me that the next time this happens, you won't get yourself married until you have told me about it, until I have talked with the man, and until two weeks have passed from that date. How about it?"

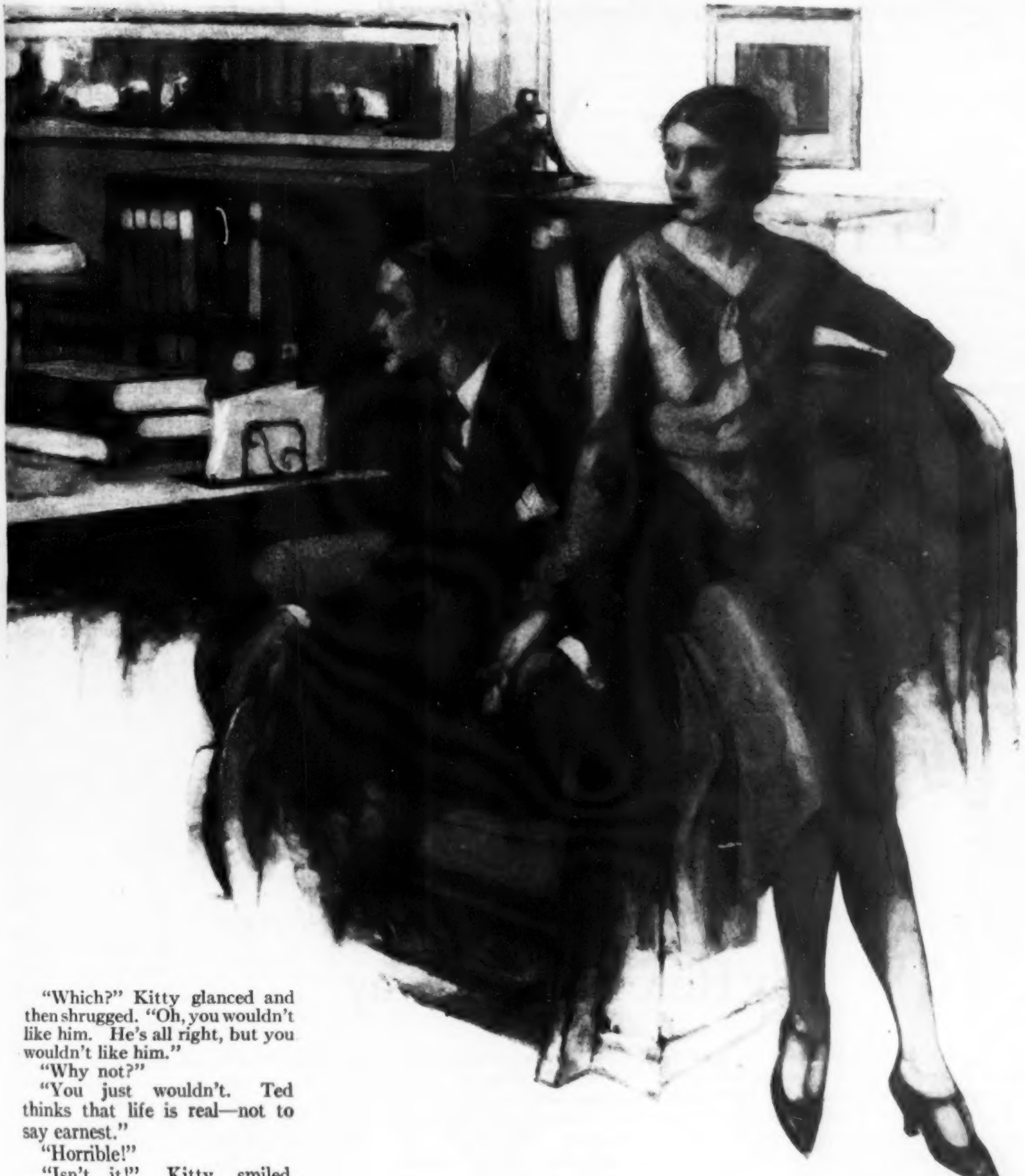
"That's easy. There won't be any next time," she sighed. "I'm through with men."

He smiled. "Just the same, I'd like to be protected—in case of a miracle. Is it a promise?"

"Certainly," said Lee with dignity. "It's a promise."

LEE first saw Ted Lanman at Kitty Mann's party. He was merely one of a circle of dinner coats on the far side of the living room, but she noticed him at once. There was something about him that commanded attention, something that directly challenged. He gave the impression, even at first glance, of being in the room and yet not in it at all. He seemed to be talking and yet not to be talking. He seemed to be interested in his surroundings and simultaneously to be entirely remote.

Lee accepted the challenge. She always accepted challenges. "Who is the tall one?" she inquired casually of Kitty. "The one over there by the mantel, I mean."



"Which?" Kitty glanced and then shrugged. "Oh, you wouldn't like him. He's all right, but you wouldn't like him."

"Why not?"

"You just wouldn't. Ted thinks that life is real—not to say earnest."

"Horrible!"

"Isn't it!" Kitty smiled. "Want to meet him?"

"Yes," said Lee.

The atmosphere of challenge persisted. Ted Lanman talked with her. He talked with her pleasantly and well, but Lee had a growing conviction that he was not even conscious of her existence. She resisted a temptation as long as possible and then gave way to it.

"Who am I?" she demanded suddenly. "What's my name?"

"Your name?" The question startled him, brought him back. He looked at her as though seeing her for the first time, and then laughed. "You shouldn't have asked that. I'm terribly poor at names."

"I thought so." Lee nodded. "Well, my name is Lee Rudge. I'm twenty, single, and the only daughter of one Henry J. Rudge."

She had him then. She had him completely and absolutely.

"Henry J. Rudge?" he repeated slowly in unbelief. "Henry J. Rudge?"

"Yes. Why?" She smiled. "Do you happen to know Henry?"

"Know him? No." He drew a long breath. "I wish to heaven I did!"

"You do?" Lee was curious. She had never before heard any one speak of her father in just that tone. "Why should you want to know him?"

"Why?" Ted was aware that he was doing a lot of repeating, but he was slightly dazed. It was as though a stranger had stopped him on the street and asked him why the sun was shining. "Who," he cried, "wouldn't want to know Henry J. Rudge? Why, he's the greatest man in the business!"

Ted paused as though to verify his next statement before making it. Then he nodded solemnly. "Yes. He may not be the biggest in the business, but he's undoubtedly the greatest."

Lee briefly considered her father. Was he as important as all that? Then she came back to the immediate matter in hand.

"Are you in the steel business, too?" she asked.

"Yes." He laughed and ran an embarrassed hand through his hair. "As a matter of fact, I work for your father."

"Really? I didn't know that."

"Why should you?" He laughed again. "I'm not so darned important. To be frank, at the present moment I'm a ladleman in the open hearth. A laborer." He nodded. "In our business a man has to start at the bottom."

"Of course." (*Continued on page 252*)

It is Useless to Pretend You Are a Lady, If

Your VOICE Gives You Away

Illustrated By Stuart Hay

The negro's nasal passages help to make his voice melodious. Even when he says, "Mawnin', suh," there is music in the words

By Helen Hathaway

IN THE grim struggle we mortals make to create a good impression, it is amazing how many of us fail to recognize the importance of the voice. We are beauty-mad, culture-mad. We struggle to be attractive with all the zeal with which our Neanderthal ancestors struggled to keep from starving to death. But it is only the exceptional man or woman who realizes how definitely he either attracts or repels his fellow creatures by the very tones of his voice.

Our speech is our passport to society, our credential to any group, the infallible index of our cultivation; it is the telltale sign that marks our air of gentility as genuine or assumed. Yet the average individual is so indifferent to his voice he doesn't even bother to listen to it. Just as we are blind to our faults, so we are deaf to the sounds we utter. Only by a conscious effort can any one hear his own voice.

"The day I can make a pupil hear his own voice, that day improvement begins," says a famous voice expert.

The first step in voice culture is voice consciousness.

Listen to your voice. Is it pleasant? Is it music to the ear? Consider the voice of your favorite actress, of the most popular radio announcer, of some friend whose voice stands out in your mind as being particularly agreeable; what is the one trait they all have in common?

A distinctly musical quality.

Speech at its best is spoken song. What music lies in Walter Hampden's voice when he reads Shakespearean lines! Why did thousands listen entranced to Sarah Bernhardt when they couldn't understand a word of French? Her spoken words were like a song. Nor is this strange for speech and song are almost interchangeable. A speech tone and a song tone are made in exactly the same way. There is only one technical difference between the spoken word and the singing one; namely, in song the tone is prolonged, fixed in time and pitch by the notes of the score. In speech this tone has wider range: its pitch varies with the mood of the speaker. The trained singer should speak beautifully; the person with a habitually pleasant speaking voice should learn to sing with little effort.

An American woman who had gained local reputation as a singer went to Europe to study with a famous master. But at her first words of greeting on entering his studio, the master raised his hands in horror.

"I will not take you as a pupil unless you begin all over again," he cried.

"But you haven't heard me sing!" she protested.

"I don't need to. I have heard you speak."

How may one acquire a musical speaking voice?

By learning to play correctly on his voice instrument. Nature gives every one at birth a vocal organ which normally is adequate for the production of a beautiful tone. It is up to him to learn to use it.

What must he do to make his tones melodious rather than strident or harsh?

First, he must learn to breathe—deeply and correctly. Breath is the stuff of which voice is made. Behind the full, rich, vibrant tone lies plenty of breath well controlled. A thin, weak voice means lack of breath.

Second, he must let that breath come through a relaxed, open throat. This is one of the most difficult problems with which singer or speaker must cope.

"Open, open, open your throat!" is the constant cry of the voice teacher. Anything which tends to close the throat makes the voice raucous and grating.

The innumerable complaints hurled against the much lamented American voice are due in some measure to unfavorable influences of climate and temperament to which we as a nation are prey. Cold contracts the muscles of the throat; the sudden changes and extremities of our climate play havoc with the voice instrument. The tropical climates favor the voice.

The throat of the nervous person is tight; his voice is tense and high-pitched. Nerves are a chronic American disease. The high pressure under which we live and our severe climatic conditions are national handicaps to our voices.

Nature has favored the negro's voice both by his easy-going temperament and the sunny clime from which he hails. The farther north we go, the more closed the throat. Who ever heard of a singing

Eskimo? The Nordic races have produced fewer great singers than the Latins. Occasionally from the land of the midnight sun comes a peerless star like Jenny Lind, but for every lone star that blazes out of the North, the South shows a full constellation. Every one in Italy sings, even the children on the streets. The American singer is continually working against fundamental handicaps.

But not only the throat must be kept open to achieve this melodious tone. The nasal passages, too, must be unobstructed and free so that the air comes singing, humming through them. Failure to speak through an open nose is responsible for our most prevalent fault—the great American nasal twang.

"Americans talk through their noses!" is a universal complaint.

But the real fault is just the contrary. We *don't* talk through our noses—but we *should*. It is failure to use the nasal passages that gives us that much advertised nasal twang.

It is quite impossible to talk intelligibly unless the nose plays some part in the process. Hold your nose and try to say something. All speech is obstructed and blurred. Without the nose the sounds of M and N simply can not be made, for they are nasal consonants. Did you ever try to say "Spring has come" when you had a cold? With nasal membranes swollen and air passages obstructed we get a thick, dull "Spr'g has cub." Nor will the missing M and N return until the cold has gone.

Don't fool yourself; talk through your nose. It is one of the purposes for which God gave it to you.

It is the breadth and ample space of his nasal passages that help make the negro's voice so beautifully melodious. This breadth is visible in his facial contour. The air comes singing through these broad, free, open chambers and gives the humming quality so conspicuous in negro spirituals. Even when he says, "Mawnin', suh!" there is music in the words.

To cultivate this in your own voice, practice humming. Humming forces you to use your nose, and as you listen carefully you grow conscious of the tones which should pervade your speech.

Almost every voice teacher gives the great AHM exercise. Here it is; try it and give yourself a voice lesson:

Open your mouth wide—wider still; take a deep breath and start to yawn; this opens the throat. But don't finish that yawn. Instead sing out a full, round "AH." Prolong it for a second or two, then close the mouth, letting the breath continue through the nose to make the M sound. Practise your AHM'S—daily, hourly. Make them resound like the tones of a bell. The more resonance you can put into them, the more beauty and color they have. Try to make this same beauty and color audible in your speaking voice. It is the tone that comes from a relaxed throat and an open nose that is pleasant to hear.

But the art of the spoken word involves more than tone. It involves the shaping of that tone into definite word patterns. This shaping process necessitates a kind of linguistic gymnastics in which most of us are woefully unskilled. It means deft and accurate use of tongue, lips, teeth and jaw.

To pronounce the monosyllabic word "go," one must put his tongue, his lips, his jaw into a G position and transfer them quickly to an O position. The process is so instantaneous the speaker is scarcely aware of the two separate movements that compose it, but unless each movement is accurate, it gives blurred or slovenly speech.

The longer we listen to the radio the more discriminating grows our ear. The great American public is becoming voice-conscious

To change the "go" to "going," the shaping process is continued through three additional quick movements that give the syllable *ing*. If the final g is not finished but dies carelessly on the lips, we have the all-too-prevalent *goin'*, the sign of the slovenly tongue.

Many an American spends his life goin' and comin', fishin' and huntin', simply because he is too lazy to shape the final consonant. Speech formation is an exacting process. It means diligent watching not only of your P's and Q's, but also of your G's and T's. The word is *kept*, not *kep'*; it is *something*, not *sump'm*. It is not "W'atcha gona do 'bout ut?" but "What are you going to do about it?"

In cultivated speech each vowel and consonant must be given its proper value. There are no such words in the English language as *w'ich*, *w'at*, *w'h* and *w'en*. Put an H in them and they become respectable, a credit to any tongue. It is a mark of good taste and breeding to have all your letters with you, even if you are only *waitin'* and *dressin'* or *eatin' punkin pie*.

By such unpardonable corruptions we have defiled the English language. However energetic we may be in other respects, America is a lip-crazy nation. We are careless of the way in which we form our words and careless of the tone in which we utter them. Cultivated speech is a two-fold problem, pleasant tone and correct enunciation.

The negro has tone. His melodious voice is music to the ear, but he makes no effort to enunciate. He mars his speech by blurring his words. He says, "Ah dunno," and "How ah yuh?" shapes his vowels with flagrant inaccuracy, slides carelessly over his consonants, now and then omits whole syllables. His speech may have its own native charm, but it is not cultivated.

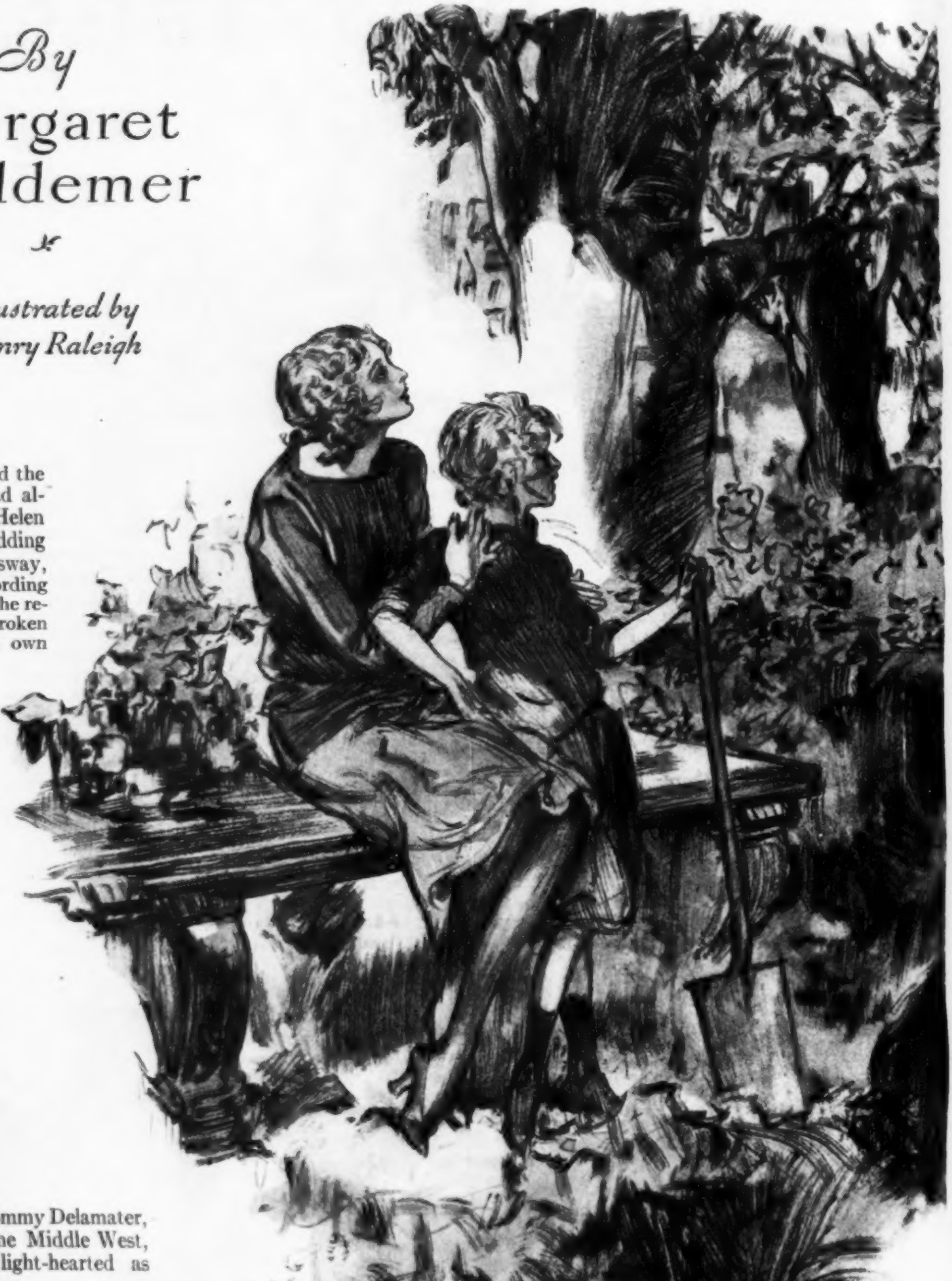
The proverbial New England school-teacher errs in the other direction. She has good enunciation, but too often lacks tone. She clips her words with (*Continued on page 176*)

"I will not take you as a pupil unless you begin all over again," he cried. "But you haven't heard me sing," she protested. "I don't need to. I have heard you speak"

ALL THE KING'S

By Margaret Widdemer

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh



It Began Thus:

THE high wall around the Kingsway estate had always seemed to Helen Heather as cold and forbidding as its owner, Ethan Kingsway, whose stern dignity—according to village tradition—was the result of having his heart broken in his youth by Helen's own cousin, Nina, with whom she lived.

Nina confirmed the story unblushingly, and had no regrets for jilting the poor young man with a great estate to keep up, in favor of a rich widower twice her age. But now that she was a widow, with complete control of the fortune which should have been shared with his scapegrace son, Ronny, she would gladly have resumed the romance of her youth.

It would never have occurred to Helen that *she* could be jilted. Her life—although encumbered with the need to earn her own living, and a good share of her young married sister's—had been a sunny one. And her engagement to Tommy Delamater, just before he left for the Middle West, had been as gay and light-hearted as Tommy's own erratic self.

Nevertheless, it happened—and when she almost had her foot on the step of the train to go to be married. She was actually on her way to the station when the letter came—saying that Tommy was in love with another girl—that he was sure she would be glad to release him—

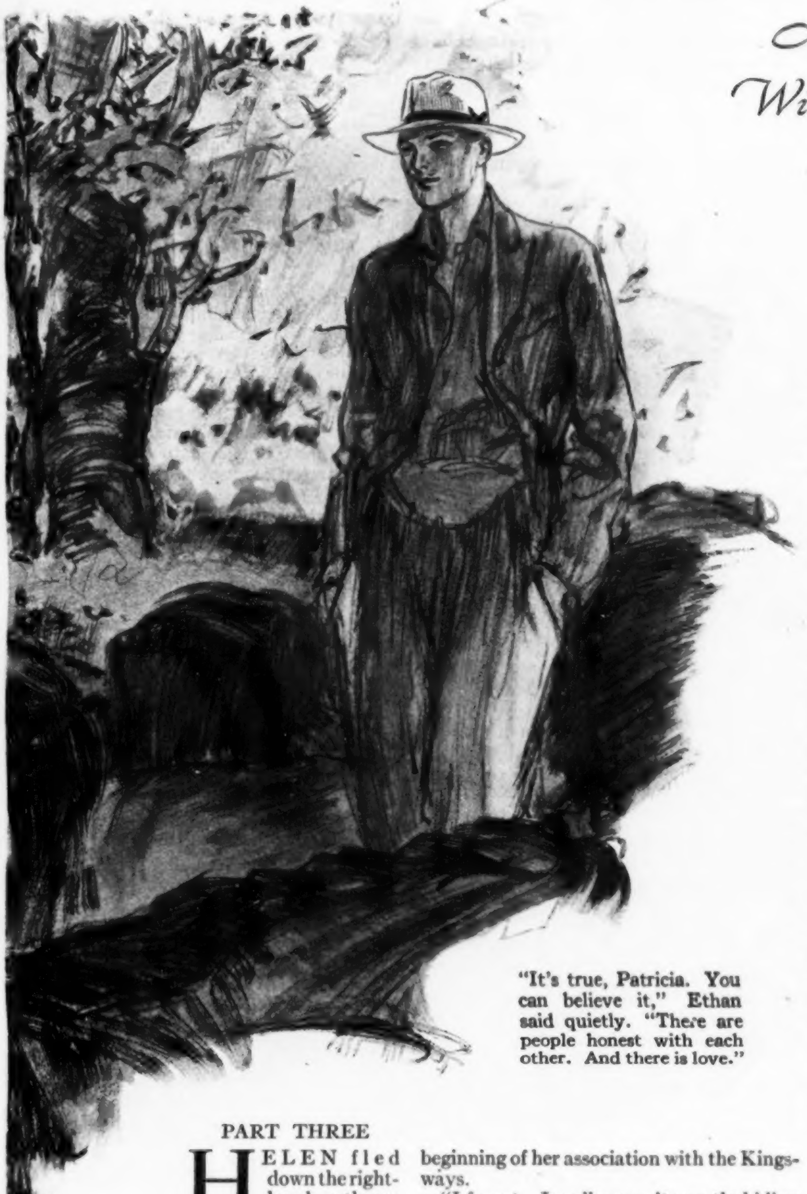
Mercifully the day was filled with insistent duties that could not wait. Her ticket to return, her job to get back, a place to stay to be found. But there was still time for her miserable, shamed heartbreak to go on unceasingly under all the rush.

It was on one of her lonely walks to get away from people that she wandered into the Kingsway place one day, and fainted from the nervous strain she had undergone.

When she awoke, she found the Kingsway home, where Ethan's invalid mother and his impetuous little ward, Patricia, led their charming lives, a welcome refuge. Patricia took to her at once, and Helen soon assumed the place of governess to her. And somehow, mysteriously, the world became a pleasant place again, and not a mysterious maze of deceit and wrong.

HORSES

Proving That A Little Love Will Mend Almost Any Broken Heart



"It's true, Patricia. You can believe it," Ethan said quietly. "There are people honest with each other. And there is love."

PART THREE

HELEN fled down the right-hand pathway of the maze with her bright scarf blowing behind her, and dropped, laughing, on the stone seat. She could laugh again, and it occurred to her that it was nearly incredible. Only a month; and to be laughing, merely because it was a tingling November day, with leaves crackling underfoot and a smell of burning in the air, and a child to play with and bring you back to the pleasure of running outdoors!

"Oh, here you are! You aren't very clever in your hiding-places," said Patricia.

Helen had crouched down in the curve of the S-shaped windbreak, near Mrs. Kingsway's pet walnut, which had been the beginning of her association with the Kingsways.

"I forgot. I really wasn't exactly hiding—I was just enjoying the weather," Helen explained. "Give me time to get my breath and we'll do it again."

Helen had found it impossible to deal with Patricia as with a child. Most other people had found it impossible, too, but they still tried to do it. Helen had stopped. It worked better.

Helen understood Marietta now, too, since she had been living in the house with her.

Marietta's most actual romance was the Kingsway family. It was her adventure book; her fairy-tale.

"My folks come over when the Kingsways did," she vouchsafed once, and Helen surmised that they had perhaps been servants of that gay gentleman whose portrait hung in the long old living-room, with a look of Ethan about the steadiness of his smiling eyes.

Marietta; Patricia; Mrs. Kingsway merry upstairs in the great house between her paroxysms of pain; Ethan seen occasionally coming and going—for some weeks this was Helen's world. It was all the world she wanted: kind people, a child's love, and a place to hide.

For Patricia loved Helen, and almost trusted her. She did not quite trust anybody. Her father had evidently poured his selfish cynicism into her clear, innocent child-mind, and a part of her devotion to his memory seemed to be the determination to keep it so. With her curious maturity of manner, and the glimpses she gave of tragic or wonderful possibilities, with her slim, chiseled fairness, she was like no child Helen had ever known. And in the effort to win her to trust and understand her, Helen found her hurt more soothed than she had thought could ever happen.

The thought of Tommy now was not a shamed, burning feeling. She did not feel as if the only thing in the world had gone from her; as if she was discredited in every one's eyes. Patricia looked up to her and loved her; Mrs. Kingsway's eyes brightened when she came into the room; even Ethan, though she knew he still felt she was like all the other girls of the day, and didn't think much of them, was beginning, she thought, to like her a little on the mental side.

The more she saw of Ethan Kingsway, the more she respected him, although she did not see a great deal of him. To-day, romping inside the grounds with Patricia, she found the game broken off by Patricia's running, screaming with excitement, toward a speck in the distance which, as usual, proved to be Ethan. She nosed him out as if she were a devoted dog.

"Here's Ethan!" she cried.

She stared till the half-seen figure had passed, then dropped on the seat again with a sigh.

"How can you tell him so far off?" she asked Patricia curiously.

"He walks all in a piece, like water flowing," Patricia said.

"It's like a fairy story, living in here—now you've come," Patricia went on. "Before, I hated it. Helen, why do people say I'm a strange child? I think they're strange people."

Helen tried to answer honestly. "Because most people's ideas of children are different from the way you act," she said finally.

"I suppose it's because of father," Patricia said finally. She sighed. "I don't want to be different. But—don't tell, Helen—I *would* like people to like me better the way I am!"

Helen couldn't help laughing; it was so much the way she felt herself.

"Oh, there's Marietta! Now you'll be carried off to spend the afternoon with Ada, and they won't let me in. I pay for you. It isn't fair!"

"Why, you wretched little vulgarian!" Helen turned, laughing at the child.

"I don't care. You got to be just before you're ladylike. And you know they won't let me in."

"If you *will* jump up and down—" Helen began.

It was no fine-lady nervousness which kept Mrs. Kingsway from letting Patricia play about, but the fact that the restless child's motions, uncontrollable as they were, jarred her and hurt her exquisitely. One had to remember not to touch the bed, not even to drop a heavy hand or foot where it could jar, on her bad days. And Patricia couldn't remember which were bad days.

Patricia sighed, clasping her arms around Helen's soft waist.

"Life's so different. Father said never to try being self-denying and kind. People just simply took advantage."

Helen didn't know quite what to say. The child's dead father was her hero. And he had taught her a good many useless things.

"Patricia darling, I'll tell you. Your father had been hurt by somebody—very, very badly—"

"My mother. She ran off."

"And he thought that because it had happened to him, it might happen to you. He loved you so much that he wanted to take care of you too much. But he forgot that the same things don't always happen to people. You may have an entirely different set of things happen to you."

Patricia considered that for a moment, her small, chiseled face taking on its look of mature wisdom. "Well, of course, I do think in some ways I have more sense than Father—and then it's Kingsway luck. I don't think it needs to happen to me. Perhaps I'll try being self-denying."

Marietta had reached them by now. It took her a long time to get through the maze; she was afraid of losing her way.

"Mrs. Kingsway says, if Patricia is through her lessons for the day, could you come sit with her a little while?"

"Oh, she may," said Patricia mournfully. "But I just want to say that I think she ought to consider whether she's selfish about Helen or not. Why should *I* do all the self-denying?"

Marietta looked shocked, but Patricia was so used to that expression on the faces of adults that she paid no attention.

Helen did what she had found was usually best in dealing with Patricia—laughed at her.

"Wait and find out," she said. "And I think you ought to begin to know some children your own age."

Patricia shook her head. "I'll go practice my gymnastics," she said. "They will be good to have if I'm ever left penniless and alone."

"That's an odd young one," said Marietta, holding to her fluttering cap as they returned to the house, leaving Patricia seated mournfully on her bench. "You're the first that has been able to handle her, except Mr. Ethan, and he's so seldom home."

"Couldn't she come to see Mrs. Kingsway today? I think she might be taught to keep still," said Helen.

Marietta shook her head. "Nine days out of ten it would be all right, then the tenth the young one would begin to jump up and down and hurt her something dreadful."

It was strange to have become an integral part of this household. Life was like a kaleidoscope. The life with Nina and Tommy. Behind that, the long, dimmed years back at home in the shabby, hand-to-mouth house in Baltimore, that big, rambling, old house with its makeshifts for necessities and its pieces of unnecessary luxury; her mother, so charmed by her father's light-hearted, gay ways that she did not even scold when he let her go without needed dresses and came home magnificently bestowing pieces of jewelry—or more often pieces of unwanted furniture.

I THINK THAT GOD IS PROUD

By Grace Noll Crowell

I THINK *that God is proud of those who bear*
A sorrow bravely. Proud indeed of them
Who walk straight through the dark to find Him there,
And kneel in faith to touch His garment's hem.
Oh, proud of them who lift their heads to shake
The tears away from eyes that have grown dim;
Who tighten quivering lips, and turn to take
The only road they find that leads to Him.

HOW *proud He must be of them! He who knows*
All sorrow, and how hard grief is to bear.
I think He sees them coming, and He goes
With outstretched arms and hands to meet them there,
And with a look—a touch on hand or head—
Each finds his hurt heart strangely comforted.

"If you love people, you have to keep them believing in themselves and amused," her mother had told her.

So a part of her mother's code had been the whipping of her own mood to gayety—gayety always. To make people happy. To keep them amused. And so, whatever the strain, over the strain there was laughter.

And because Helen laughed, people whose respect she wanted thought she was shallow and frivolous. Ethan would always think so; Tommy had let her go, thinking—if he had stopped to think about it at all—she would laugh and forget it the next day. Well, it was armor. If only people you respected would give you the benefit of the doubt—

She shook herself. Marietta had been talking steadily while Helen was far off in the big, old house. They were at Mrs. Kingsway's door; they both softened their voices as they came in.

Mrs. Kingsway's bright-colored hair made a startling spot of color against the white pillows. She waved like a child when they came in.

"The funniest thing has just happened to me!" she cried. She was laughing unfeignedly. "Luella came in, waving his tail, and started to jump on the bed. And I said to him: 'Luella, you're a lazy cat. Go catch mice instead of sleeping on beds in the daytime!' And believe it or not, he went off, and came back just now with a mouse and showed it to me!"

"A mouse!" said Marietta, forgetting her manners to the extent of climbing hastily on the nearest chair, which was not very good for the purpose, being a rocker.

She stood clutching its back and riding it as if it were a pitching chariot.

Mrs. Kingsway laughed again uncontrollably at the sight of decorous Marietta on her rocker.

"You goose! She ate it, of course," she said, and Marietta climbed down.

Luella was the unfortunate kitten on whom Patricia's affections were set. If he had not been a yellow cat with a higher temper than his owner's, his life would have been a hard one. As it was, they came out about even.

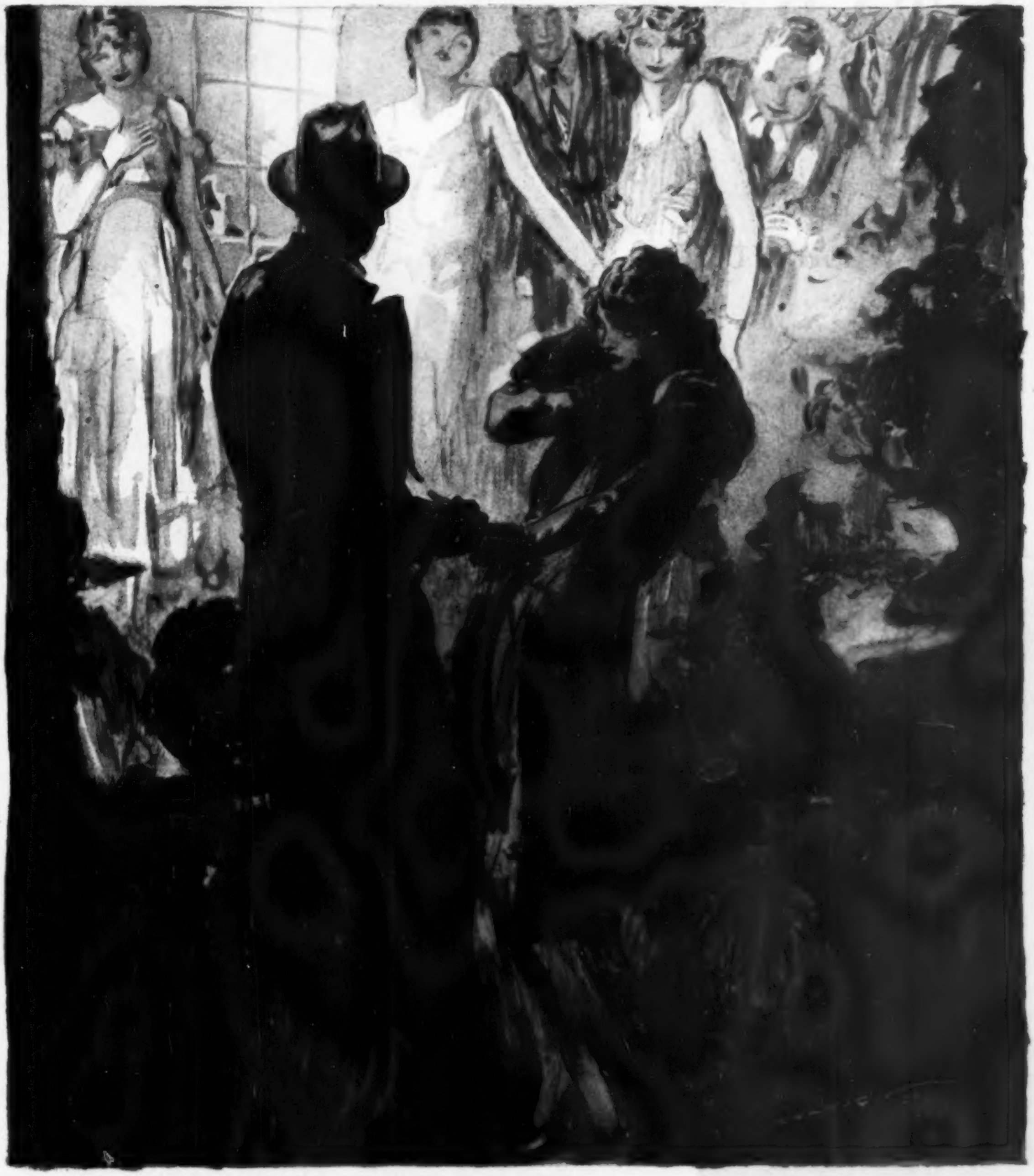
Helen came over to Mrs. Kingsway and impulsively kissed her. No, everybody didn't think you were shallow and hard because you laughed. Any woman who could laugh like a child over small household occurrences in the short intervals of inflammatory rheumatism, herself, understood. And Mrs. Kingsway spoke, answering her thought, as sometimes happens:

"You're my kind of people, Helen. I'm beginning to feel as if you'd belonged to me always. Are you sure you're not a long-lost niece or something?"

"Not a bit sure," Helen said a little unsteadily.

The wind blew through the room, swaying out the long, chintz curtains with their golden roses and deep-green vines.

Suddenly all of it—the canaries swinging in the window, the brightly figured Chinese screen which hid from people entering the paraphernalia of illness, the chaise-longue with its brightly embroidered shawl flung across the foot, the tiered, lacquered table with books and sewing, the shabby wicker rocker beside the window, kept for sentiment certainly, it matched so ill with other things—all of it ceased to be a room where she was visiting; it melted into a friendly place where she loved to come and go.



As Helen stood, half drawn from his arm, the door was flung wide, and a group of men and girls stood there. Ethan faced them with his usual courteous control

"Indeed, I think it very likely. Let me, anyhow!"

"I'd like to commit a theft," Mrs. Kingsway said contemplatively, "but I suppose the young have prior rights. They live so much longer, you see. I'd like to acquire your nieceness for good. You see, rheumatism is a nuisance socially—one gets into a social rhythm and then has to stop. And by the time you're able to play again, it's all to do once more."

Helen recalled that Marietta had told her, among the other traditional glories of the Kingsways, how Ada Kingsway had been a noted beauty and a belle in her day.

"She'd just come into a room and everybody'd start having fun," Marietta had reported.

The belleship was over, but the way she had of lighting up a room was still a real thing. As she lay back now, her sallow, bright-haired head against the pillow, her face sparkled.

"I hadn't an excuse for sending for you," she added. "I merely wanted somebody to play with."

For the first time since the breathless, wearing, adoring life of Nina and Tommy and Kingsway Village had gone with a turn of the kaleidoscope, Helen felt happy and at home. How different people were from your labels of them! This gay friend was the "invalid mother" partly because of whom Nina had thrown Ethan over.

They sat together in the sunny room, talking about little things—little, inconsequent, foolish things—together. About Helen's winter wardrobe, and the shopping for Patricia which Helen was going to undertake. About a certain spot in the garden where once

(*Continued on page 143*)

STARS and SCISSORS

By Mary Lawton

© Aime Dupont

Lillian Nordica was starring at the Metropolitan, during the great fight between the two rival operas

Oscar Hammerstein always had a silk hat with a wide brim on the side of his head—and usually a big, black cigar in his mouth

Maude Adams was for years the most popular actress in America. Her Peter Pan has become an immortal tradition

M*ES compliments*, my dear. Again we meet and as always make our first greetings behind the great curtain. But you must ring up quickly today—we've many matters to speak about — we've serious business on hand this time, I tell you. We're in the *iron* stage of great doings—revolutions! So up with the curtain. The sands are running swiftly in the musical hourglass. "Gentlemen first; the ladies (prima donnas) have had their innings!" I should say so, and it's the impresarios, the great showmen, we shall speak about—and a fine big spotlight we'll put on them, too. They're worth looking at!

We'll begin with the most important and picturesque figure in the annals of opera—Oscar Hammerstein. And right away we come to something—the biggest operatic battle America has ever known. A great story and a great fight. And I always love a fight! *Ach*, how many I've been in.

Hammerstein's reign, short as it was, was simply tremendous. He upset almost the solid foundations of the Metropolitan. He had them on the jump, as you say. For years the Metropolitan had stood unchallenged—supreme—it had no rivals. And now a new opera house had sprung up, my dear, and the great financiers who were so bound up in its interests, *ach!* they were all rubbing their eyes in amazement.

Hammerstein was the wizard, for he challenged them when he built the Manhattan Opera House in 1906, and a fine company he brought over, too. First and foremost in importance were Mary Garden (though she came in the second year), and that great conductor, Campanini, who was then what Toscanini is to-day. In fact, it was Campanini's tremendous success at the Manhattan that led the Metropolitan to get Toscanini, after a year's struggle. The rivalry between the two houses was simply terrific—such battles, and difficulties galore. It's a grim story. Most people following the opera know about it, but the whole story can never be fully written—certainly not by me!

My dear, Hammerstein was a genius in his way. He began life as a cigar maker, and to the end of his days had always a big cigar stuck in his mouth, and his famous silk hat with the wide brim on the side of his head. He wasn't an educated man—a little nobody, to start with—but he always wanted to do great things. First the theatre, then the opera—that was the dream of his life. He built the Victoria and the New York theatres, and it was there that Morris Gest, who later became a big impresario on his own hook, was a little call boy selling candy in the lobby.

A Vivid Pageant Of Theatrical and Musical Celebrities as Their Costumer Knew Them

Raymond Hitchcock made musical-comedy history with his famous interpretation of King Dodo

Emma Eames lent her lovely voice and statuesque blonde beauty to the forces of the Metropolitan in the opera war of 1907

But the Manhattan wasn't Hammerstein's first opera house. No, indeed. He had the opera bee in his bonnet (his silk hat, I should say) from the beginning! He built one years before on the same street and had a season of opera lasting two weeks! Also, not to be forgotten, he it was who built the Harlem Opera House.

The present Manhattan Opera House opened December 3, 1906, after a frightful struggle. Nobody believed he could do it. His friends, his enemies (of course), even his sons—all laughed at him when he talked of giving opera on the grand scale.

Nobody trusted him. But he had what you call the intuitive knowledge of music, or producing opera, of everything connected with the opera. As the French say, opera was his *idée fixe*. He was, I say again, a genius—a *real* showman. He forged through everything to the front. He couldn't imagine defeat. And everything he put on was a revelation.

There was no stopping him—no end to his schemes. Not satisfied with New York, he talked of other big cities, and right away he set out to conquer Philadelphia. In 1908 he built an opera house there.

Ach! the fight was then on—a fight to the finish—a battle royal, my dear. But, of course, as always, the great money interests won in the end. The operatic field was a battleground, and poor Hammerstein was covered with wounds. But he fought and triumphed for three years, until 1910, when the Metropolitan and Philadelphia stockholders bought him off—put a ban on him. And Hammerstein agreed not to produce opera in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, or Chicago for a period of ten years.

But do you think that stopped him? Certainly not!

"Why should I stop?" he once said to me. "If I can't produce opera in the Land of Liberty, there's still old Europe—no bans there. I'll go to London."

So to London he went and built a beautiful opera house, using, of course, part of his "ban" money for it, and borrowing the rest (he was always able to do that) from London financiers.

Somebody once asked him what he built his opera house with, and he said,

"Just debts—debts, that's what I build opera houses with!"

My dear, it was true! A wizard, I tell you.

The rivalry between the Metropolitan and Manhattan was terrible, a battle raging from Thirty-fourth to Fortieth Street. Now, if I tried to tell you even (*Continued on page 282*)

Photographs of Nordica, Hitchcock, and Eames from the Albert Davis Collection

Mary Garden would never sing for any one but Hammerstein in New York. People fought for tickets for her Thaïs première

ENDURANCE FLIGHT

The Story of a Girl Who Was "Up in the Air" for Six Long Years

By Mary Badger Wilson

FAIRTOWN took its education democratically. There were no private schools in the town; the banker's daughter and the butcher's son learned to conjugate the verb *amo* together, and *x* remained as much of an unknown quantity to the mill-owner's children, who drove down to school from the Hill in Dad's limousine, as to the cobbler's children who trudged up to school from the Hollow on shoes which Dad had half-soled. But the town's democracy ended with the giving out of the high-school diplomas. From that point boys and girls who had met on common ground went their separate and appointed ways. Up the Hill. Or down to the Hollow.

Thus there was always a sob caught in the music of the graduation dance at Fairtown High. Always the hurt of young pride and the sadness of partings. But no one in Lois Tucker's graduating class felt the pain of it as Lois did. She was so breathlessly happy herself, dancing on her little silver-shod feet, that she could not bear any one else to be unhappy. Especially any one she liked. Especially Ben Sharrod.

Ben had brought her to the dance. She had promised him a whole year in advance that he should take her to the Final, and she had kept her promise, although half a dozen hilltop boys had tried to make her break it.

Her mother had protested: "I can't imagine where you get such low tastes, Lois! Next year I shall send you away to a good finishing school where they will teach you social values. To think of my daughter going to a dance with the commonest boy in town!"

"Ben isn't common. He isn't," Lois had flamed.

Mrs. Tucker had smiled icily. "He's Ike Sharrod's son," she had settled the issue.

For Ike Sharrod, formerly the town ne'er-do-well, was now doing well for himself as the town bootlegger. Lois knew this in a vague way; that is, she knew that Ben's father delivered funny-shaped packages to her own father on dark nights, and that out of the funny-shaped packages came the squat bottles from which her mother concocted cocktails for her dinners and her bridge parties. But knowing these detached facts, Lois had not realized that Ike's son Ben was the Sort of Person One Doesn't Know.

"Why, Ben's taught me all I *do* know," she said loyally.

Looking back, it seemed to her that this was true. Ben had shown her how Caesar built his bridge and thus had saved her from flunking Latin; he had done all the messy experiments for her in Chem Lab so that she might not stain her pink fingertips; he had taught her how to dive into Fisher's Lake in summer time, and how to skate on top of it in winter time; he had given Lawrence Kane two gorgeous black eyes for saying that she cheated in geometry exam.—though as a matter of fact she *had* cribbed, for how could any one remember those silly isosceles triangles or those even dumber rhomboids?

She had never even considered coming to the final dance with any one but Ben, although she could have come with any boy she wanted. For Lois was the prettiest girl in the class. She was a lovely, apple-blossom seventeen. Her restless young body made a rhythm of motion; her wide blue eyes made a wonder of the world they gazed at; her bright hair made a radiance about her forehead and behind her pretty little ears. Ben should have been dancing on top of the world with Lois in his arms. But he wasn't. He was unhappy, desperately unhappy. Lois could feel his wretchedness through her own joy.

When they were dancing just before midnight, he said, "Let's get away from the noise, where I can talk to you," and he took her out into the school grounds which had been strung with Japanese lanterns.

Up in the sky a waning moon hung crookedly like another lantern. To Lois everything seemed beautiful—the bobbing lanterns on a string, the crooked moon in the sky, the unfathomable night, life itself . . . But Ben was talking in a queer, strangled voice.

"This is the end," he was saying. "They will never let you dance with me after to-night. No matter how hard I work, it will be years before I can crash your set. By that time you'll be married to some hilltop guy . . . you'll have forgotten I ever lived."

Lois, who was so happy that it hurt, could not bear to see the pain in his dark eyes, the queer, twisted look of his mouth. Instinctively she moved closer to him.

"I won't forget you—ever," she promised. "I *couldn't* forget you, Ben."

"Do you mean that?" Ben demanded in his tortured young voice.

"Yes," she whispered.

She was a little frightened by his strange harshness.

He drew her away from the swinging lanterns, to the very edge of the school grounds, where night was black save for a waning moon hanging crookedly in the sky, and where the music of the dance orchestra was only a disturbing pulse in the dark. He caught her awkwardly in his hard young arms and kissed her inexpertly—for Ben was not a petter. And suddenly Lois felt all the loveliness and the happiness of life flaming through her in an ecstasy.

"Let's get married," Ben said huskily. "Then they can't separate us. Let's get married to-night, so we can be together always."

His words were not real words to the bewitched Lois. They were wings on which one could fly to new ecstasy. Life—beautiful, gorgeous life—more of it!

"Let's," she agreed dreamily.

"I've got a car here," he reminded her. "We can drive over to Link City. But we have to have witnesses. Two of 'em. How about Jerry Whitman?"

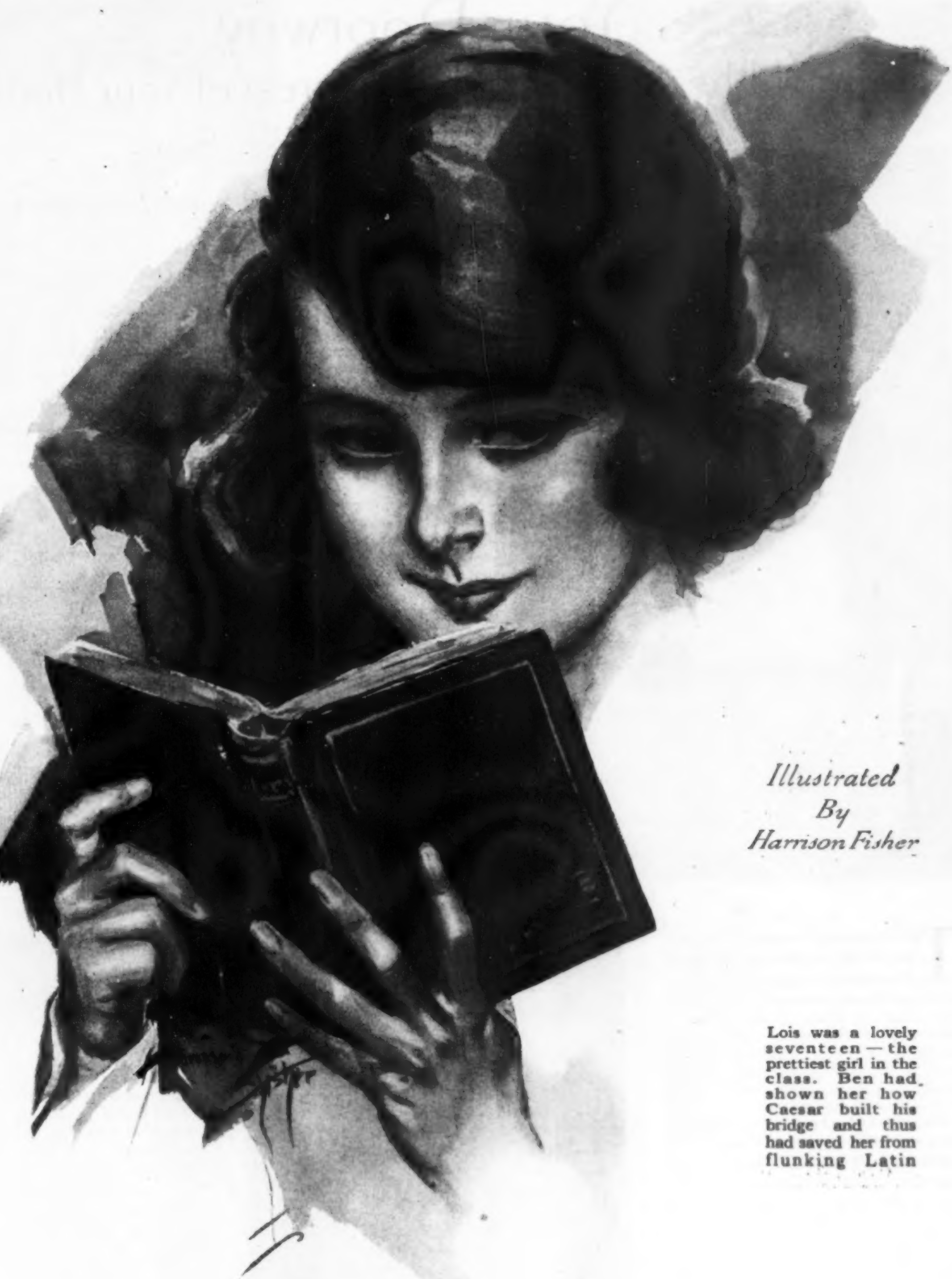
"Yes, we'll take Jerry," Lois assented. "And Sue Hadley; let's take her."

When Jerry and Sue were plucked from the dance hall and informed of plans, they were thrilled to have parts in the drama.

"Think, Lois, you'll be the first girl in our set to marry!" Sue squealed. "And elopements are just too exciting. You're simply precious to let me trail along."

"Sure I'll be witness and best man and usher and what haven't you," Jerry promised with a jaunty, man-of-the-world ease.

So Sue scurried to the cloak room for wraps, while Jerry scurried back to the dance floor to borrow a tenner off Lawrence Kane. (It had been discovered that Ben's and Jerry's combined resources totaled only $7.65; there would be a license fee and a parson's fee to pay, and they might run



Illustrated By Harrison Fisher

Lois was a lovely seventeen — the prettiest girl in the class. Ben had shown her how Caesar built his bridge and thus had saved her from flunking Latin

out of gas between Fairtown and Link City.) Lawrence, who was always in funds, honored the touch. Sue returned from the girls' cloakroom, freshly lipsticked and powdered as befitted a bridesmaid, bearing two fragrant scraps of silk which were hers and Lois's evening wraps. The impromptu wedding party found Ben's car in the jam of parked machines, and the four of them tumbled in.

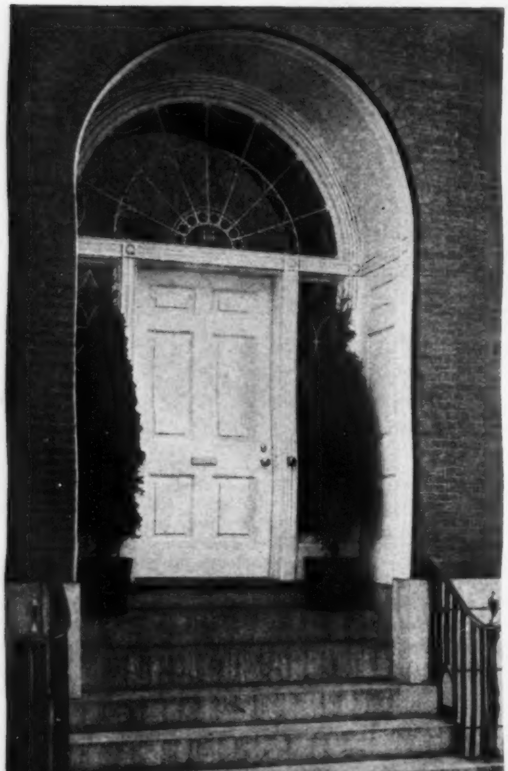
Lois vaguely recognized the car as one in which Ben's father, Ike, used to drive stealthily to her own back door when he brought illegal packages to her father. But this recognition didn't mean anything to her. Nothing meant anything now but the soft and secret night which one vainly tried to cut with speed, speed, and yet more speed; and the strange, bright ecstasy which beckoned through the darkness.

It was four o'clock in the morning when they drove into the sleeping Link City, with five blank hours stretching before them until they could secure a marriage license.

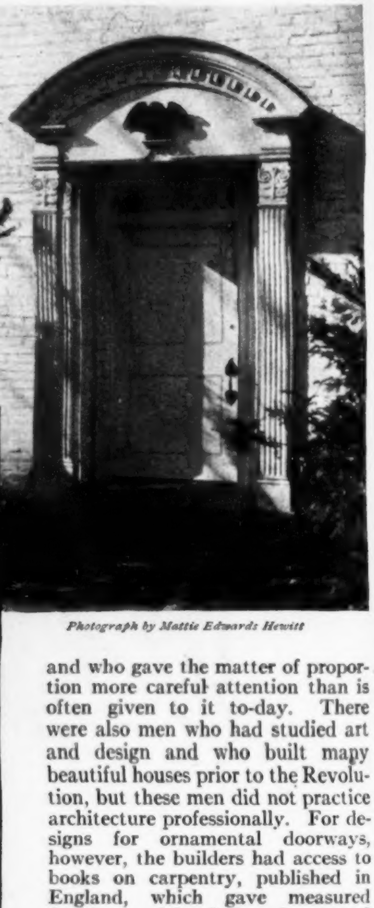
Ben parked the car, and Jerry and Sue dozed in the back seat. But Lois and Ben watched the slow dawn, and Lois shivered under her flimsy silk cape in the bleakness of daybreak. (*Continued on page 236*)

Your Doorway
Should be the Center of Interest of Your House Says

Roger H. Bullard, Architect

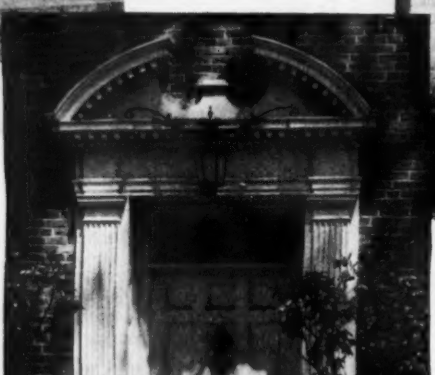


This stately recessed doorway, with fanlight and sidelights of leaded glass, is one of the many beautiful old-time entrances of Salem



The eagle, the fluted columns, and the curved pediment of this old doorway have inspired many modern entrance designs

Photograph by Mattie Edwards Hewitt



Photograph by Geo. H. Van Anda

The lantern and the attractive knocker add to the Colonial atmosphere of this modern doorway designed by Mr. Bullard

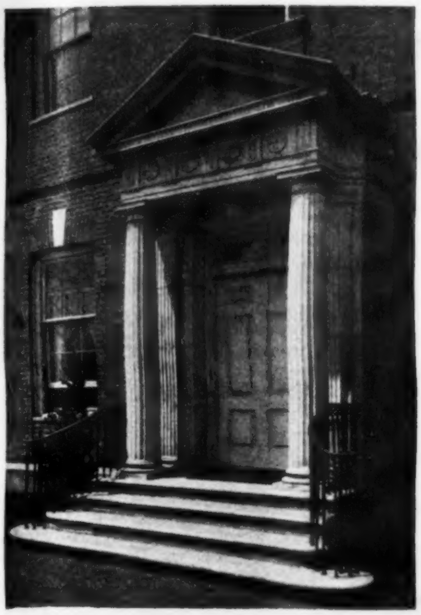
THE doorway is one of the most important elements in the house. Because it is the means of entrance, it is used constantly, and probably observed more closely than any other part of the house. This is the reason, no doubt, why people, as they attain more cultivated tastes and the means to gratify them, build homes with beautiful doorways.

A study of the distinctive characteristics of various types of doorways is worth while because the design of the doorway should be eloquently expressive of the design of the rest of the house. In our domestic architecture we have borrowed freely from the Old World, but there are a number of types which we have come to think of as native American—the New England Colonial, the Southern Colonial, and the Dutch type, found in New York and New Jersey—all of which have characteristic entrances.

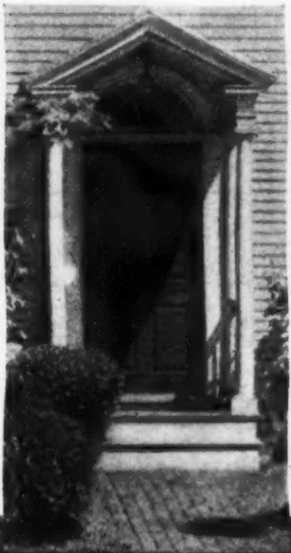
True to the austerity of their lives and the principles they held, the early settlers in New England built their houses along simple, rectangular lines and left to later generations the task of embellishing them with ornamental doorways. For this reason there are no ornamented doorways in New England dating back to the 17th century. Occasionally fine doorways are found on these early houses, but it may safely be assumed that they were added at a later date by prosperous descendants. In the same way, in the Southern states, the early colonists built their plantation manor houses without porches, but as they became wealthy and well-established, they built houses with the stately two-story porticos we associate with them to-day.

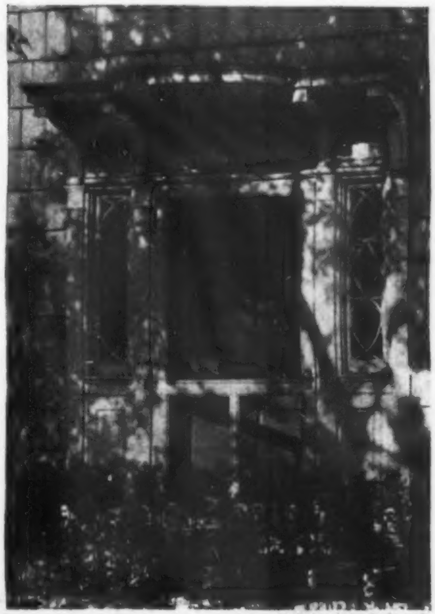
During the 17th and part of the 18th century there were no professional architects as we know them, so the houses of that time were built by carpenters who were master artisans and who gave the matter of proportion more careful attention than is often given to it to-day. There were also men who had studied art and design and who built many beautiful houses prior to the Revolution, but these men did not practice architecture professionally. For designs for ornamental doorways, however, the builders had access to books on carpentry, published in England, which gave measured drawings and details for columns and pilasters and for the decorative structure above the door, called the entablature. This explains why we can trace a similarity of design in the doorways in all the states along the Atlantic coast from Maine to South Carolina. All the builders of the finer houses were using the same sources for the designs, and they either copied the drawings exactly or modified them to suit local conditions. Since they had great artistic sense and good judgment, the results

Each entrance on this page was designed by Mr. Bullard to harmonize with a particular type of house. Below is an attractive cottage door framed by a porch of charming simplicity



Dignity and reserve characterize this porch which shelters a well-proportioned door. The Doric columns and angular pediment are familiar historic details





Photograph by Van Anda

The details of this entrance with its interesting sidelights and unusual hood are fresh and individual, yet they are quite in keeping with the Colonial spirit

were decidedly pleasing, and we have been left a heritage of splendid old examples to draw upon for our modern doorways.

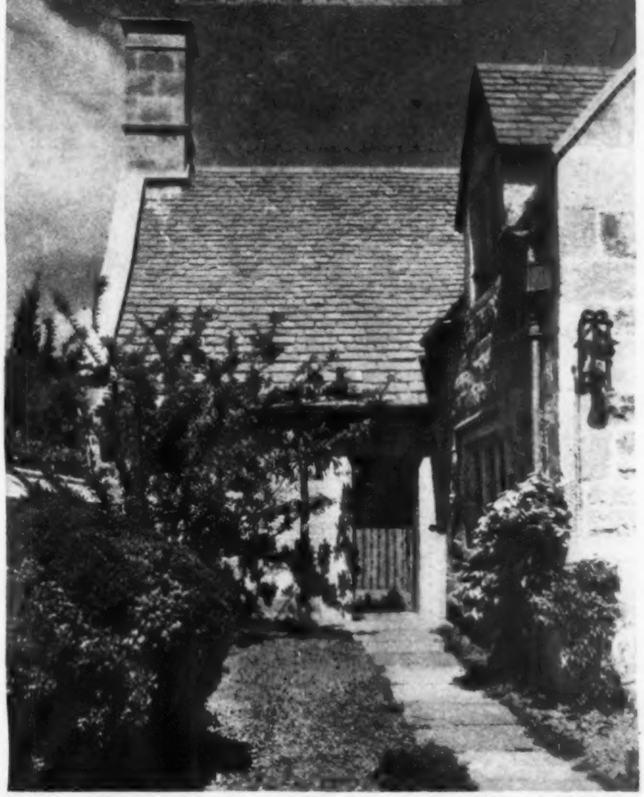
Most of them are classic in feeling, for the designs were taken from the stone doorways of England, which in turn had been inspired by the architecture of ancient Greece. This accounts for the use of the Ionic, Doric, and Corinthian capitals, and for the columns and pilasters, and the central blocks which correspond to the keystone of a stone portal. Sometimes the translating of these stone doorways into wood gave a heavy effect, but time has helped to soften the lines, and even some of the earliest ornamental doorways are among the most charming.

The reader may wonder why I have taken the time to trace the development of the doorway through the early history of this country. After all, it is the result which interests us—not the whys and wherefores of its existence, and our appreciation of what is good in art should not depend upon being able to distinguish different styles, but upon being able to recognize good design when we see it expressed in form and line, and in contrasts of light and shade. But a study of the conditions which caused Colonial houses to be built as they were helps to explain them, and we study historical precedent so that we may see how certain results were achieved, and then apply these results intelligently in building a modern house. Practical problems of modern construction are often solved by careful research and study, both of architectural examples and of the conditions at the time they were built.

The greatest number of beautiful old houses and old doorways in New England are found in eastern Massachusetts and western Connecticut. The old doorways of Salem, Massachusetts, and of Beacon Street, Boston, instantly come to mind when one thinks of Colonial architecture. In the South, the doorways of Charleston are famous for their beauty.

In analyzing the architectural treatment of these Colonial doorways, it is interesting to notice the infinite combination of individual parts, so that the entrance embodies not

(*Continued on page 118*)



Photograph by Van Anda

A batten door, studded with nails to form a diamond pattern, makes an appropriate informal side entrance to this stone house of Tudor English design

The Studio Designs a House In the French Provincial Manner

Helen Koues, Director

Elevations, Plans, And Memorandum Of Specifications

Henry Ives Cobb, Jr.

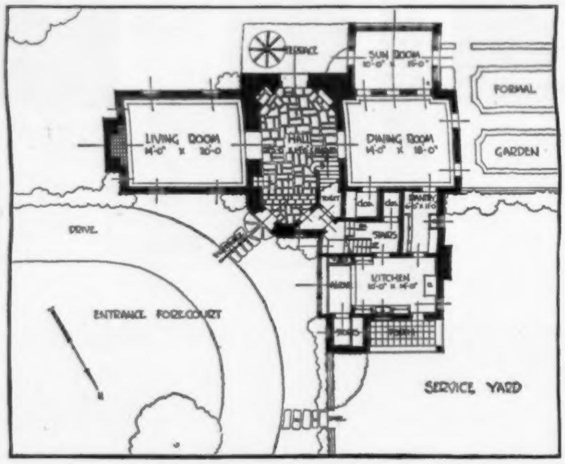
THE house shown by the Studio this month is an adaptation of the small farm or manor house so often found in the French provinces. Some of these buildings date back as far as the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The style of this period possesses little unity of either design or detail, as it is a period of transition from the Gothic to the classical Renaissance; but for that very reason it has undoubted charm.

Stone was the chief building material of the period, but brick was coming back into use after being displaced by stone for centuries. Plaster was also being used, especially in the spaces between the timbers of the frame, giving many interesting motives of what is commonly called "half-timber" construction.

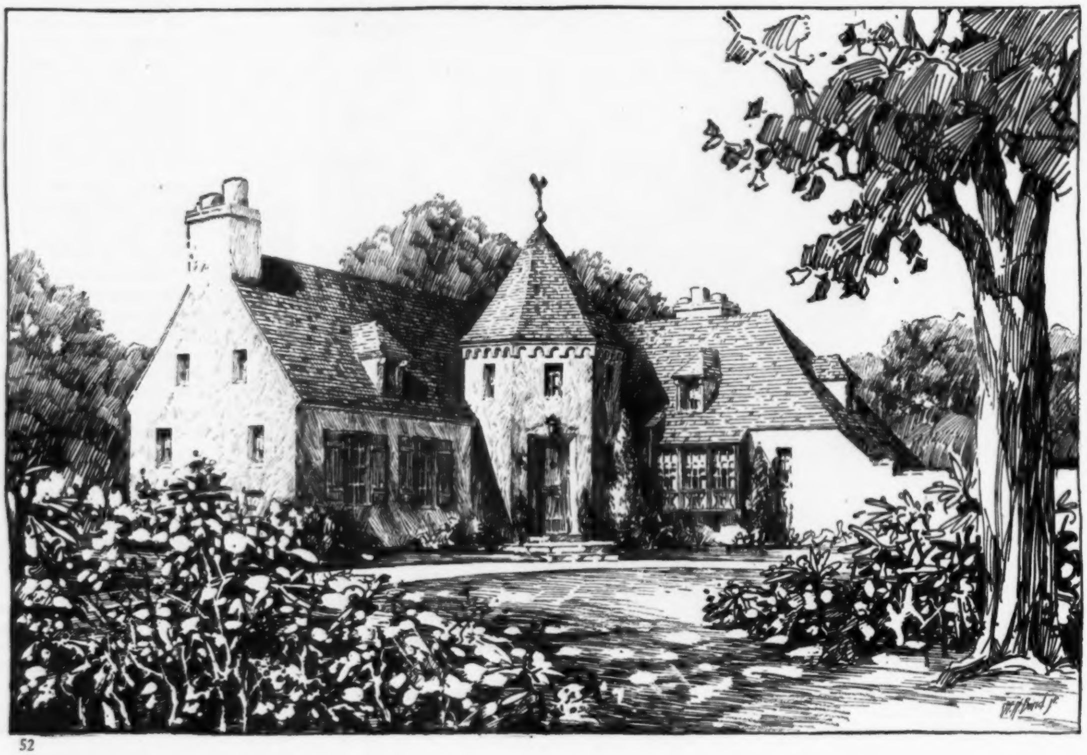
In a small building such as the one here shown, you will find the character of the sixteenth century very well preserved. The steep roof covered with slate, the stuccoed walls, and the bay window of timber against the entrance-turret which encloses the stair—all contribute to the effect; and while the materials employed are necessarily simple, the whole appearance of the house is in character with its French prototypes of the sixteenth century.

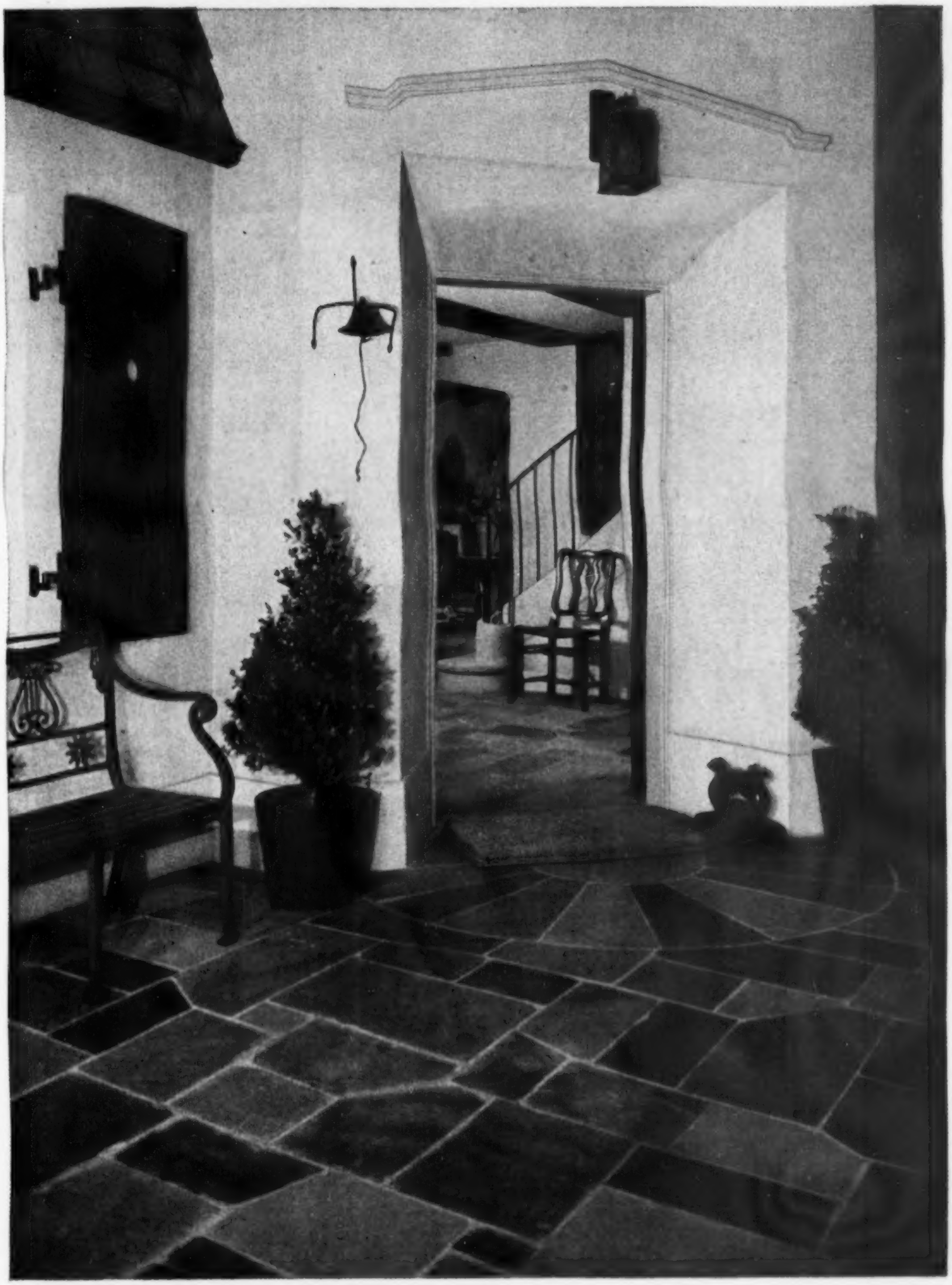
In order to preserve the masonry character of the house, the exterior should be built of ordinary 8"x 8"x 16" concrete blocks, which are easily procurable in most localities. Brick or terra cotta hollow tile could also be used, or, where low cost is of primary importance, the ordinary frame construction with wire lath would answer as a base for the stucco. However, the thickness of wall resulting from the use of concrete blocks is a valuable part of the effect, in that it gives the characteristic deep window jambs of masonry construction.

All the flashings (that is, the sheet metal used to make watertight the intersections at roof valleys and around dormers and chimneys), the gutters, (*Continued on page 265*)



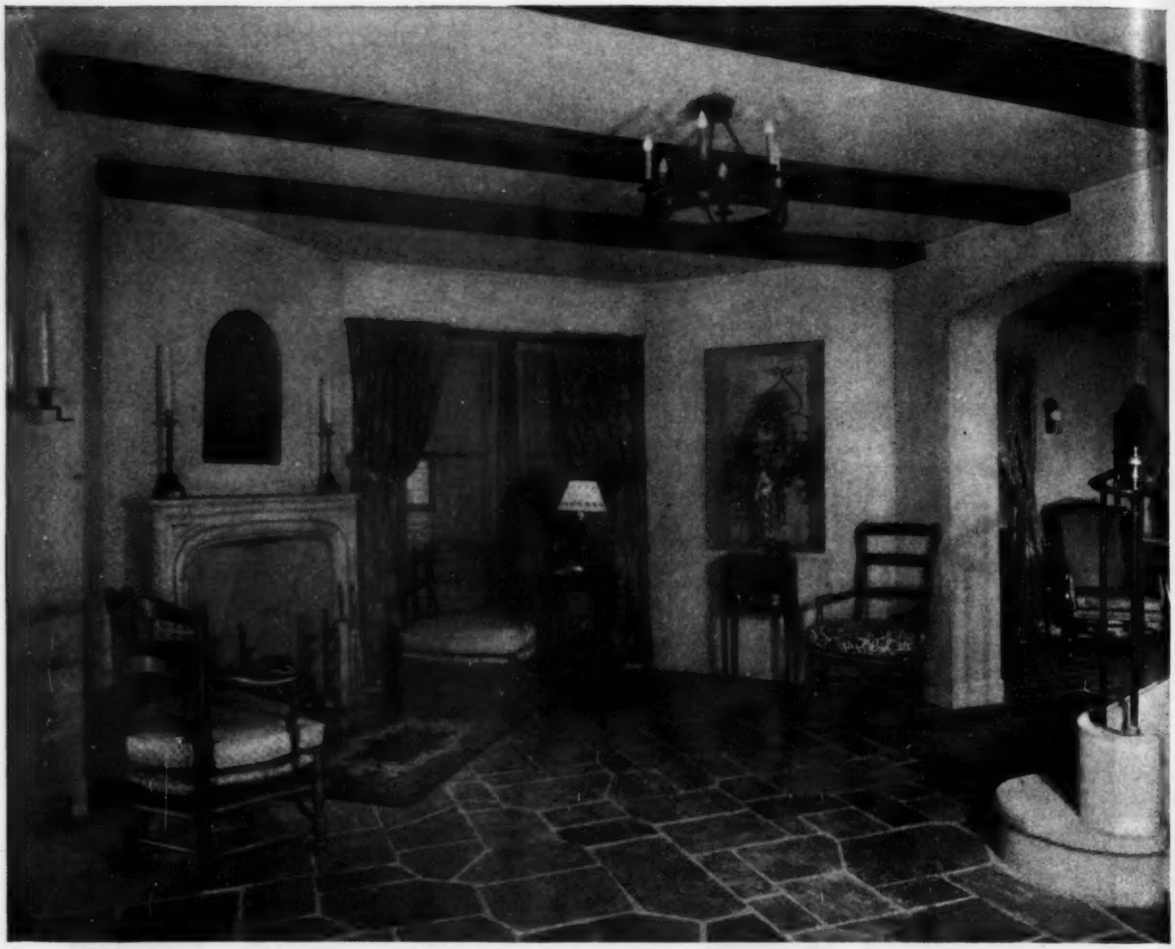
This house, containing approximately 48,000 cubic feet, at 52c a cubic foot would cost $25,000





A Section of the Exterior Built by The Studio in Our Publication Building

To give the character of the 16th century the house could be built of concrete blocks stuccoed, using a scratch coat, a brown coat, and a final coat of tan Artstone sand float. The roof is of gray asbestos shingles; the gutters, leader, and ornamental leader head are copper; door and shutters are of stained oak with hinges of black iron; the terrace is of Gloucestershire flagging



In the octagon tower are the entrance hall and stairway. The character of the 16th century is given by the sandstone finished walls, flagstone floor, beamed ceiling, stone fireplace, and detail of windows and doors

Interiors in the French Provincial Type, Built and Furnished by The Studio

By the Director

EVERYWHERE in America to-day there is a great interest in improving and beautifying the houses in which we live. GOOD HOUSEKEEPING is a magazine for women interested in making a mere house into a home—creating an environment that will give to family life greater comfort, enjoyment, and happiness. The work of Good Housekeeping Studio is to give practical suggestions and advice, based on experience, not theory, to make the background of such an environment. It is a less tangible thing than bricks or mortar, furniture or fabrics, that makes a home. It is a spirit. But be the spirit ever so eager for beauty or improvement, practical knowledge of building and decorating is needed to make a charming house or cottage. It is neither size nor cost that gives charm—but taste; and taste, though sometimes instinctive, is usually based on knowledge. Therefore, the Studio builds, furnishes, and decorates with the good products that are on the market and within the means of the average American family, so that we may tell you from our own experience and experimenting what is good, what is right in price, and where it may be procured.

The Studio staff of architect, builders, and decorators have all contributed expert knowledge to the planning of the design and building a section of the exterior and the interior of this small house, combining the comfort of to-day with the attractive characteristics of the Provincial manoir, or small house of France in the 16th and 17th centuries. Our architect, Mr. Cobb, on the preceding pages has given specifications for the character of the building material. Further information will gladly be given any interested reader who writes the Studio.

This month we illustrate the elevation

Good Housekeeping Studio
Cordially Invites You
To Visit The Rooms Created by
The Studio
Now on Exhibition at
Our Publication Building
57th Street at 8th Ave., New York

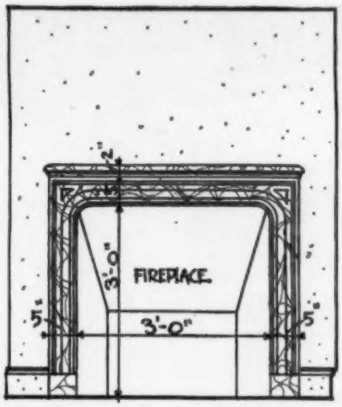
The John M. Smyth Store
Chicago

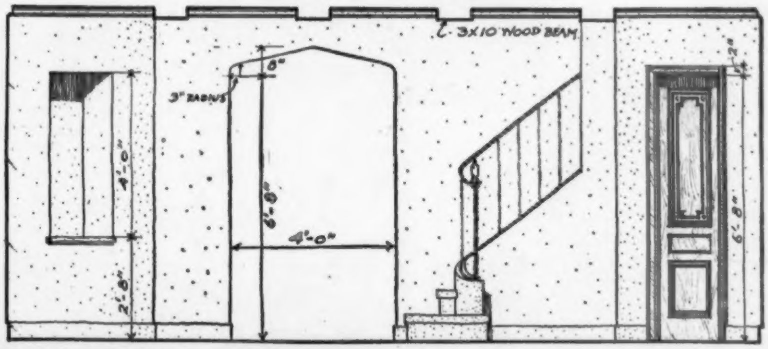
The New England Furniture
& Carpet Co.
Minneapolis

of the exterior, the floor plans of both the first and second floor (the latter is shown on page 326), the front entrance in the turret, and exterior wall showing casement windows, shutters, roof line, copper gutter and leader, all durable and ornamental, and various interior views of the octagon-shaped entrance hall. During the summer months the living-room, a paneled dining-room, bedrooms, and bath, which are a part of this plan, will follow, furnished as this hall is, in accordance with the architectural spirit of the house.

As I have so often said in these Studio articles, the decorating should begin with the building. Five principles of decorating which I made a basis for the Studio's work, are *choice of type, background, color, scale,* and *individuality.*

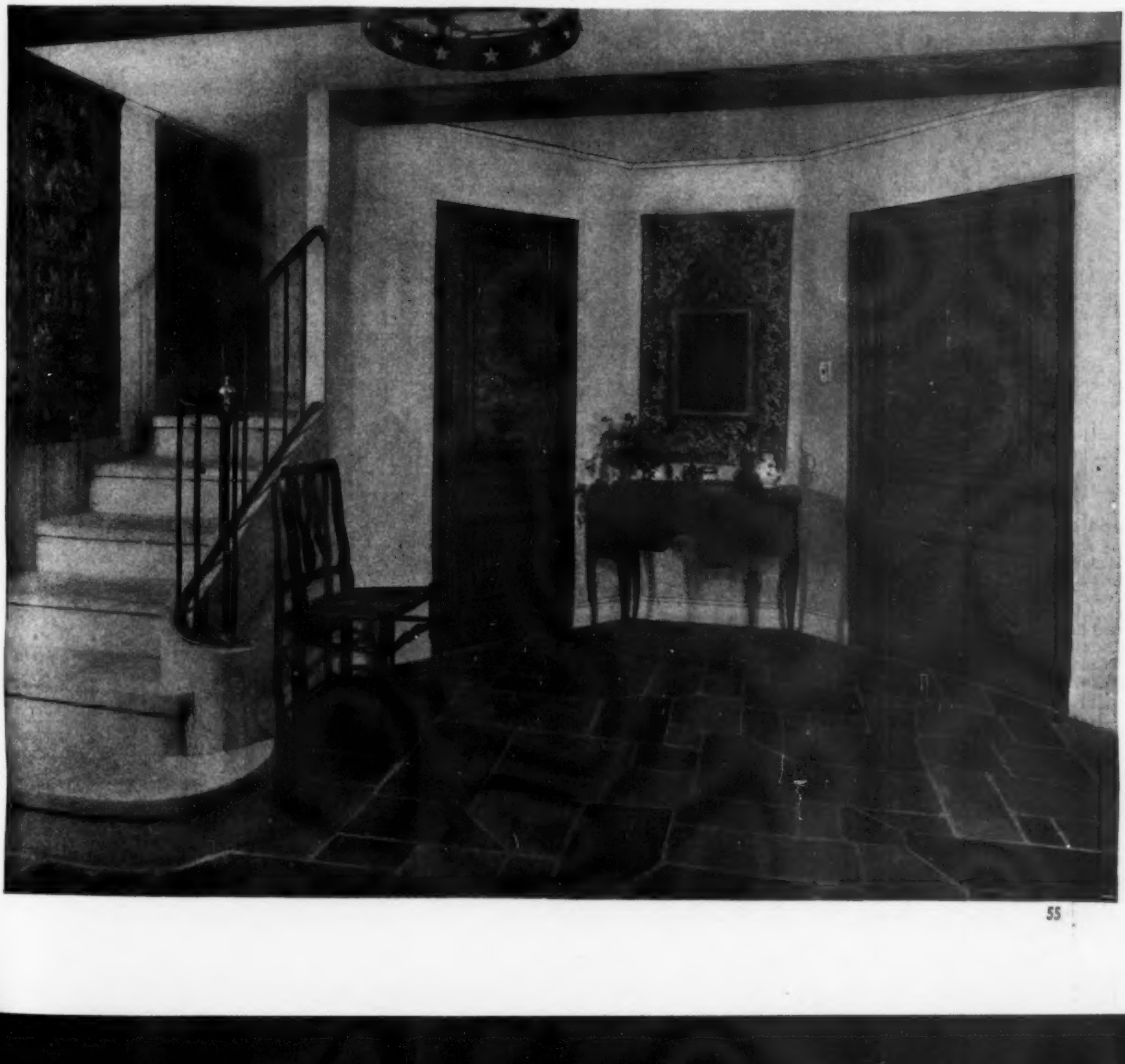
The *choice of type* in this case is the small French house of the provinces prior to and during the Renaissance in France in the 16th century. A feeling for masonry—that is, stone work—is the predominating characteristic alike of the great châteaux, small manoirs, and cottages. In Normandy, the half-timber is combined with stone in a picturesque way, and in Brittany to some extent as well, while along the Loire the great châteaux are stone. The earlier ones, such as Langeais, with its great towers, built in the 15th century as a fortification as well as a dwelling, have great thickness of walls; the windows and doors are

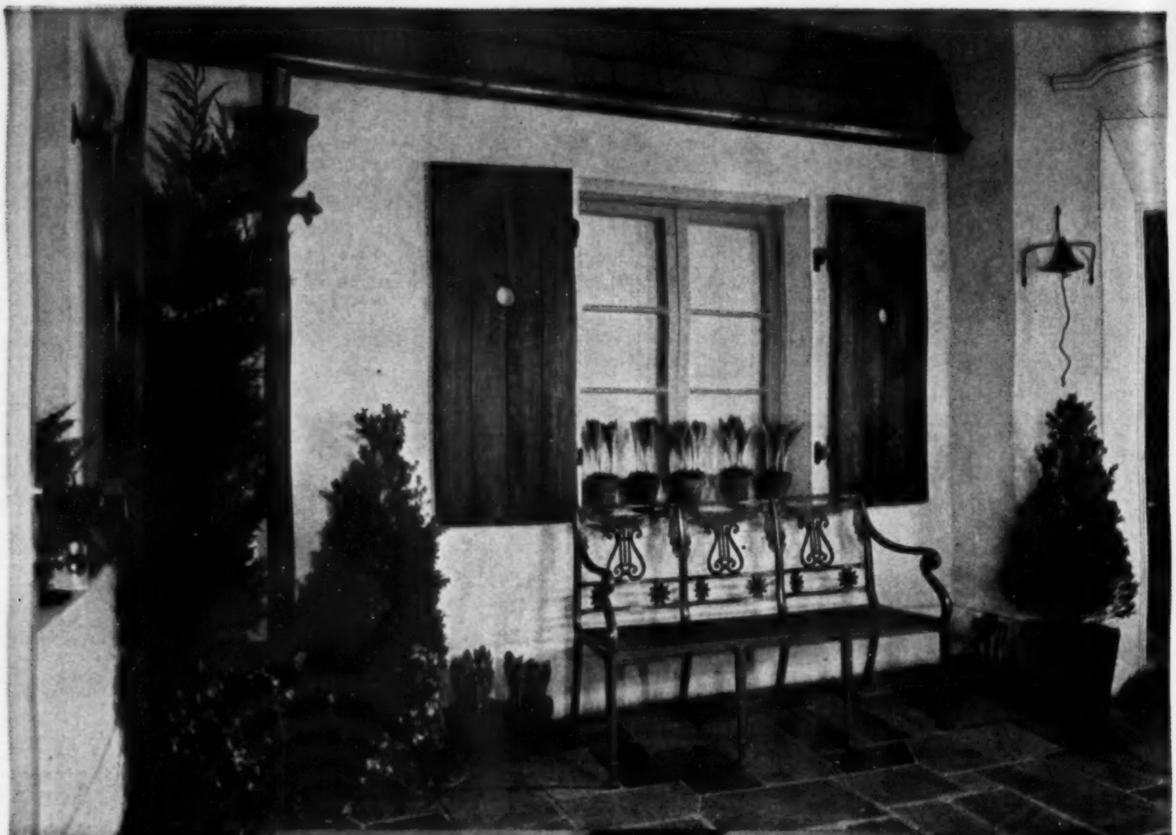


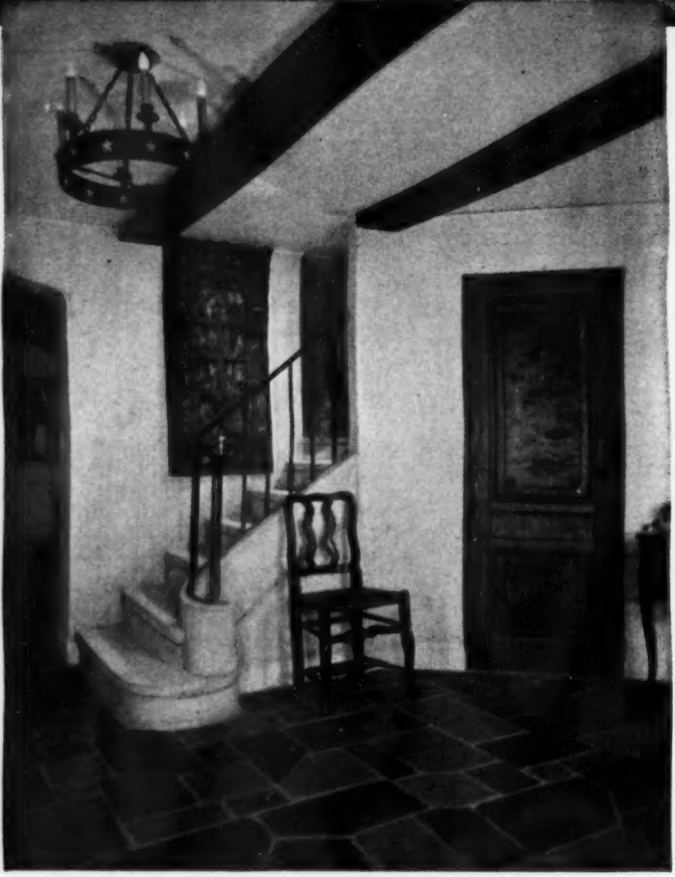


Elevations of the hall fireplace, and of the wall containing the arch leading to the living-room, are shown at the right. Notice the graceful curve of the iron stair-rail, the detail of the carved oak door, and the proportions of the fireplace

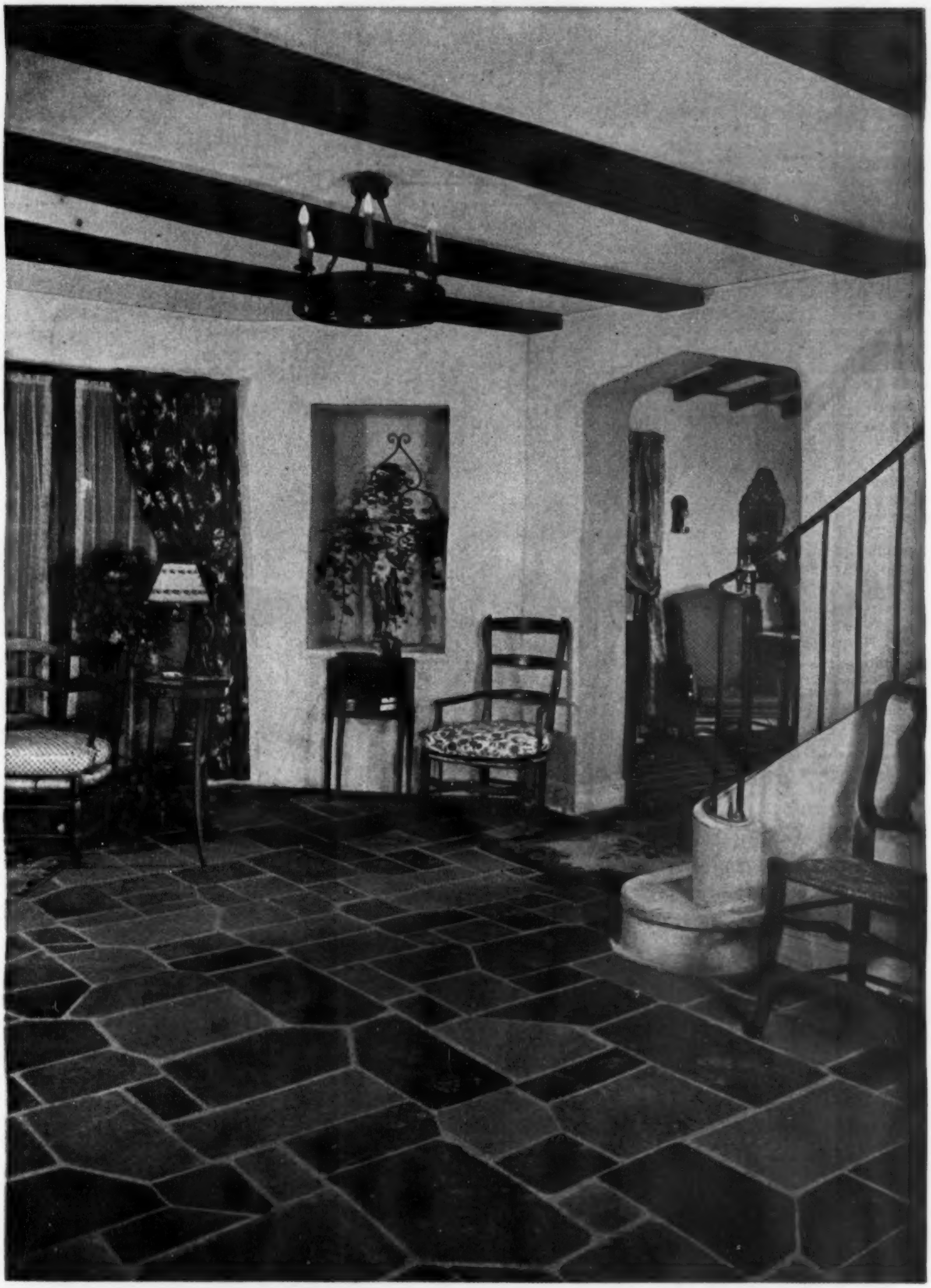
A corner of the hall showing the stairway, the door communicating with the servicequarters, and the front door, is illustrated below. A poudreuse for the convenience of guests is placed beneath a mirror and contains various toilet accessories







Cooperating With Us: Builder, James J. Ryan; material for exterior finish of house and interior walls, Artstone Co.; copper gutter, leader and leader head, Subway Sheet Metal Works; Gloucestershire flagging before entrance door and in hall, Peter J. Bitterman, Jr.; asbestos shingles, Johns Manville Corp.; shutter hinges, McKinney Mfg. Co.; lantern and bell, Todhunter; doormat, Heywood-Wakefield Co.; cedars, Lewis & Valentine. Hall: Door knobs, Sargent & Co.; mantel, fire irons and fireset, Edwin Jackson; benches, chairs, Brunovan; table, Baker Furn. Factories; iron garden furniture, poudreuse, armchair, mirror, Cassard Romano; overdraperies and chair cushions, Waverley Fabrics; tapestry, H. B. Lehman-Connor; ceiling light, G. E. Walter; rugs, Priscilla Turner, George E. Mallinson; picture, Westport Antique Shop; lamp, candlesticks, candlestand, coal grab, footscraper, Janush Mfg. Co.; ivy stand, American Art Metal Works; hanging plant stand, Olivette Falls; statue, Carbone; bellpull, Arthur Lee & Sons; wood pail, pewter cup, hold-backs, H. L. Judd; china jug, Noble Shops; Brittany figures, Edward J. Dewey



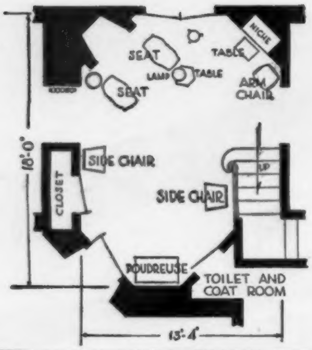
The Comfort of To-day with French Characteristics of the 16th Century

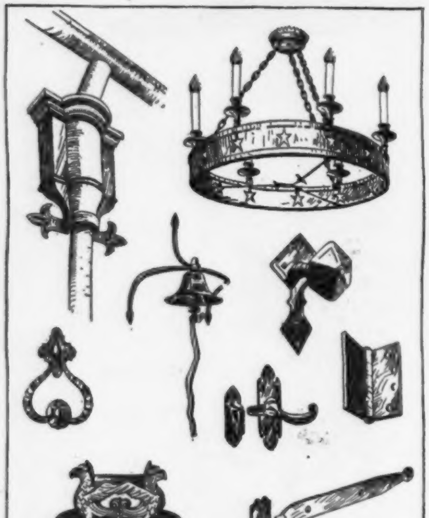
Any builder of a small, moderate-priced house could duplicate this entrance hall, which the Studio has just built, without increasing his building cost. The furniture, draperies, lighting fixtures, and rugs are also inexpensive, amounting to approximately nine hundred dollars deep-set. Chaumont, 16th century, is entered through a portcullis between twin towers. These, together with that gem of a later date, Azay-le-Rideau, all had an influence in the building of the small manoir and farm house. Towers, tall chimneys, steep roofs, dormer windows on the exterior; stone stairs, floor, stone chimney places, and rough walls in the interior really have charm and livableness, which with certain modifications are delightful for our 20th-century houses.

The question of type is a matter of individual taste. It should be chosen only when it has a real appeal. One advantage of this type is that, inside and out, the upkeep is very little. Tile and stone floors are easy to take care of and may be covered with rugs if cold in winter. Rough walls need only to be brushed down, stained, and varnished; doors, window frames, and beams are improved if occasionally waxed. Very little daily care is required and few repairs.

An entrance hall often lacks the careful consideration it deserves. Here, in planning the house, a hall, octagon shaped, 13'4" x 18', was provided with arched openings to the living-room on one side and the dining-room on the other. Double doors could be set in these openings if desired. In a small house greater spaciousness is given without them; hence they were omitted in our plan. A screen is part of the furnishing in each of the rooms and is as decorative as it is useful. The sun from the French doors, the fireplace, the unusual stairway—which the turret hall encloses—all give an atmosphere of charm and hospitality as you enter.

The illustrations give a clear idea of the background. The walls are a warm stone gray made so by a little umber put in the Artstone sand finishing coat, which blends nicely with the brown of the beams. These should be of oak stained a walnut tone, shellacked and, if possible, waxed. The shellac should be flat—that is, not shiny, but dull. Then, if a little wax is applied, it has a dull gloss instead of a high finish. The Gloucestershire flagging used for the floor is delightfully informal, colorful. It helps give some pattern to the hall, with its plain walls. The stairs are of stone with a railing of black wrought iron with a brass finial. This is a little later in period than the rest of the room, but harmonious. The architect's elevation of the side wall shows the manner in which the ceiling beams rest on the (*Continued on page 326*)

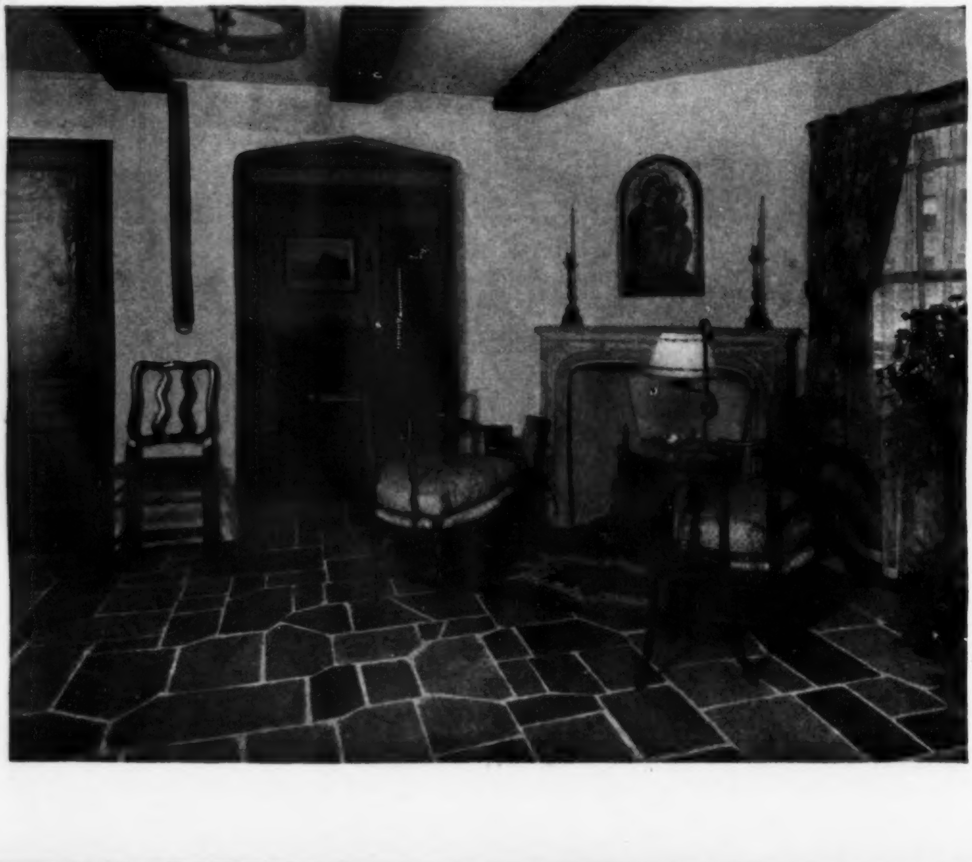


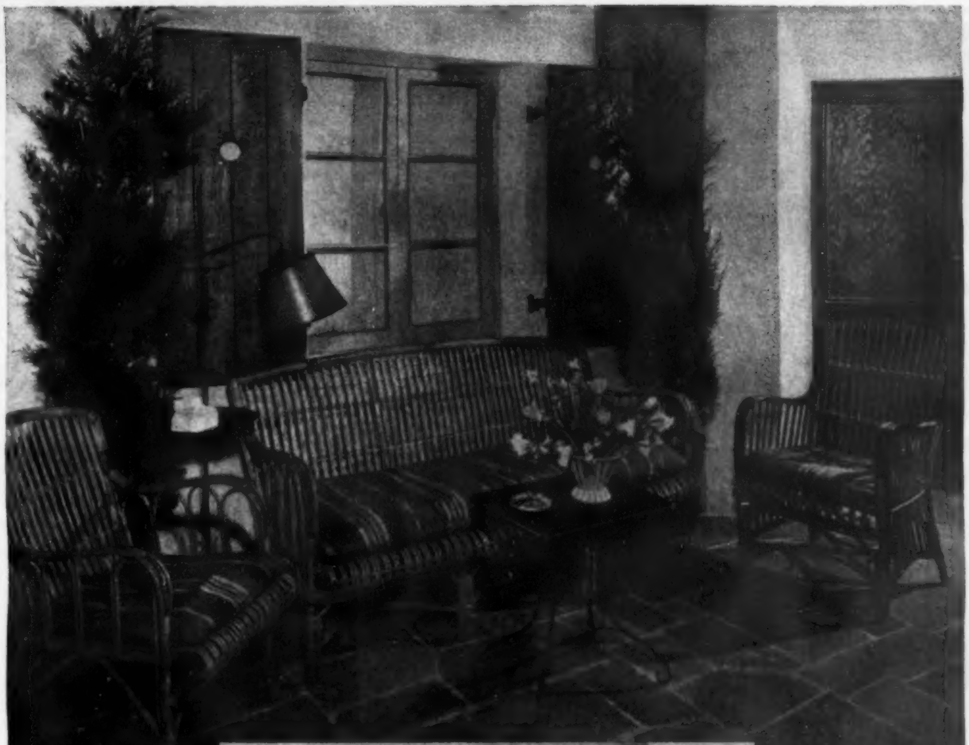


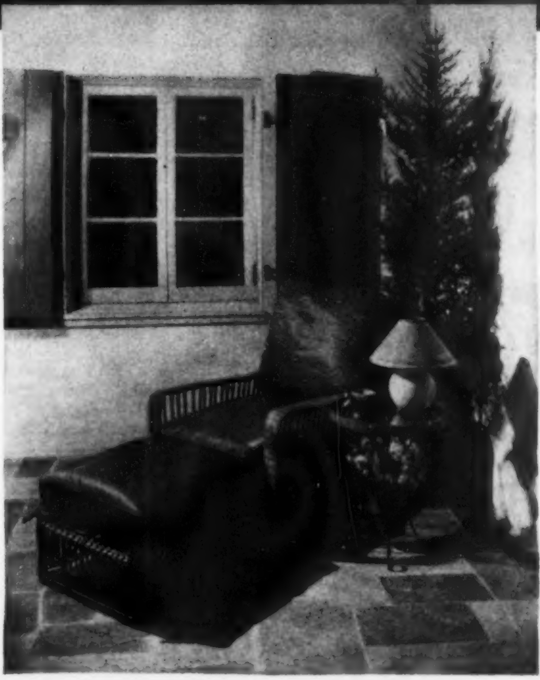
A section of the ornamental leader head, gutter, and leader of copper is shown at the left. Below it are the quaint bell and the brass footscraper. Upper right: black iron ceiling light used in the hall. Door knobs, escutcheons, and hinges are of iron in a French design with a slightly rough finish

New Ideas!

Illustrated folios at 25c each are: Materials for Window Draperies (new); Smart, New Slip-Covers (new); A Garden Calendar; Painting and Stenciling Furniture and Refinishing Natural Wood Furniture (revised); Address Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at Eighth Ave., N. Y. C.





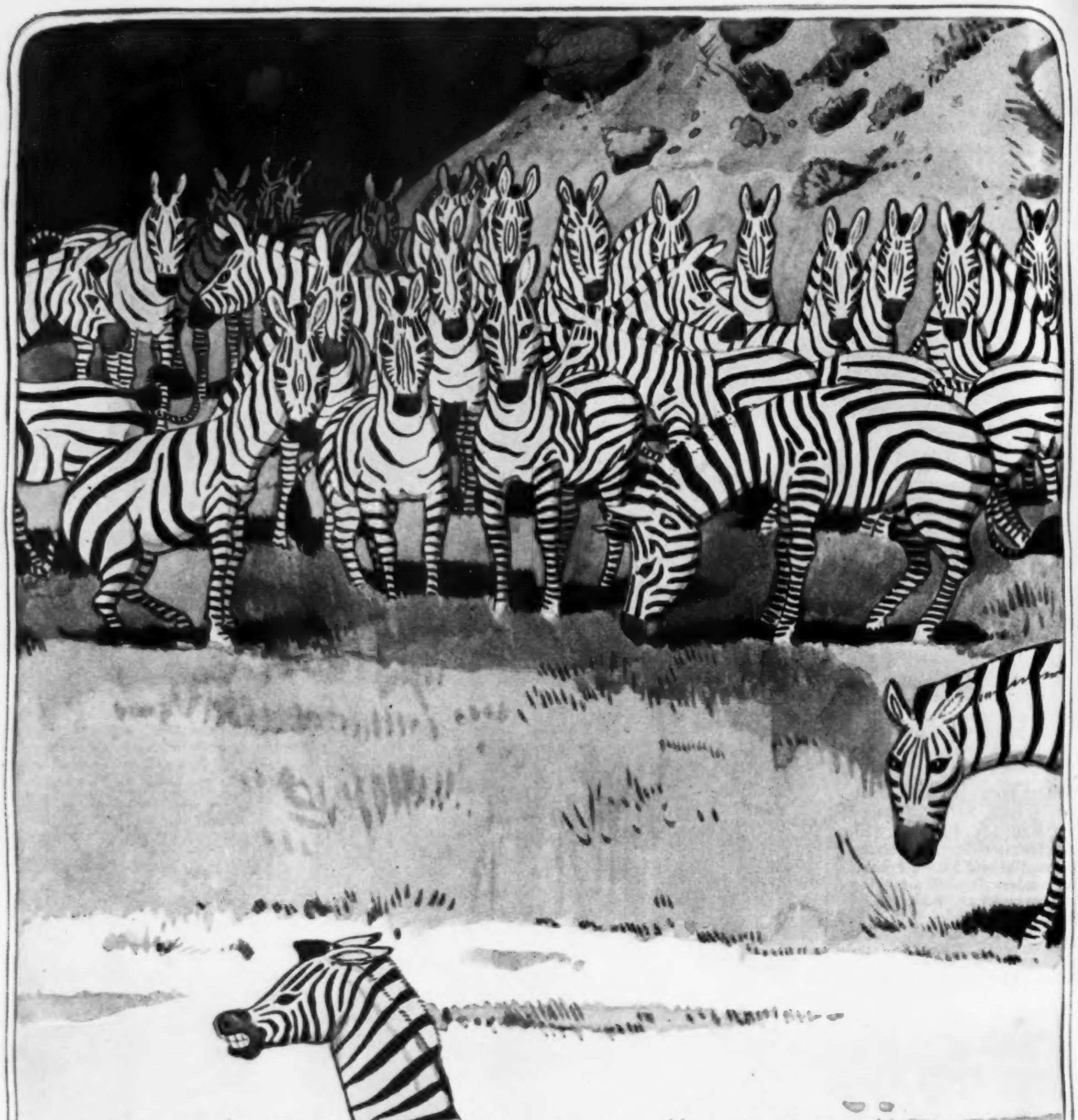


Wicker porch set, above: settee, 5′ long, $27; two chairs: 32″ high, $12; 40″ high, $15; all express collect. It comes painted in any 3-color combination desired, with matching striped cushions, 1 week's delay. A metal bridge lamp and table combined, 59″ high, painted green, $12, express collect. Deep yellow parchment shade, 11″ diameter, $4.95

The Studio Will Buy this Porch Furniture for You

Oblong metal table, top of page, 15″ x 20″, in black, red, or green, $8.50, express collect. Fluted pottery vase in yellow or green, 5¼″ high, $3.50. Smart, wicker boat chair in 2 sections, above, 58″ long, 36″ high, painted in any 2-color combination desired—please specify; with matching, permatex-covered cushions, one week's delay, $42, express collect. To order any of these articles address Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

Glass-top metal table, center, with flower holder, 20″ high, green or red, $10.50, express collect. Pottery lamp and shade, yellow or green, 14½″ high, $5.95. Yellow and green tile-top table, 9″ sq., $3.95, express collect. Pitcher vase of green or orange pottery, 6½″ high, $2.25. Metal wall pocket and pot, left, painted green or yellow, 19″ over all, $3.50



AS I started toward him, Punda reared up on his hind feet. His ears lay back close to his head, and his lips curled away from his teeth. He stood there like a young street urchin with a chip on his shoulder, daring me to bother him

Drawing by
James Swinnerton

PUNDA

The Bad-Tempered Baby Of the Jungle

By Mrs. Martin Johnson

THERE was once a time when I had a desire to capture a baby zebra. I thought I could take it home, treat it kindly, and rear it to become a pet like the calico pony a little boy I knew a long, long time ago, used to have. I had plans all worked out in my mind to build a two-wheel cart and manufacture a set of harness. I could picture myself driving about camp in this equipage with one of those beautiful animals pulling it.

It was when Martin and I caught up with a great migration of animals in Africa that this idea was uppermost in my mind. We were in one of our automobiles and had just ascended the bank of a dried-up river. As we mounted the slight slope, we gazed upon a wide plain. Moving across it were thousands of zebras. It was an impressive sight. The plain appeared to be a parade ground in which numberless striped banners had been set, all of them swaying and fluttering with the wind.

This gigantic herd of animals was moving slowly and steadily, as though with a set purpose. In fact, the zebras were traveling in search of better grazing and a sufficient supply of water. It was inspiring to see so many of these beautiful creatures at one time. Both Martin and I were thrilled. We unloaded our camera gear and began to take pictures of them. Then we drove gradually nearer until finally we were engulfed in the moving herd. The dust kicked up by their tiny hoofs was stifling. It made the atmosphere muddy, and we could take no pictures. The animals did not seem to be greatly disturbed by our presence and the noise of the motor in our car. They passed by us in increasing numbers, and it required skilful driving to make our way to the edge of the crowd. I was grateful to escape from the choking dust.

Back in camp that night, I told Martin of my desire to have a zebra for a pet. He was not in great sympathy with the idea. He told me that the zebra was not the playful little pony he appeared to be, but a vicious little thug of a creature, always ready to fight—always alert for trouble and always dangerous. And so I found him to be.

We were in the jungle land bordering the plains of Chobe when I received my first demonstration of the unfriendly attitude of the striped fellows. It was an ideal place for zebras. There was grass for them to eat and water in abundance. Lions were scarce, and conditions seemed ideal for the small herd of zebras that lived there.

I was driving my car back to camp from a waterhole where I had been fishing, when I came upon Convict. He was a little zebra colt not much larger than a dog and was lagging along behind the herd to which he belonged. Foolishly I thought that here was my chance to capture a baby zebra. I stopped the car and jumped out. The youngster looked at me with curious and what I thought to be friendly eyes. As I started to walk toward him, he reared up on his hind feet, his front legs posed like the arms of a boxer, with sharp little hoofs ready to slash and tear. His ears lay back close to his head, and his lips curled away from his teeth. He was ready to tear me apart, it seemed.

He was a courageous and savage young animal and appeared ready to battle the world in the brief instant he held that fighting pose. Then he wheeled around, kicked up his heels, began to bark, and ran toward the herd. Another striped bit of fury, which no doubt was his mother, left the herd and galloped toward us as I scrambled back into the car. She stopped some distance away and stared at me. The little one stood beside her. His head was lifted proudly, and his ears were extended. I could see that a bit of flesh had been torn from his right ear. He stood there like a young street urchin with a chip on his shoulder, daring me to bother him again, while his mother snorted and stamped the ground with her forefeet. The noise of my motor melted their courage, however, and they galloped away toward the remainder of the herd as I continued on my way home.

The zebras had given me more of a start than I had bargained for, and Martin heard my report of the incident with an I-told-you-so attitude. Then and there I gave up the plan to capture a zebra, but still I was convinced that the young reprobate that had attempted to attack me and his mother were two unusual zebras. They were outlaws, I believed, and the coats they wore suited them well. The stripes reminded me of clothing once worn by prisoners, and I was convinced that the youngster had all the attributes of a convict and should have been penned up somewhere for safe keeping.

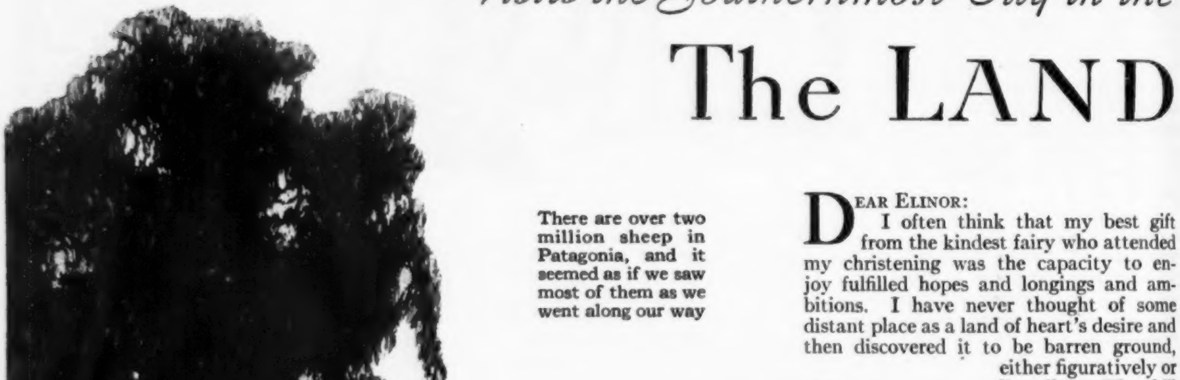
Convict's mother was the leader of the herd with which she lived. She was young, smart, strong, and active, just about the size of a Shetland pony. She had found her son one morning just before the sun winked lazily over the horizon. He was under a scrubby (*Continued on page 206*)

OF ALL the wild animals on this earth, there are probably more zebra than any other. They are distinctly an African mammal, and the most striking of all on account of their attractive marking. They are silly animals—we call them "the striped jackass"—for they are always fighting and kicking. When chased by a lion, they run in circles, and of course are easily caught.

Like fingerprints, there are no two exactly the same. They are beautifully striped right down to the hoof, but not under the belly.

There are three types—Burchell's, Grant's, and Grevy's—named after the men who first discovered and classified them. Burchell's and Grant's are very much alike, but Grevy's is much larger. In fact, he looks like a fine big Missouri mule. And he brays like a mule, while the two more common varieties make a noise that resembles the bark of a small dog. The common name used by the African natives is "*Punda*"

Following Magellan's Famous Route, Frances *Visits the Southernmost City in the* The LAND

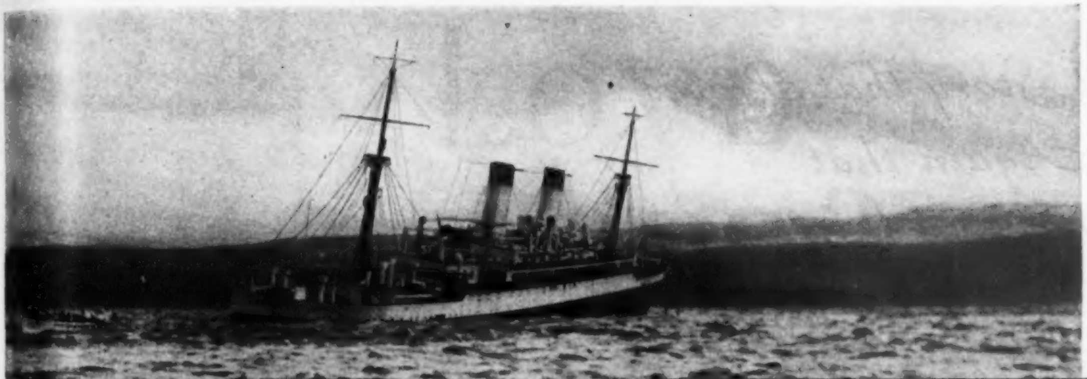


© E. M. Newman From P. P. S.

There are over two million sheep in Patagonia, and it seemed as if we saw most of them as we went along our way

DEAR ELINOR:

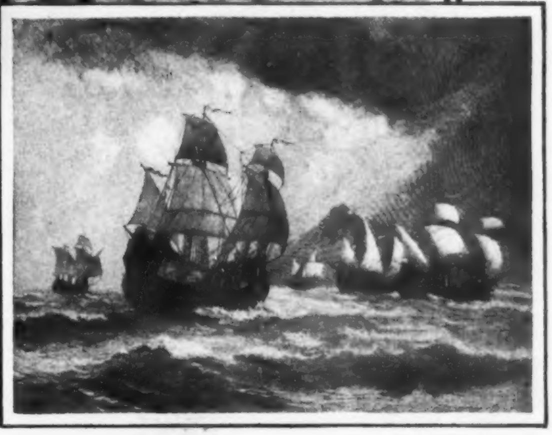
I often think that my best gift from the kindest fairy who attended my christening was the capacity to enjoy fulfilled hopes and longings and ambitions. I have never thought of some distant place as a land of heart's desire and then discovered it to be barren ground, either figuratively or literally. The hill cities of Italy, the Roman ruins of Provence, the cathedrals of Spain—to give you only a few examples of what I mean—proved beautiful beyond the limits of my most eager dreams; and I have no doubt that when I reach them—notice that I do not say *if* I reach them—I shall find the châteaux of the Loire,



Parkinson Keyes

World, and

# of FIRE



From Harpers 1890

Magellan's little square-riggers safely negotiated the treacherous Straits in 1520. Above, the *Monte Cervantes* is shown going to her grave in the same waters a few months ago, while 1500 passengers and crew safely took to the lifeboats

the Dolomite mountains, the fjords of Norway, the temples of Indo-China, the pagodas of Burma, the river boats of Siam, the rose gardens of Persia, and the Vale of Kashmir equally entrancing. I have full faith that in due time I shall see them all and enjoy them all, but for the moment I am filled with complete content and supreme satisfaction because the voyage from the land of fog—which we and the British call the Falkland Islands—to the land of fire—the *Tierra del Fuego*—at the south of the Straits of Magellan, has surpassed my every expectation.

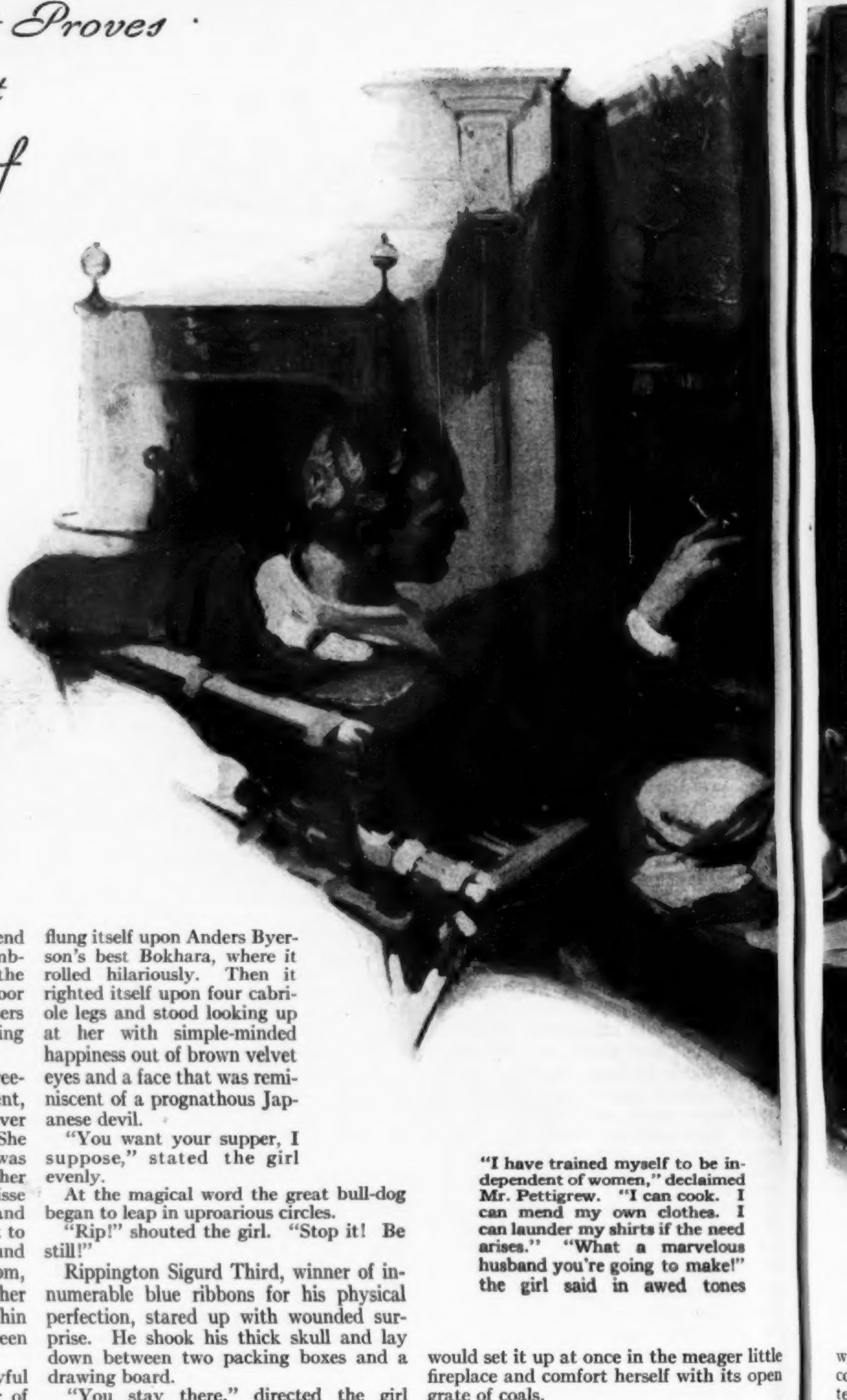
The boys and I sailed away from Port Stanley one misty noon, and on a misty evening thirty-six hours later we came in sight of the Cape of the Virgins—the promontory which stands at the eastern end of the Straits and which has proudly borne unchanged for more than four centuries the name which the first great circumnavigator gave it after sighting it on St. Ursula's Day. Most of the beauty of the Straits is concentrated at their western side; but the passage through the narrow channel between the Cape of the Virgins and the Cape of the Holy Spirit, though it reveals on either side country which is low-lying, sandy, and colorless, brings with it a sense of exhilaration not dependent upon any lovely physical aspects of nature. For this is the entrance through which we penetrate to those waters of danger and glory where so many mariners have met their fate, and where one, flying his motto of "Follow the flagship and ask no questions—" and plunging boldly into the unknown, attained everlasting fame.

"The navigation of the Straits was a marvelous achievement," Hilderbrandt says in his superb biography of Magellan, "In all the years since 1520, the passage from Cape Virgins to the Pacific entrance, even by smart and able fore-and-afters, has rarely been attempted. And Magellan's ships were square-riggers, and of a type absolutely at its worst under these conditions. Indeed, Magellan's Strait is the end of the earth. No portion of the world frequented by man has worse weather; there is no fine season, in summer and winter alike, snow, hail, rain; and wind are absent only for very brief periods. Every feature which can add difficulty and danger to navigation is here present in a superlative degree. Bold coasts, of a complexity utterly unknown elsewhere; passages so narrow that a lee shore is never more than five miles away, and is generally much nearer; water so deep that it is impossible to anchor, except too close to shore for safety; sudden and violent squalls in which no ship is manageable and which no canvas can endure; an atmosphere too thick for visibility; submerged rocks and heavy overfalls and whirlpool currents—and for these ships, no charts, no courses, no basis of experience; nothing but a blind decision of expediency, made in the last moment before disaster."

Fortunately for us, the Straits were in one of their infrequent moods of benignity on the evening when we entered them; and early the following morning we anchored at Magellanes, which is not only the southernmost port of Chile, but the southernmost city in the world. It was a clear, bright day, and the near-by range of snow-capped mountains rose unclouded about us, the cone of Sarmiento sloping in sparkling whiteness beyond the shores of Tierra del Fuego; but a bitter wind was blowing, whipping the cold blue of the breakwater into angry, futile, little waves; and the progress across these, in an open launch, to an uncovered pier proved a chilling experience, both figuratively and literally.

It was not until ten hours after our arrival that we succeeded in wresting so much as a hand-bag from the customs authorities, for one hardened old seaman—piratical in both appearance and purpose—holds the exclusive concession for bringing trunks ashore; and until these are landed—at his convenience—nothing else can be cleared. The long, shelterless wait to redeem our possessions afforded ample opportunity to reflect upon the general lack of warmth in our welcome; our passports had been taken from us with no assurance of their safe return; and when we finally found refuge in a comfortable little hotel—one of the pleasantest at which it has been my good fortune to stay anywhere in the world—and our spirits began to rise, these were soon dashed by the official information that since we intended to remain in the country more than a fortnight we would have to "comply with the law" and go to the police-station to be interrogated, fingerprinted, and supplied—at our expense—with *cedulas* of identification. Never, in any other land which I have visited, have I been subjected to so disagreeable an experience as this proved to be; and when at last—exhausted and dishevelled and indignant—we were suffered to depart, it was inevitably with a feeling of bewilderment as to why Chile, unrivaled in the natural beauties and other attractions which she has to (*Continued on page 299*)

A Story that Proves Again that Life is Full of Jolly Surprises



"I have trained myself to be independent of women," declaimed Mr. Pettigrew. "I can cook. I can mend my own clothes. I can launder my shirts if the need arises." "What a marvelous husband you're going to make!" the girl said in awed tones

IN MACONDRAY LANE the houses go up and down, very like the fortunes of their occupants. It is a little, cobbled street on the north slope of Russian Hill, filled with rambling, wooden houses of the 'Eighties, inhabited by artists, writers, and blond salesmen wistful for Bohemia, and by an indigenous Italian population grown tolerant with the years.

One can't get in there with a taxi, so all furniture, butcher parcels, and returned manuscripts have to be carried in by hand; but there are pots of salad chives and red carnations growing on crazy window-sills, and one can borrow a tube of crimson lake, a backdrop for an O'Neill play, or a plate of *tagliarini* in almost any house. The Lane must be an allegory of something or other, for at one end are mossy gardens and not much plumbing, with back balconies hanging over the roofs of all San Francisco and the blue floor of the bay, while at the other end it peters out into steam-heated apartments looking into other people's windows.

In the middle flat of a shingled three-story house at the mossy end, Carol Trent, architect, pulled on a leaf-green smock over her smart business dress and sighed. She was moved in. The late western light was falling in through the big windows on her Duncan Phyffe tea-table, her Matisse bought with her first real commission, and her mother's Spode cups and plates, yet to be settled against the rented background of Anders Byerson's living-room, bedroom, and sink. Strange how the six-foot etcher had run to smooth egg-shell walls, thin green silk curtains, and the spring green and gold of Provençal furniture.

Something that sounded like a playful hippopotamus bounded against a pair of French doors that led from the living-room on to a broad, open sun-deck the length of the house. The girl's wing-like, black brows drew into a straight line over her unnecessarily large black eyes. She made her way over the heaped boxes and opened the door.

"Well, come in!" she invited coldly.

Sixty pounds of steel-spring muscle and shining, white hide rushed past her and flung itself upon Anders Byerson's best Bokhara, where it rolled hilariously. Then it righted itself upon four cabriole legs and stood looking up at her with simple-minded happiness out of brown velvet eyes and a face that was reminiscent of a prognathous Japanese devil.

"You want your supper, I suppose," stated the girl evenly.

At the magical word the great bull-dog began to leap in uproarious circles.

"Rip!" shouted the girl. "Stop it! Be still!"

Rippington Sigurd Third, winner of innumerable blue ribbons for his physical perfection, stared up with wounded surprise. He shook his thick skull and lay down between two packing boxes and a drawing board.

"You stay there," directed the girl sternly. "Don't you move!"

She started for the little kitchen, shivering. The evening fog which, every San Franciscan knows, makes its women's complexions lovely and its men a race of hardy stalwarts, was tumbling in through the Gate in smoky clouds. The girl paused and glanced around the room for a grateful sight of the old Franklin stove her Aunt Anne Tetheridge had given her. She would set it up at once in the meager little fireplace and comfort herself with its open grate of coals.

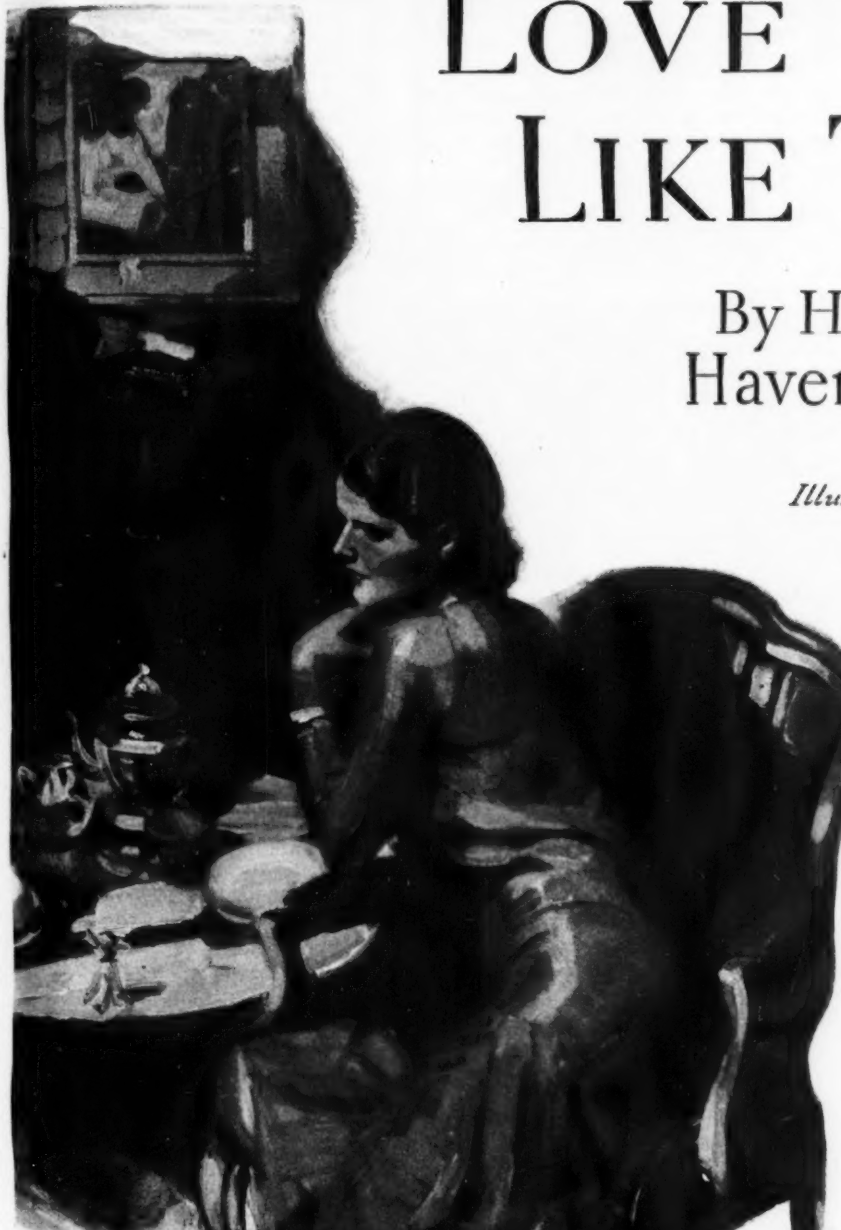
Nowhere in the *mélange* of boxes and packages did the smooth, round top of the old stove appear. She frowned, turned back. Rip looked up at her regretfully. She pulled aside a suitcase, a paper box of shoes, Rip's sleeping rug. The Franklin was nowhere in the bright confusion of the little living-room.

It was Saturday night; the moving men had brought her belongings in before she

LOVE is LIKE THAT

By Hazel Havermale

Illustrated by Thomas Webb



was able to leave her office. The point, of course, was to find the janitor. She pattered out into a small, dark hall and down the flight of stairs where she had dimly noted two cards tacked against the mail-boxes.

It took her a moment to make out the names; the light that burned in the hall was small and dusty. Number Three had scrawled upon it in large bold letters, "Charles Pettigrew." Number One, with the simple dignity of kings and janitors, merely said "Mike," with a black-hand looking arrow that pointed downward.

Carol Trent felt her way to the lower flat and knocked. It was silent within. She waited. At last she climbed discouragedly back up and stood on the landing outside her own door.

Upstairs some one was stirring busily; there were sounds of energetic hammering. She bit her red lip and then started up the stair.

She knocked on Number Three politely. The noise within went on unabated. She knocked harder, then she pounded. The door flew open, and a tall young man with chilly, blue eyes and a shock of sun-bleached hair towered over her. His face was dirty, streaked with soot.

"Yes?" he queried annoyedly.

Carol Trent smiled; when she did so, her mouth looked like a red flower against the gold of her skin, a color acquired by the rank favoritism of nature and many summers spent in Hawaii. The young man blinked and shifted a dirty arm which he had been leaning against the door jamb. The movement opened up a vista of the big bare room behind him. The girl froze suddenly. She looked up at him, her pansy-black eyes snapping.

"I came up to ask if you could tell me where the janitor is, as I wanted to find a Franklin stove of mine which had been misplaced in my moving. I see," she finished icily, "it's up here!"

Mr. Pettigrew looked down at the top of her silky, dark head. She presumed he was surprised; she couldn't tell. He opened his mouth, and his white teeth glittered.

"Must be some mistake. Mike, the janitor, has been promising me a stove for weeks. It was down there on the landing today when I came home, so I just brought it up. You can see I'm settin' it up. Mike's gone away for the week-end, or he could tell you it's so."

Behind him, Aunt Anne's old Franklin, half set into a small fireplace identical with the one downstairs, seemed to stare at her reproachfully. She snapped:

"I'm sorry, but I know my stove when I see it! It's—it's been in my family for years! It's cold downstairs, and I need it—at once!"

The tall young man frowned. "So you're the new architect I heard was goin' to move in. H'm! Thought it was pro'bly goin' to be one of those tweedy-Englishy fellows that take an egg to their tea. Sorry! There's never been a woman living in this house before. 'S too bad."

"Is that so!"

Carol Trent was tired; furthermore she was used to dealing capably with Irish contractors and telling them the drains *must* go deeper. She thrust her small fists into the pockets of her green smock and rounded on the young man.

"Well, I don't care what your opinions are of women, I want my st—"

Mr. Pettigrew's eyes had left hers and were staring at something behind her with a look of unbelieving distaste. She turned her head. Rip was standing there, looking sheepish but hopeful.

"Well!" said the young man. "A dog! If that isn't about the limit!"

Carol gritted her small teeth. Her black eyes were dangerous as she leaned forward belligerently. "If you don't mind, I'd like to have my stove!"

Mr. Pettigrew disregarded her; his cold eyes were taking in Rip's ingratiating presence from top to toe.

"They howl," indicted Mr. Pettigrew. "They tear things up. They make noise. And I'm writing a book!"

"Oh, indeed!" sneered Carol, whose father had been a best-seller and his family had near died of it.

She hoped Mr. Pettigrew flushed; some dark tide suffused what she could see of his face under the soot. He scowled down at her.

"All I can say is," he informed her baldly, "keep that dog out of my way. I—I won't be responsible for what I'll do if he bothers me!"

There were two bright spots of red on the girl's face. She stammered: "I'll do as I please with him! Now will you give me my stove?"

Mr. Pettigrew asked severely: "How do I know it's yours? Mike promised . . . hey, for heaven's sake!"

The girl had darted under his arm and sped across the floor to the old Franklin that seemed to await being taken home, like a lost cow. And at the same time Rip suddenly set two gigantic paws in Mr. Pettigrew's stomach and was swishing at him with a big, pink-flannel tongue and yammering with delight.

"Get down!" Mr. Pettigrew batted at him with his dirty hands.

MAY

By James Courtney Challiss

ALONG *the meadow-paths and through the dell*
She passed and whisper'd low to them:
"Let all who feel the spring's unfolding spell,
Hold out the sappy, sticky stem
And on each one I'll put my kisses pink
And white, and lavender, and rose,
And red and gold and blue, until you'll think
All earth's aflame with beauty-shows!"

AND *every swelling stem of flow'r and tree*
Reached out and took her lavish gift
Of beauty, knowing it would transient be,
Yet grateful for the strong uplift
That kept their faith alive. For well they knew
God's plan would never fail; that when
The frost and snow and wintry winds were through,
May, with her gift, would come again.

Rip bounced away and came back like a boomerang, giggling. Mr. Pettigrew moaned, then shouted,

"What you doing?"

Carol had reached into the maw of the Franklin and extracted a sooty, paper package. "It's my omelet pan," she exulted. "I couldn't find any place to pack it, so I stuck it in there! Now!"

Mr. Pettigrew stood entirely surrounded by dog and utterly defeated.

"Well, all right," he admitted crossly. "I guess it's yours. I'll take it downstairs."

Rip led the triumphal procession down the dark stairway.

Mr. Pettigrew set down the stove in front of Carol's fireplace. "I presume you'd like me to set it up," he observed in a martyr's tone.

"I would not! I'd like you to go!"

He looked at her; the apple-green smock made her look like some one out of Kate Greenaway. Mr. Pettigrew growled,

"Of course, you think you can do it!"

"Of course, I can!" she flashed. "Good night!"

"You're cra— All right, then! Good night!"

He made for the door in his silent, dirty, old tennis shoes. Rip followed him with adoring cavortings. Mr. Pettigrew rudely slammed the door in his face.

Carol reached belligerently for the first joint of the stove-pipe. "I'll show him!" She gritted her teeth and fell upon the Franklin.

Some women in this imperfect world fear mice; others shudder at all manner of crawling things, but to Carol Trent a stove-pipe seemed possessed of more potentialities for evil than any created thing. She had never set up the stove before; her proud boast to Mr. Pettigrew had failed to take into account the brawny plumber's helpers who had, in the past, walloped the black lengths of iron into place without having them precipitate a shower of soot or disappear utterly up the flue. Consequently it was a great deal later before she exhaustedly gave Rip a pan of liver and chopped biscuit and dragged herself away to Anders Byerson's artistically painted but undoubtedly rubble-stuffed bed. Once she had given up and gone to call the plumber, but she had found the phone was not yet connected. So she had gone back and sacrificed her last thumb nail to victory.

Rip prowled restlessly through the house. There was a delicious old-clothes-and-mountain-hike smell in the place. It connected vividly with Man. Rip, coddled and woman-hectored all his life, retired with a bone to a silken prayer rug and solaced himself for the violent throes of his first masculine crush.

In the little bedroom Carol tossed and thought of her Aunt Anne Tetheridge. It had been she who had come to the girl's rescue when her father had died and it was discovered he had invested his plethoric income in worthless securities. Aunt Anne had sent her to college and paid for a year at the Beaux Arts, where she had learned to avoid French shoes and Russian exiles, and from which she had come home gladly to a job with Sheldon, Arkright, and Bone. They discovered almost at once her special genius for dealing with women who wanted cozy little homes—spacious, too—and not modern nor daring, but something individual in violet cement and Easter-egg shingles.

So when Aunt Anne wanted to go to Europe for the summer and asked her niece to take Rippington Sigurd, whom she valued only slightly less than the Tetheridge pearls, Carol accepted him happily. However, within a week her smart modern apartment had become a seething inferno of sudden bones, playful battering rams springing from nowhere, and complaining ladies.

It seemed as if Providence had enabled her to hear of Anders Byerson's flat in Macondray Lane. He came to see her. The interview was infused with Norwegian gloom.

"It has no bathroom, to speak of," the heavy-knuckled etcher told her morosely.

"But has it a place for the dog?"

"Oh, yes. In winter the bedroom roof leaks. They been going to fix it for three years."

"How large a place for the dog?"

"Open porch, ten by thirty. Mike, the janitor, loses your letters."

"There's no way the dog can get out of the porch, is there?"

"Naw. Second story. Macondray Lane ain't a good place for a woman alone. The Italians give parties."

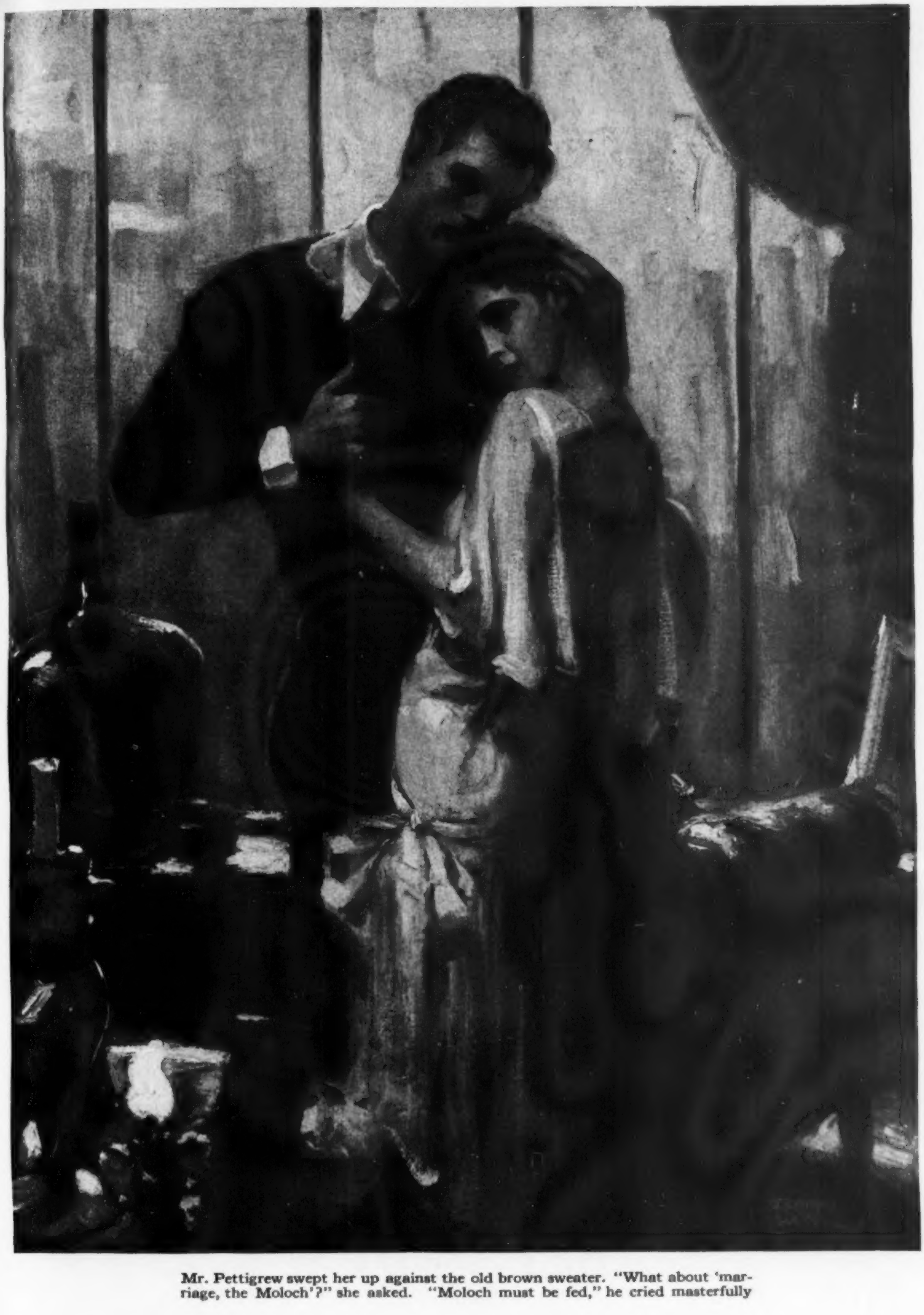
"I'll take it," said Carol Trent firmly.

Anders Byerson pocketed her check with ominous sadness and went away, shaking his head.

The girl woke out of troubled sleep now to find the fog blowing in her window. She sat up and rubbed her stiff back and shivered. Rip came pattering in to look at her with the lally-gagging affection of big dogs and he-men.

"Golly, it's cold!"

She bounced out of bed, flung her scarlet robe about her, and made for the living-room, barefoot. Rip tagged after her.



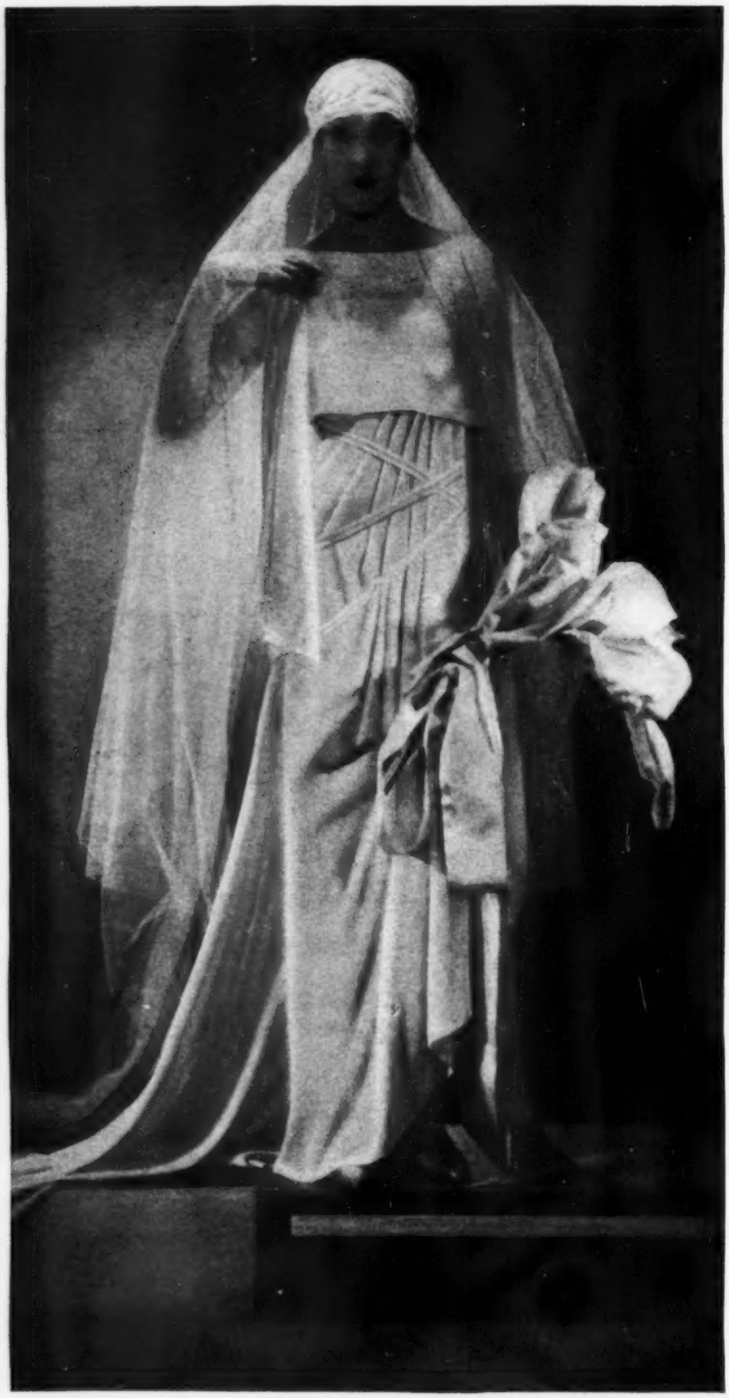
Mr. Pettigrew swept her up against the old brown sweater. "What about 'marriage, the Moloch'?" she asked. "Moloch must be fed," he cried masterfully

The Franklin stood there, up. The pipe was canted slightly to one side, and there were dints of old battles all along its side, but it stood. The girl thrust into its open hole a box full of papers and excelsior. A satisfying roar leaped up the chimney. Catlike she turned herself round and round in front of the blaze, casting a glance of malicious satisfaction up at the ceiling.

Suddenly the entire Latin population of North Beach seemed to burst into Macondray Lane and fall upon her dwelling. She flew to the window. A sea of olive faces stared up at her.

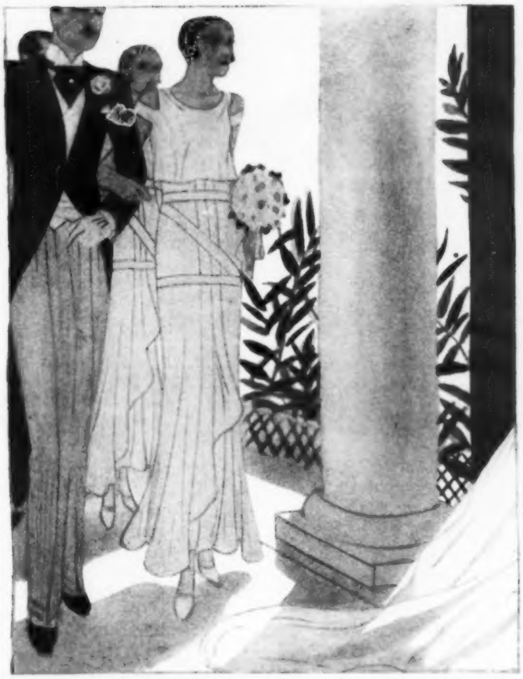
A gesticulating basso followed: "Ladeo, Ladee! You gotta you cheemnea on fi'! Beega smoke, beega spark! I calla de fi' depar', hey?" *(Continued on page 160)*

Fashions



MOLYNEUX

The 1930 adaptation of the Grecian line is simply and clearly illustrated in this blue-white satin wedding gown, which is complemented in its simplicity and smartness by an unadorned veil of white tulle and a modern bouquet of ivory-white lilies



MOLYNEUX

In georgette instead of satin, and sleeveless instead of with sleeves, these charming bridesmaids' gowns, sketched in Paris, repeat the bridal gown shown on the opposite page

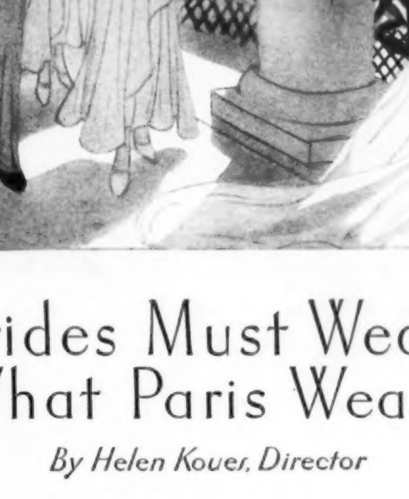
Brides Must Wear What Paris Wears

By Helen Koues, Director

WHO has a better reason than the bride for buying everything new and everything smart? And what a perfect year to assemble a trousseau! The clothes are all so graceful, so suitable, and so practical, that they belong to the bride. But before we tell you what the 1930 trousseau should contain, let us point out an interesting fashion note. Everything is so graceful and practical, we scarcely notice that two or three special kinds of gowns have been re-introduced after having disappeared for a period of ten or more years. In fact, all dresses are divided into much more obvious categories this year than for a long time. Paris dressmakers have been gradually working up to this idea for the last two years, but only now have we attained that high point of luxury common in 1912 when different kinds of frocks were worn for different occasions. And now the essence of suitability is even more marked in the length of skirt and the slight fluctuation of the waistline, according to the time of day.

THE 1930 WAISTLINE

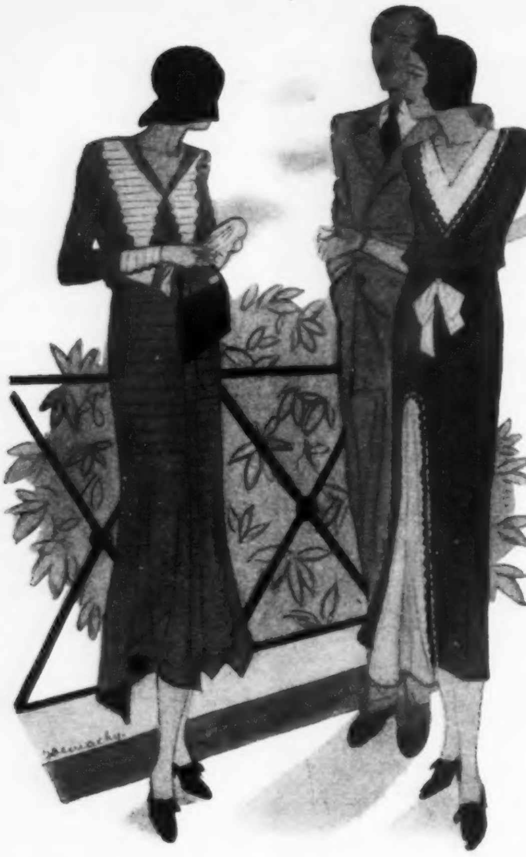
This waistline of 1930 is a subtle thing. It really begins at a normal place for sports clothes, just the point where it would most naturally stay and where it would naturally be for the modern woman who plays golf and engages in other outdoor activities. For the street, it is just a shade higher than for sports, because the skirt is probably on a grosgrain band; for afternoon, still a little higher, at a point which is called a high-normal line, perhaps marked, perhaps merely indicated. Then, as the evening advances, the waist becomes almost Grecian or Directoire, for both the Grecian and the Directoire line are very smart this season, especially in the evening. They are new, but will be quickly accepted, especially the Grecian, because it lends itself to all types of figures, the youthful, the slender, and the not-so-slender.



WORTH DOEUILLET-DOUCET

THE WEDDING GOWN

The bride of 1930 will surely choose her wedding gown and her bridesmaids' gowns with these two points in mind, that skirts are long and waistlines high. Together, they create the classic effect so desired for formal weddings. And a charming new idea for this year's bride is the one sponsored by Molyneux and pictured in the photograph on the opposite page, and in the sketches at the top of this page, where the long-sleeved satin gown, designed on Grecian lines, is duplicated, without sleeves, in the gowns for the bridesmaids. The bridesmaids' gowns are of crêpe Georgette in a pastel shade to carry out the color scheme of the wedding. Molyneux created this bridal gown in a faint blue-white satin, which is very smart this year, but white satin or ivory satin is still the general favorite. The veil on our bride is extremely simple, merely made of tulle and fastened without ornament. The sheaf of lilies is also ultra-smart, but many brides prefer to carry one of the feathery bouquets to which so much sentiment is attached, or a white prayer-book, which gives a simple



WORTH GROULT

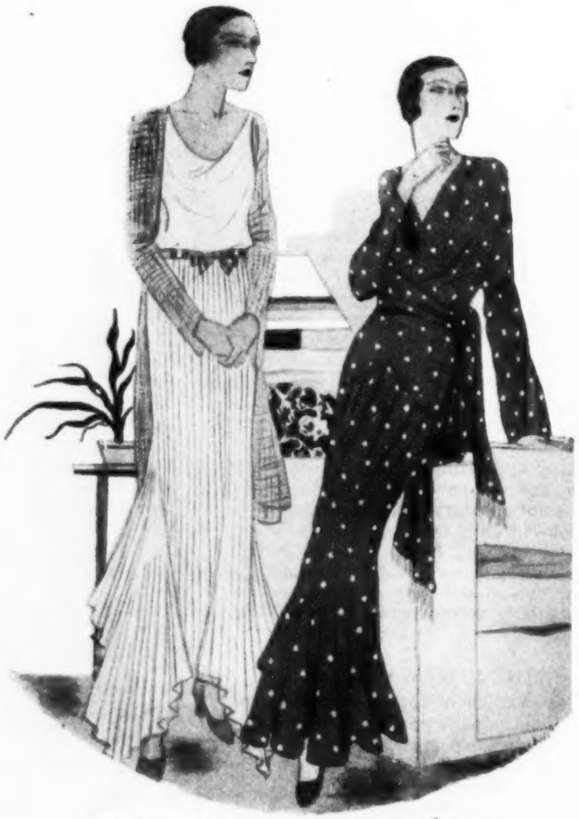
is needed. Tweed, this year, is *the* fabric for this type of suit, in a lacy tweed or one of the nubbed effects, but the lacy tweeds such as this are lovelier and really smarter. In a combination of brown, beige, and red threads, it is a typical example of the smart tweed suit. The blouse is of pink shantung. Designed by Doeuillet-Doucet, the coat is three-quarter length, rather loose and voluminous, and the scarf collar is soft and smart. Fur on this type of suit is superfluous. Fur must be carefully handled for traveling clothes. It isn't always suitable, is usually difficult to keep clean, and this year, from a fashion standpoint, is unnecessary on the smartest travel coats.

AFTERNOON CLOTHES

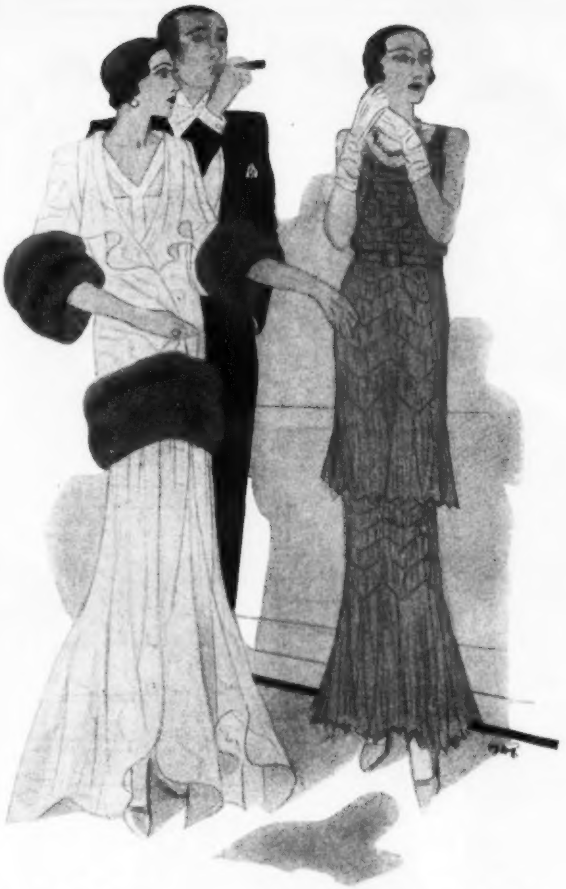
Frocks for afternoon have a distinction and a place all their own, and are worn for special afternoon occasions, completely separated from the day dress for general wear. Two of these afternoon frocks, chosen in Paris for the bride's trousseau, are illustrated at the left. Nicole Groult's is made of blue silk alpaca and Worth's of mauve marocain, both excellent, not too elaborate and yet feminine in every detail, and suitable for afternoon party occasions. All the smart spring clothes are becoming, but still there is a difference between them. For instance, these two frocks are soft in line and charmingly trimmed: one with tucking and white georgette, the other with a bow, short sleeves, and flared inset on the skirt—altogether soft and flattering. On the other hand, turn to the next two pages of street clothes, and you will see the same charming femininity, but the dresses are more tailored, trimmer, neater. This is the distinction between afternoon frocks and dresses for more general day wear—the smart street feeling is crisp and tailored, with just the contrary for afternoon frocks and dignified effect. The bridesmaids on page 69 carry little old-fashioned bouquets of small flowers to harmonize with their frocks, and wear caps trimmed with pearls. You can plainly see from the pictures what an enchanting idea this is. Of course, there are other bridesmaids' frocks just as correct, and as pretty, and the bride may wear a veil of old lace, or a gown of the princess type, but this new idea which originated in Paris is so attractive that we felt certain you would want to see pictures of it and would want to read about it here. Gloves have returned to fashion and to favor, for weddings as well as formal evening wear, and the smartest are of suède in a shade to match the gown. Our bridesmaids are wearing long gloves in exactly the shade of the gowns, the gloves extending and widening above the elbow.

GOING AWAY

For her wedding trip, the bride of to-day has a wide choice: the tailored suit and the softer, more feminine one are equally smart; the tweed ensemble of coat and skirt with soft white blouse; the ensemble of cloth coat with printed dress; or, as the weather gets warmer, one of the bolero frocks, worn with or without a fur. The silk suit and the tweed costume at the bottom of the preceding page, were chosen in Paris because they are very new, very much the 1930 mode, and either is suitable for the bride's going-away costume. Worth designed the strictly tailored silk suit, which is made of navy marocain, with fine white diagonal stripes, and worn with a fine, white, handkerchief-linen blouse. This combination of navy-blue with white is one of the season's smartest color combinations, and a flattering and youthful color idea upon which the bride may plan her street and travel clothes. For cooler weather and for some country occasions, as well as for traveling, an ensemble like the one in tweed on page 69



LENIEF S.A. RÉGNY



REDFERN MOLYNEUX

and dresses, such as the two shown on the opposite page. On afternoon frocks and dresses for the street, you will often see the touch of white that is typical of this year's smartest daytime frocks. In collars and cuffs, in bows, and other effects, it is a flattering note and an important and appropriate part of the new mode of femininity.

THE EVENING MODE

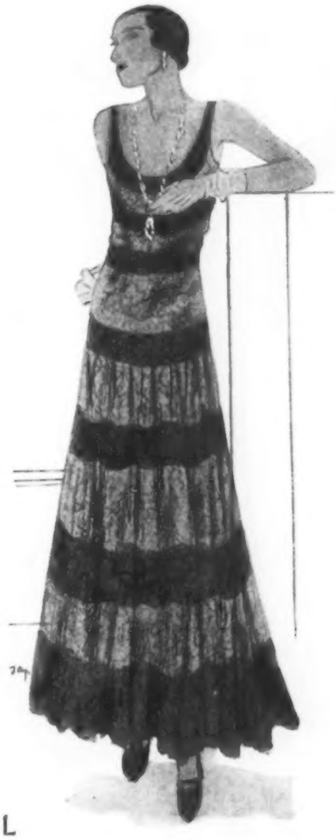
Just as the two main points of longer skirts and higher waists must be remembered by the bride in the selection of her wedding gown and the gowns for her bridesmaids, so must they be remembered when she chooses her evening gowns. But what a variety of types there are! So many different fabrics, so many different colors, and so many different frocks. Some are of lace and other transparent materials, some in black and some in white, some the new pinks and coral, and other pastel shades; some have tiers of delicate fabrics, some are shirred all over, some combine lace with tulle, some have little wing capes or tiny puff sleeves, some have round necks, some have square. Every type to suit the discriminating bride. She may select whatever she pleases in color or fabric, but it must be long, and the waistline must be at or a little above the normal, for formal evening occasions.

Charm and youthfulness, not to mention a wearability seldom found in such a simple combination, are illustrated in the black and blue lace gown, of Chanel's, on this page, at right. The rows of lace alternate, and the skirt is bell-shaped, a darling dress for the bride, or for any one who is youthful and slender. A little more sophisticated, yet youthful in effect, is the white moiré evening gown, above, with its matching jacket trimmed with mink fur—a jacket that is typical of the new short evening wrap. Short evening wraps are by far the smartest, sometimes resembling in shape this white one designed by Redfern, sometimes like box coats just to the waist, and often they are the short, fitted coat that Chanel sponsors, with high waistline and tiny peplum. Some of these are made in lovely shades of velveteen, and are very youthful. They are often worn with long suède gloves.

Since Molyneux sponsors so beautifully the 1930 adaptation of the Grecian line, attention is again called to it in the evening gown at the top of this page, where caramel-colored chiffon is shirred practically all over except for two ruffles or tiers in the skirt. This is the type of gown the bride would adore. It has everything that is new, and it is altogether wearable as well as lovely, and easily packed.

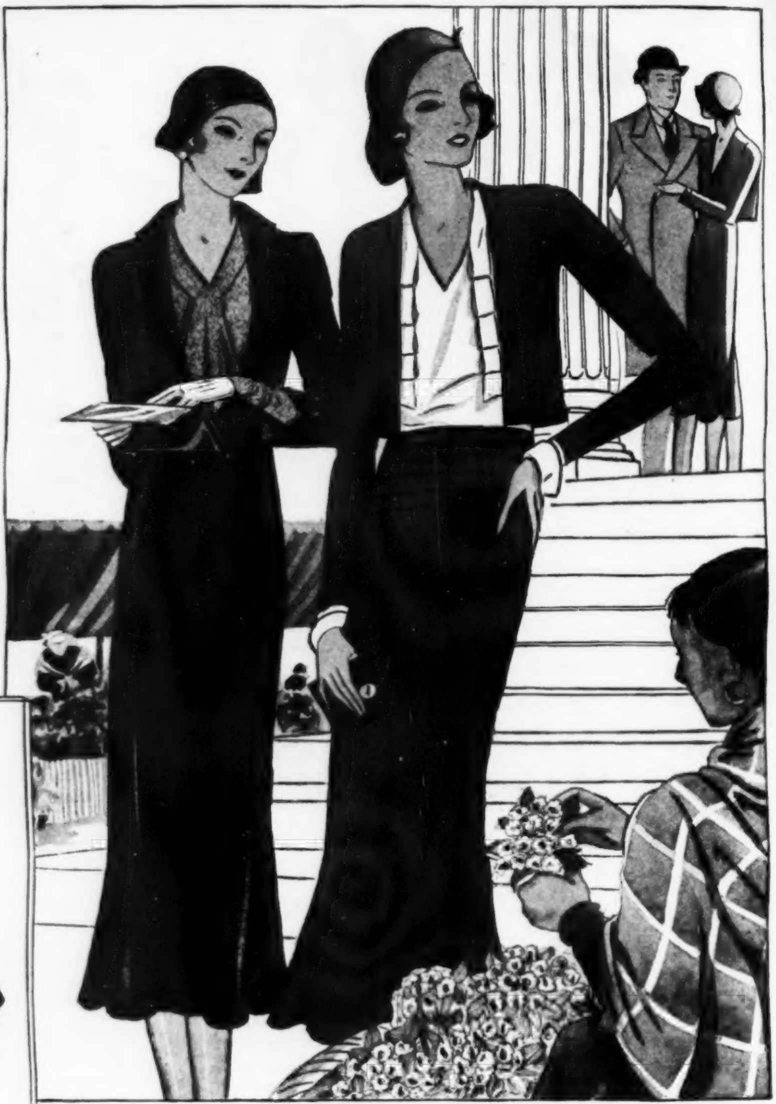
AT-HOME GOWNS

Another type of evening apparel that is growing daily in importance is the informal dinner gown or the more formal type of tea gown. These hours, so often spent at home, from five to seven, or even five to bedtime, are beginning to have specialized clothes. There are all sorts of pajamas for these occasions, not to mention long, loose, flowing things of the reception gown variety. Two charming examples are illustrated, at the lower right of the opposite page. The first, designed by Lenief S. A., is just as lovely as it can be, so feminine, so comfortable, and, of course, to be worn only at home. It is made of crêpe Georgette, complemented by a three-quarter coat of fine gold material like mesh bags or coat of mail. The second, designed by Régny, is a dotted navy cravat-silk pajama with fringed sash, youthful and suitable for the bride's trousseau. These at-home gowns form one of the new and specialized groups, and add their own bit of luxury and charm for late afternoon hours. It is tea time, and whether you have tea alone or entertain one or two of your intimate friends, or sit and chat, or take the time



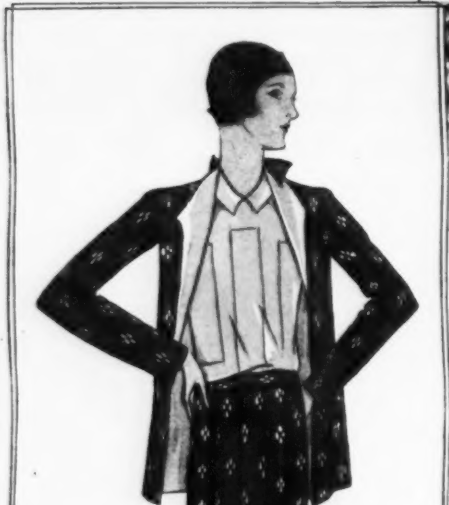
CHANEL

Jacket Suits and Bolero Frocks for This Year's Bride



DOEUILLET-DOUCET PATOU

BRUYÈRE



to read and rest before dinner and an evening party, both the Lenief frock and the Règny pajamas would fit into the trousseau for just such hours and leisure occasions. This is a new and a charming vogue.

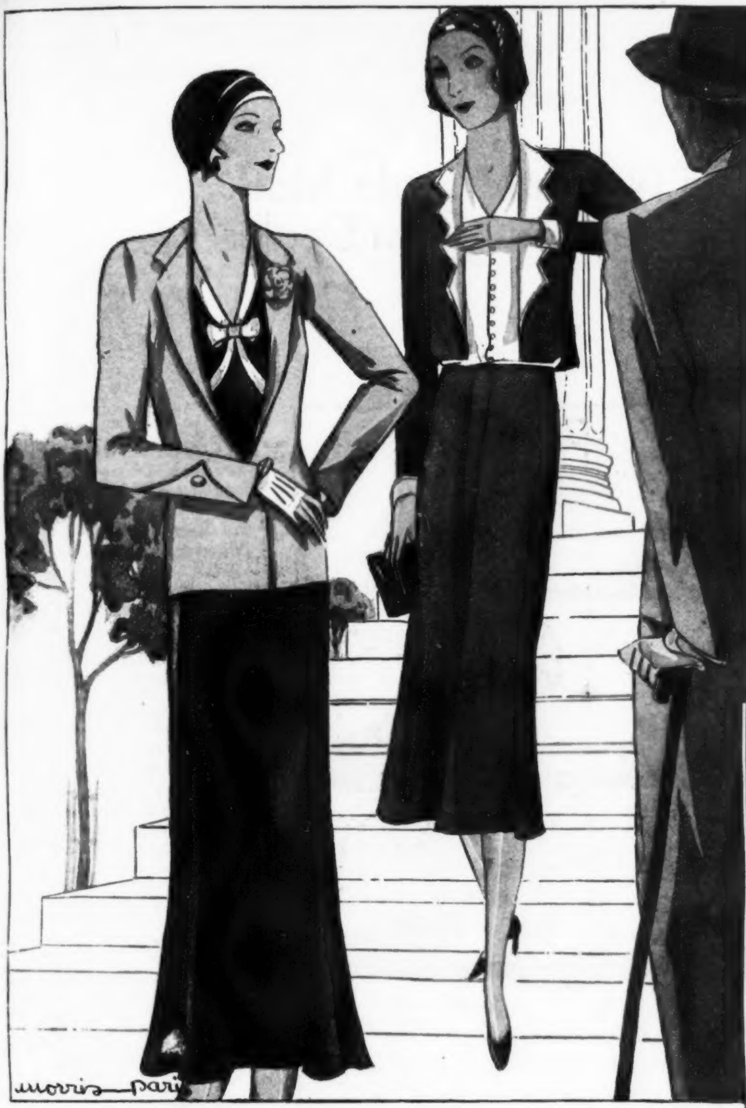
THE JACKET SUIT

Going back to the day clothes, there is another important item, and that is the jacket suit, tailored and worn with a feminine blouse. Never has the tailored suit been more acceptable, and how it recalls the cut of 1912! In fact, the very tailored Patou jacket on page 73, which is made of gray linen crash and worn over a black satin frock, recalls a similar fashion of 1912, when light coats were worn over dark skirts. Then there is the casual type of jacket suit, two examples of which are sketched on these pages, the Paray one, on page 73, of soft printed foulard in gray mottled with white, the blouse white marocain, and the Bruyère suit, at left, of yellow and brown mixed tweed, almost like a print, the blouse of handkerchief linen. Doeuillet-Doucet's suit of black flamenga, above, is worn with a string-colored blouse of cravat silk.

THE BOLERO FROCK

As a close second to the tailored suit for morning and shopping occasions, comes the bolero frock. Every important designer in Paris showed

Feminine Yet Trim Are All the Street Clothes for Spring



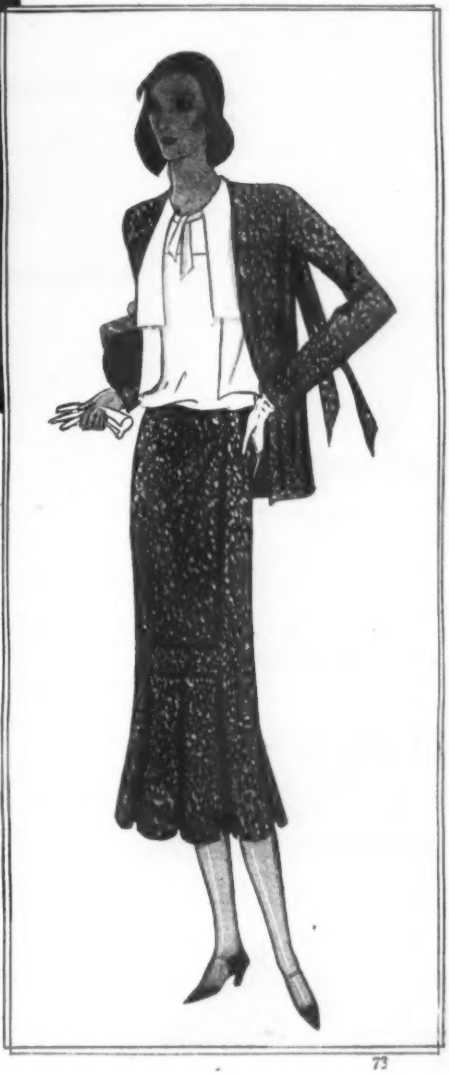
PATOU WORTH

one this spring, and that is why two are illustrated here for the bride. They are particularly the bride's, because of the youthfulness of the style and the grace of the fashion that belongs in the young woman's wardrobe. Patou's is a navy-blue wool crêpe with handkerchief linen blouse in white; Worth's is dark brown marocain, with white georgette blouse and collar and cuffs. This touch of white is the outstanding trimming note of the season for day clothes—on tweed suits, silk suits, wool frocks, and silk frocks—gray with white, navy with white, green with white, and black with white. These two bolero frocks might be called "arrival" frocks for the bride, so suitable and freshening they would be when she arrived after a motor or steamer trip, or the train.

THE SPORTS MODE

Just as last season, the sports made is the practical mode with very little change, except that skirts are a trifle longer, the old stand-bys remaining: white, sleeveless frocks; tweed costumes, cardigans, double-breasted jackets, the cloche hat; knitted suits and brown-and-white or black-and-white shoes. It is an important mode, and the bride who expects to spend any of her time in the country will need sports clothes to complete her trousseau, but there is little change from the clothes of last year, particularly for the active sports such as golf and tennis.

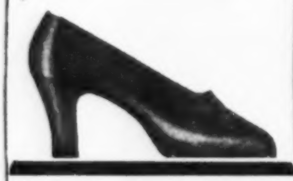
PARAY

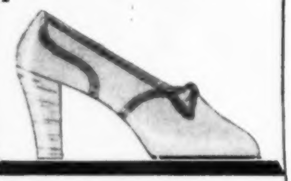


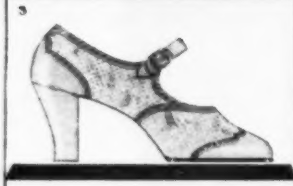
Shoes with a National Trade-Mark You Can Buy from Your Own Dealer

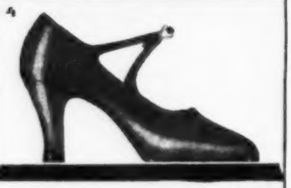
FOR STREET

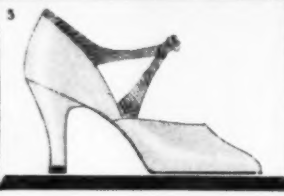
Pumps are smart, as shown at right, in number 1, a Modern Prophylactic shoe of black kid, with a modified Louis heel; 3 is an Arch-Preserver shoe of brown Luzon snake calf with brown calf trim. To match your dress with your shoe is a charming fashion even for the street, provided the color is dark—navy or dark green as shown in 5, a Peacock green kid shoe with double strap of grained calf. Below: 7 carries the name of Educator in brown kid; 8 is a Drew Arch Rest kid Colonial pump; 9 a Ground Gripper brown kid oxford, and 10 an Arnold Glove-Grip kid tie

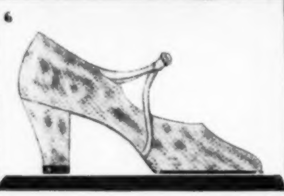
1


2


3


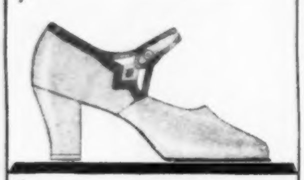
4


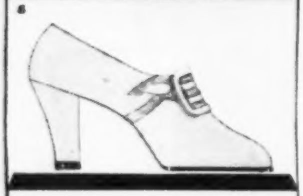
5


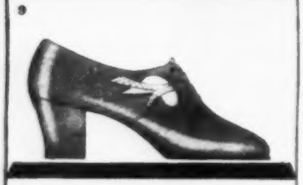
6


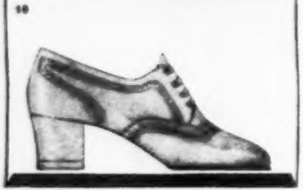
FOR AFTERNOON

Popular for day wear is the shoe marked 2, at left, a Laird Schober model in tan or black calf with a tiny flat bow of self-leather. For afternoon is 4, a Queen Quality Arch Form model of black kid. That reptilian leathers are smart is proved by 6, a Matrix shoe of genuine beige watersnake. Below are four shoes for the woman who likes low heels and must have support of some kind at the arch. 11 a Natural Bridge Arch model of brown-beige kid, 12 a Walk-Over one-strap shoe of brown calf with lizard strap; 13 a Foot-Saver shoe of beige kid and 14 a Martha Washington shoe of black patent leather

7


8


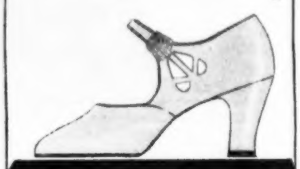
9


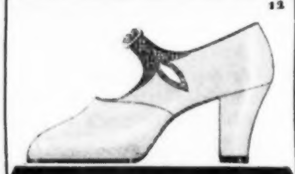
10


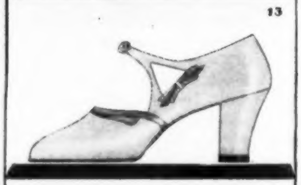
DO YOU know that the shoes shown on these pages for street, afternoon, evening, and sports have been selected by the fashion director, and are nationally distributed and available in your own stores? Just ask for them by their trade-mark; and if you are unable to find them, write GOOD HOUSEKEEPING and we shall tell you where they are sold.

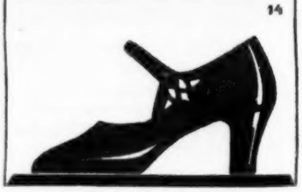
The shoes grouped on this page are for street or afternoon wear, including a number that give arch support to those who need it. Generally speaking, shoes are simpler, and the opera pump leads in smartness. Particularly new this season is the bow pump with its bow of leather or cut-steel. Many women, however, feel they must have support and prefer a strap or tie shoe, as here illustrated.

Leathers are of marked interest, for there is a wide variety to choose from. Calf has returned with renewed vigor with the vogue for tailored suits and tweeds assured. Kid is one of the most comfortable leathers to wear during the summer months, for it is cool and pliable. Colored kids are permissible in the street, provided they match your costume and are used only in the more subdued tones such as navy or dark green. Two-toned combinations in beige and brown, for instance—are good, as are also two leathers, kid with a lizard trim. Speaking of lizard, the reptilian family is as strong as ever, but especially lizard and watersnake. Patent leather is good, but the mat leathers are preferable. Suède always has a following, but is somewhat less active than in winter.

11


12


13


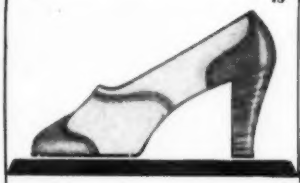
14


Kid, Calf, or Reptilian Leather For Street, Sports, or Afternoon

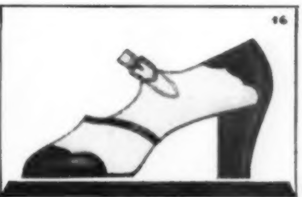
FOR SPORTS

Sports shoes are of infinite variety, but always smart is the white buckskin shoe with tan calf trim. A good example is 15, the Laird Schober shoe, at right, which is in sun-tan Velvetta suède but can be had in white buckskin. With tweeds what could be better than 17, a Stetson shoe, of perforated tan calf, and also 19, a Pedemode oxford of genuine lizard and tan calf. Linen makes 21, the I. Miller pump below. For coolness wear the Deauville sandal, 22, of beige and brown woven kid, and 23, the Evest oxford. A golf shoe is 24, a Rangeley moccasin with gristle rubber soles

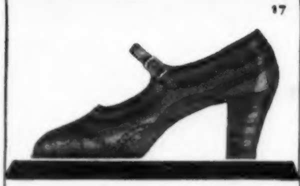
15



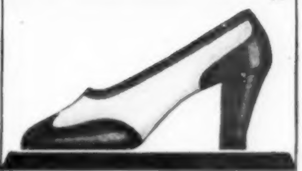
16



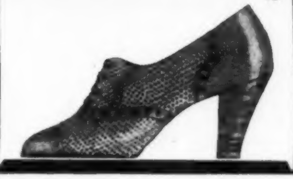
17



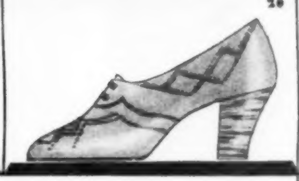
18



19



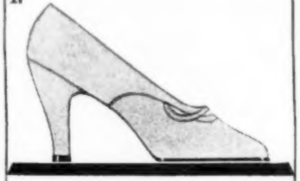
20



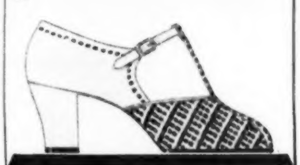
FOR EVENING

Shoes for evening are the pump and the sandal as shown below; 25 is an I. Miller pump of white moiré trimmed in gold and silver kid. For dancing many women prefer a sandal, and exquisite is 26, a Laird Schober shoe of white satin. As a bedroom shoe nothing can be more practical than 27, a black patent leather Maid-Rite shoe, whereas 28, a Daniel Green mule, is of blue crêpe de Chine with a double velvet bow. Three sports shoes are shown at left; 16 a Cantilever model and 18 a Cammeyer shoe; both of white buckskin and perforated tan calf, while 20 is a smart tan calf Stetson two-eyelet tie

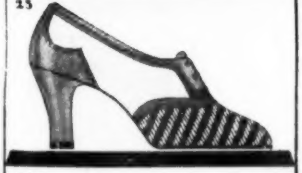
21



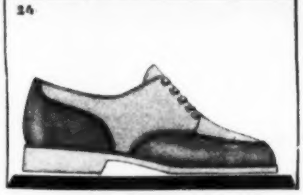
22



23



24



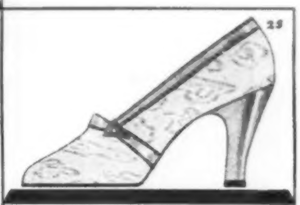
FOR sports or evening select a shoe with a trademark which carries the guaranty of the manufacturer and enables you to find the shoe in your own town. Classically smart for country wear is the white buckskin shoe trimmed in tan calf in either a pump or strap model and built-up leather heel. Three excellent models are shown above. A close rival this year is the linen pump which follows a renewed interest in linens of all kinds for dresses. This shoe has the distinct advantage of being dyed any color to match a dress; an attractive model is shown at left. With tweeds in either town or country the smart walking shoe is an all-calf strap or oxford.

The difficult question of what to wear at the beach is solved by the woven sandal and oxford at left, which will look equally well at any country resort. The Indian moccasin inspired the golf shoe at left below, made of two combinations of elk. It is also ideal for camp wear with its gristle rubber sole.

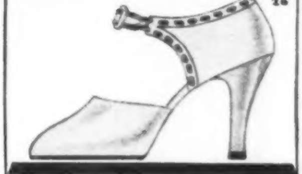
In the evening you may choose between two types of shoes, the pump and the sandal. The pump is universally popular at the moment in moiré as seen at right above, or in crêpe de Chine or satin, often slightly trimmed in gold or silver kid, and equally often just plain with a three-stone crystal pin.

Two shoes for the house may be seen at right, one essentially practical in patent leather and the other a charming boudoir mule of blue crêpe de Chine lined in pink satin and trimmed with a double velvet bow; the strap and lining of the heel are gold kid.

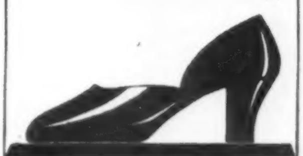
25



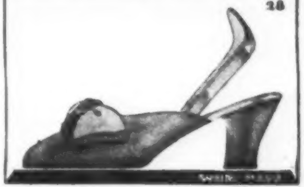
26

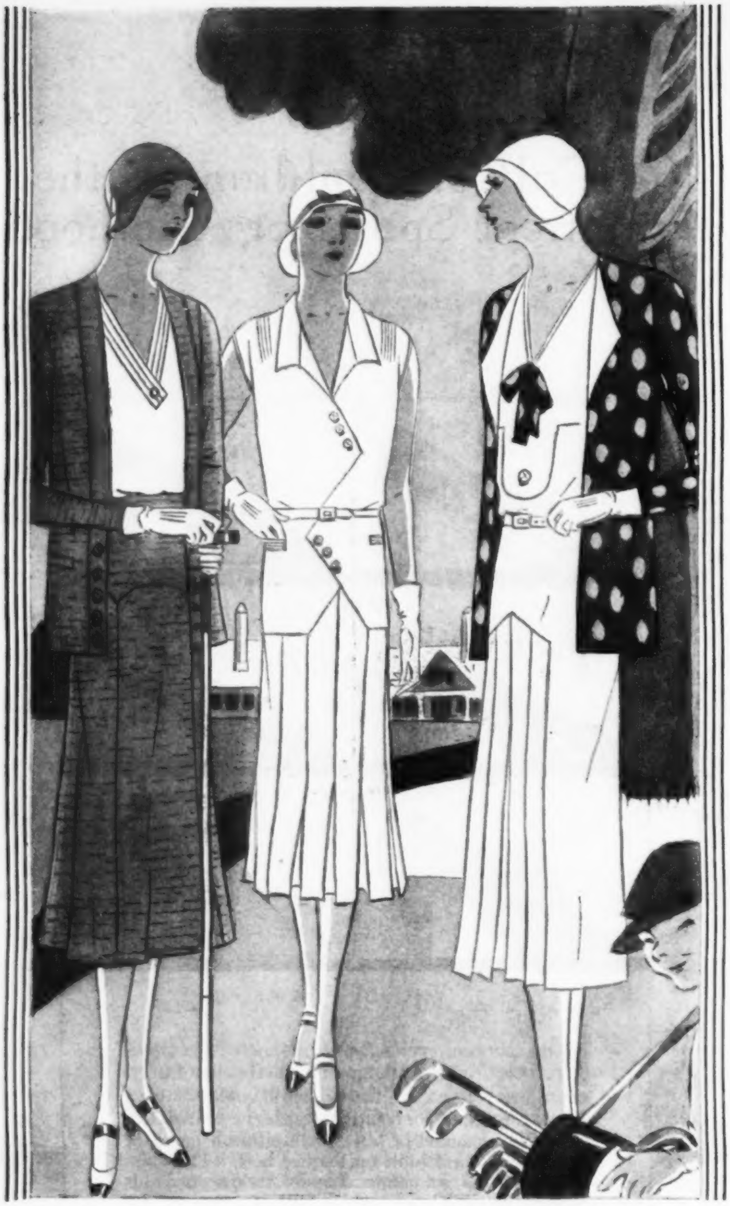


27



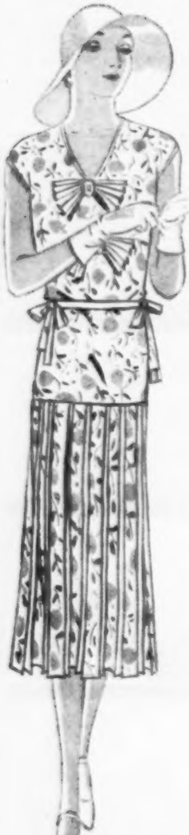
28

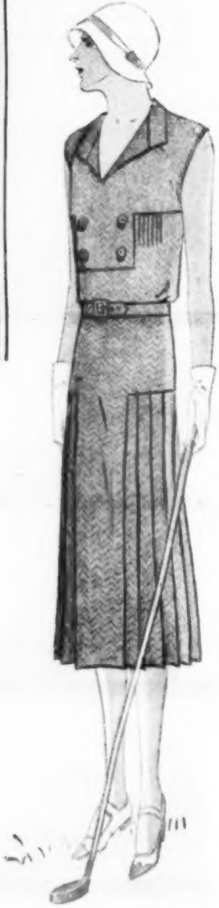




SEMI-MADE

What could be gayer or smarter than this polka-dotted jacket of washable cotton shantung, with its one-piece sleeveless frock and a bow of the dot. Semi-made, it comes with all the difficult sewing finished, the yoke trimmed with pearl buttons, belt made, plaits set in; coat finished except the seams; dress in white only, the jacket of blue with white dot, or white with blue dot, or green with white dot, or white with green dot, or white with black dot; 14 to 42; $5.25 only. Washable crêpe de Chine is the charming, sleeveless sports dress (center), also semi-made; comes in white, baby-blue, pink, leaf-green, or sun-gold; 14 to 40; $7.95





Let Us Buy These Clothes For You in New York Shops

HOW TO ORDER

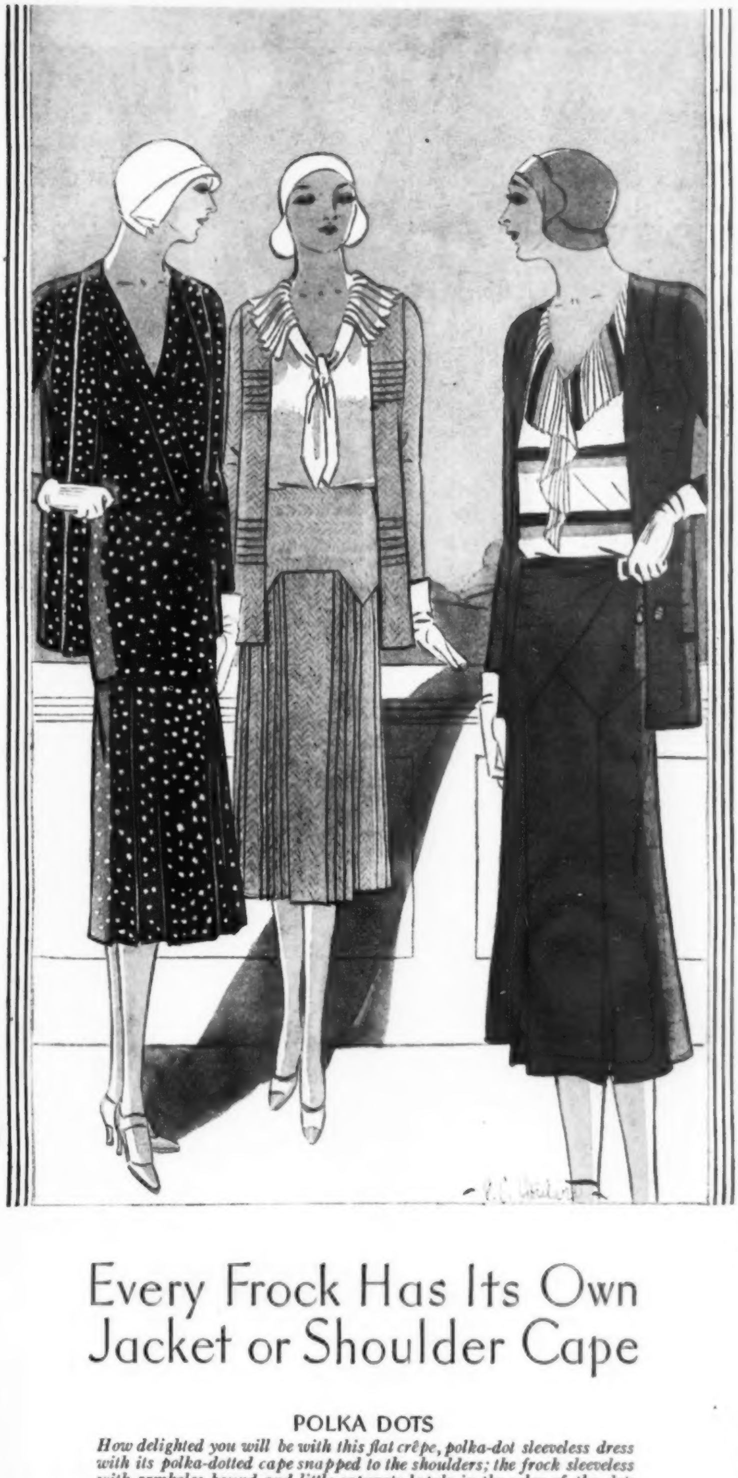
All you have to do to buy these new suits and lovely dresses is to send check or money-order, with size and color desired, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C. Turn to page 116 for adorable printed dresses, new accessories, and notice about our new bride's folio, which for 25c will be mailed you

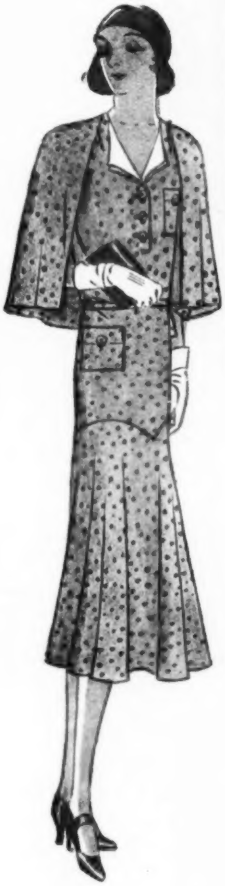
All cut out to your own size, this charmingly feminine, washable, flower-printed batiste frock, left, is semi-made, with shoulders joined, neck bound, plaiting done, and bows made—all you have to do is sew up the seams and hem, which is easily done. The belt ties at either side, and the plaits are in front only; pearl buckle included; in rose-and-blue, green-and-rose, or green-and-blue print on white; 14 to 42; only $2.95

For golf or other sports, choose the three-piece knitted suit, above, with sleeveless contrasting sweater and leather button. The cardigan has stitched cuffs, the skirt a hip yoke in front and circular godets; green, brown, yellow, or rose, with egg-shell sweater; 14 to 44; $19.50. Or the semi-made, all-wool, kashamere flannel dress, right, all finished except the seams; green, blue, pink, or tan; 14 to 40; only $5.95

FOR TOWN

With a smart jacket of its own, this sleeveless, polka-dotted dress of flat crêpe, with surplice line, is finished by a bow. The skirt is set on below a wide hip band and is plaited all around. The jacket is collarless and piped in contrast; in navy with white dots, brown with tan, or green with white; 14 to 20; $12.75. Also with its own jacket, the kashamere flannel suit (center, right) is semi-made, the facings set on, shoulders joined, tucking done, plaits set in, collar on blouse plaited and set on, and bow included; in green, blue, or tan, with beige or white crêpe de Chine blouse; sizes 14 to 40. Suit, $6.95: blouse, $3.75; ensemble, $10.50





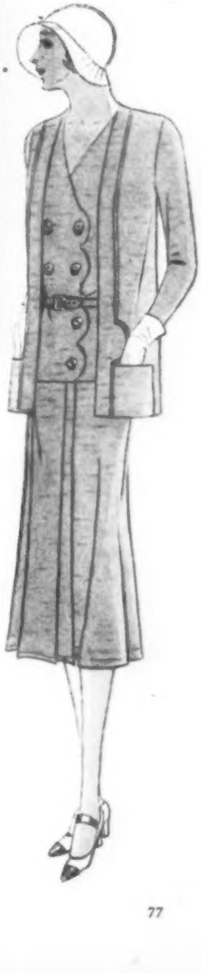
Every Frock Has Its Own Jacket or Shoulder Cape

POLKA DOTS

How delighted you will be with this flat crêpe, polka-dot sleeveless dress with its polka-dotted cape snapped to the shoulders; the frock sleeveless with armholes bound and little separate lapels in the color of the dot; glass buttons; patch pockets; skirt circular; in navy with white dots, green with white, white with red dots, or white with black; 12 to 18; $16.50

Since this is the year for suits and since shantung is so smart, the suit above (3rd figure), with feminine blouse of striped chiffon, is new and right. The jacket has a link button, two pockets, and chiffon handkerchief to match the blouse, which is sleeveless and may be worn in or out; wide box-plait in front and hip yoke fastens with buckle; black, red, or Independence blue, contrasting blouse; 14 to 20; $25

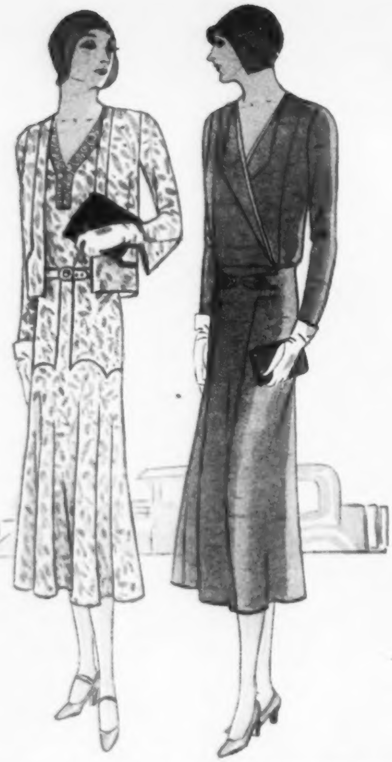
In white, green, blue, or natural tan shantung, in a lovely quality, this semi-made dress with its own jacket (right) comes with the front of the dress and scallops finished, shoulders joined, plaits partly set in; front facings in jacket set on, shoulders joined, cuffs and pockets included; also pearl buttons and buckle, and all-around belt. The dress has cap sleeves, and coat and dress match; in sizes 14 to 42; $8.75



Capes and Bows on Sleeveless Frocks

FOR BRIDES

If you are planning a wedding in church or home, send 25c to Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C., for our new illustrated folio for brides, telling all about invitations, announcements, pictures of the bride, the groom, and other information



With a flattering jacket in the same flower-printed flat crêpe, this one-piece, sleeveless dress (right) is hand fagoted at the V-neck, the skirt and jacket piped to harmonize: black with white, black with peach, or navy with white flowers; 34 to 42; $29.50

For afternoon or bridge parties or to wear at home now and all summer, the printed flat crêpe frock (below, center) has a wide cape collar extending in surplice line with hand fagoting and bow; white and color on navy, green, brown, or black; 36 to 42; $19.75

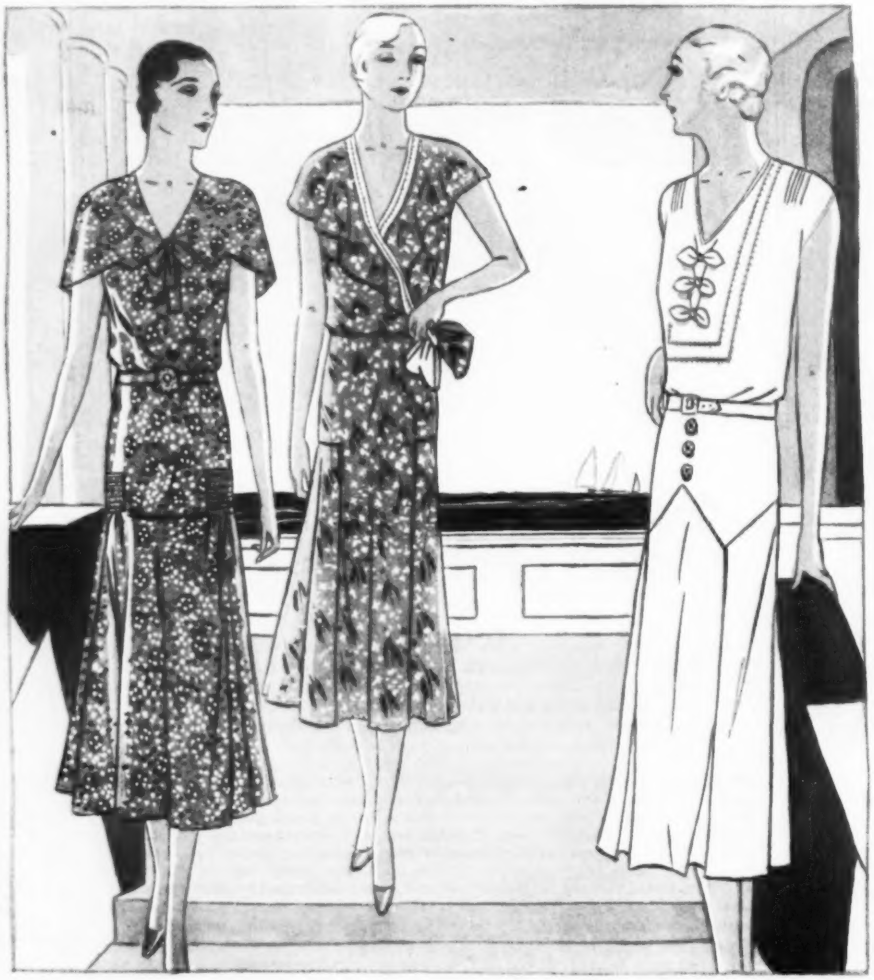
Two New Frocks for The Mature Figure

HOW TO ORDER

Just send your check or money-order, giving size and color wanted, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C., and these dresses and those on page 76, 77, and 116, chosen from the shops on Fifth Avenue, will be promptly shipped to you

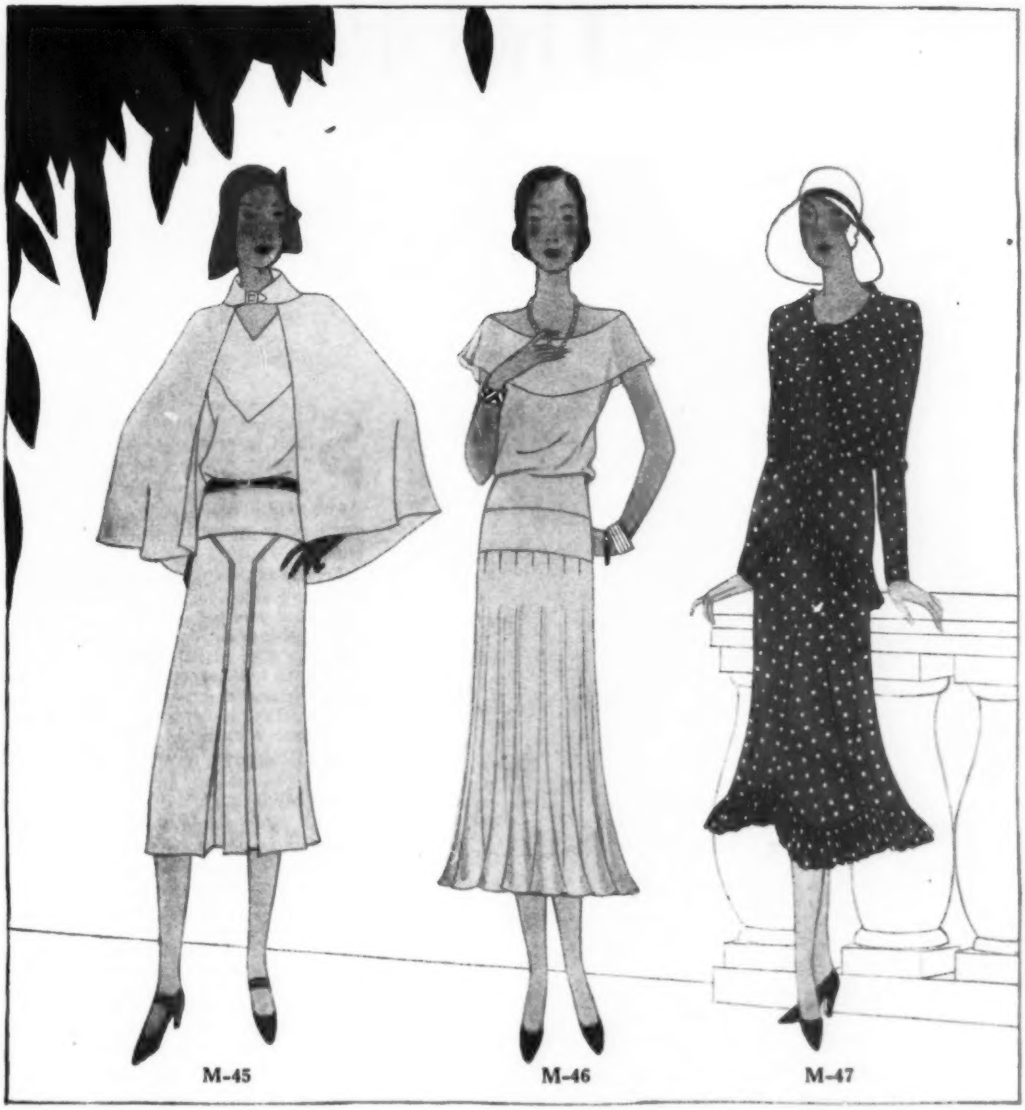
In an excellent quality of shantung, the smart woman's dress (left) has an inner detachable vest and cuffs of white, the vest in becoming surplice line, the overlapping tabs on the skirt with pearl buttons; in green, white, or maize; in all sizes, 14 to 42; only $29.50

We searched and searched to find the perfect dress for you for summer party occasions, and here it is (center, below), in green, brown, black, or navy ground, the print in white flowers and a contrasting bit of color here and there on flat crêpe; 36 to 42; $19.75



This semi-made cape dress (right), of printed flat crêpe, has a V-neck with a bow, cape snaps in at neck and is picoted; all-around adjustable belt; the hip yoke is piped, shirred at sides; skirt is circular; contrasting colored prints on beige, black, or navy ground; 14 to 40; $8.95

Cut out to your own size, with all the difficult sewing finished, this one-piece, washable linen dress is hemstitched, tucked and trimmed with bows; buckle and the pearl buttons included; everything done, including plaits; just sew up seams and hem; blue, pink, green, or white; 14 to 40; $4.75



Shantung makes the sports dress at left above, design M-45, sizes 32 to 38, 60c. The second, a commencement or informal evening frock, is of chiffon or crêpe, design M-46, sizes 32 to 38, 50c. The one at the extreme right is made of printed silk, design M-47, sizes 32 to 38, 50c.

Summer Frocks that are Easily Made

By Caroline Gray

MAY, the month of weddings, school commencements, and countless parties, brings with it the problem of what to wear. Now is the time to plan and make the pretty things which add so much to these occasions and are indispensable for summer. Patterns are offered this month for three attractive frocks, each with a distinct type in mind. They are all youthful, and so simple that mothers need feel no hesitation in attempting to make them.

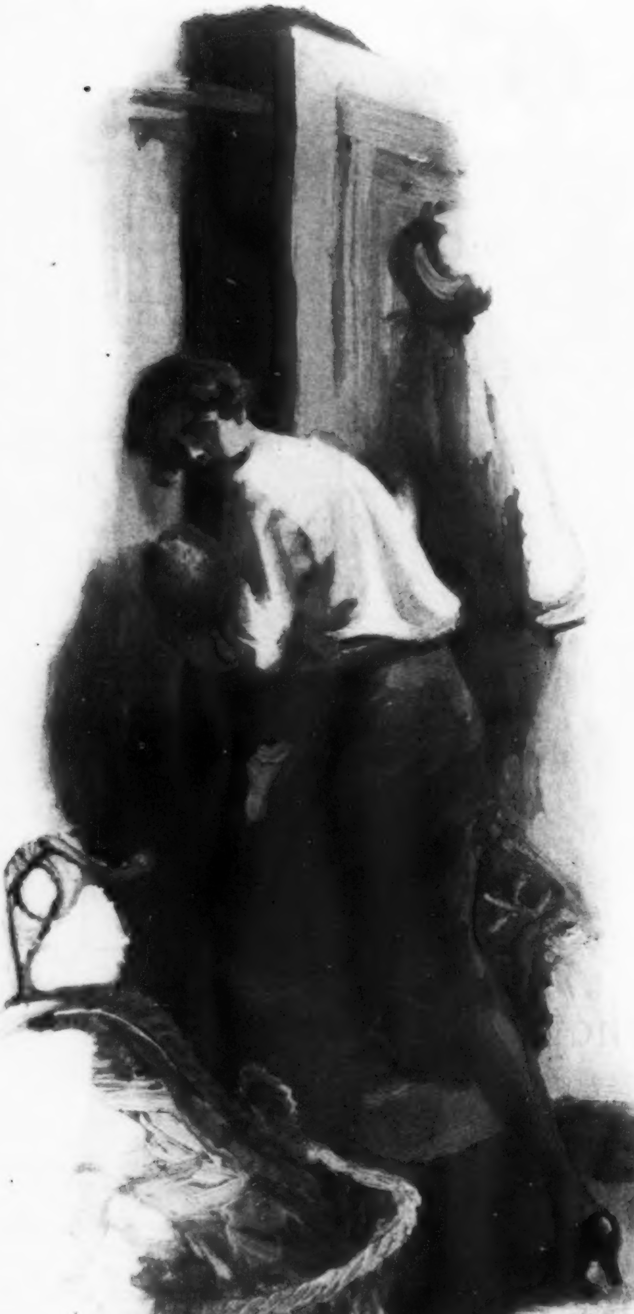
The chiffon or crêpe frock in the center, above, is charmingly demure and simple for graduation. It is sleeveless, with a bertha collar covering the top of the arms. The gracefully flared skirt, pin-tucked around the top, joins the bodice below the softly molded hips. Its length varies with the youth of the graduate. A narrow belt of the material, fastened with a buckle, may mark the natural waistline, should this be preferred to a beltless effect. The edge of the skirt, bertha, and armholes are bound with narrow bias strips of the material, and the bertha is joined to the blouse like a collar with a narrow bias facing.

The dress at the right above may be used in a dotted or flower-printed crêpe as a run-about frock for town or in a colorful, sheer fabric for afternoon in the country. The waist is gathered slightly to the close-fitting hip yoke which is shirred in front. The flared circular skirt is joined to the yoke under the peplum. The ruffles should be picoted and plaited by machine.

The shantung ensemble at the left, above, is smart and practical for active or spectator sports. The costume consists of a two-piece dress and circular cape. The cape, which is unlined and bound, has an unusual shoulder yoke which buckles. Two inverted box-plaits form a panel in the front of the skirt, give fulness to the hem, and form a yoke at the top. The skirt is made on a waistband and fits the waist and hips snugly. The blouse is smartly short with a deep yoke. A leather belt is worn with the blouse; the sleeves may be long, or short tied with a bow at the elbow.

The FOOL of
Margaret

Thrilling Story of
Almost



Nothing remained in Gemma's clouded mind but the dread of loss, of finding her arms empty. She must be quick and crafty so that nobody should come near

PART V

SEBASTIAN had seen Heinrich and had sent a message to Caryl that Fenella was tired and had gone home, but he did not himself think that he would take her home. As he went in search of a taxi, he tried to think of some place where he could get her entirely to himself.

Fenella stood in the doorway, waiting, pulling her cloak tight round her against the freezing wind that blew in from the street. Down the stairs behind her drifted a noise of music and revelry. The rather Bohemian party was beginning to wake up to its name. Another couple pushed past her on to the steps, a man and a young girl, both slightly drunk, both in a hurry to get away. Fenella heard the man say:

"I'll get a taxi. Will you wait here? Will you wait?"

She caught sight of his face as he ran down into the street, and she heard a vacant, protesting laugh from the girl propped in the doorway beside her. She was aware that these two also were on fire to be together.

It was not a pretty thing to watch. It was not a pretty thing to share. She shrank, shocked into a revulsion that brought reason and conscience back to her. No longer could she surrender completely to Sebastian's domination. When he came back, on the step of a taxi, she nearly told him that she had changed her mind. She went with him only because it was necessary that they should talk and settle something.

"Tell him Hyde Park Gardens," she whispered, as she got in.

"Your house?"

"Yes, please."

He hesitated for a moment, gave the address, and got in beside her. An argument in the cold street would have been unwise, and she might change her mind later. But they were no sooner off than she turned on him, so full of distress, remorse, and uncertainty, so sure that they had no business to love each other at all, that he could hardly recognize her.

"But what has happened to you? Why are you so unhappy? You were happy enough half-an-hour ago, weren't you?"

"Oh, I was. I was. But it's so wrong. It's so wicked. I didn't know I could be as wicked as this."

"Why is it more wrong for us than for any other human beings?"

"Because of Caryl. It's so disloyal to Caryl."

Sebastian had to admit that it was. But the disloyalty was accomplished now, and nothing could undo it. They were not being more disloyal now than they had been ever since their meeting in the Dolomites. Nor had they meant it to happen. These things, coming unawares, could not be helped.

"Can't they?" asked Fenella.

"Who could expect us to help it?"

The FAMILY

Kennedy's

A Boy Who Was Too Good

Illustrated by
W. G.
Ratterman

She did not know, but she had an idea that God might expect her to help it, and her father certainly would. After all, she put it to him, there were measures which they could have taken. They could make up their minds never to meet again. But at this suggestion he broke into a protest so violent that she was quite frightened.

"You mustn't talk like that; you mustn't kiss me like that," she cried, as she pushed him away. "I can't think properly when you—"

"I know. I don't want you to think properly. I'm going to kiss you till you've stopped thinking, do you see."

"No, you mustn't. I shall stop the man and get out if you won't leave me alone. We must make up our minds what we're going to do."

"Fenella, do you realize that I'm going to Paris to-morrow?"

"To-morrow?"

"To-day. It's past twelve long ago."

She had not realized it. And when she understood that he was going till after Easter, she was frantic. Caryl, and her duty to Caryl, were again forgotten.

"You're leaving me, Sebastian? You're going away from me? Just when I—when we—"

He took courage and held her closer. A wonderful idea had come to him. They would go together. But when he spoke of it, she started away again in dismay.

"Come with you! Sebastian, how could I?"

"Easily. You simply take a ticket to Paris."

"But I couldn't. Can't you see it's impossible?"

"Why impossible?"

"My father and mother—it would kill them. And though I'm going to treat Caryl very badly, though I'm going to throw him over, I couldn't treat him as badly as that. I must tell him first."

"Must you?" asked Sebastian in surprise.

At this point they reached Hyde Park Gardens, and Sebastian, leaning out of the window, told the driver to go on for a little.

"Have you any money?" he asked, when they set off again. "I haven't enough for much driving about. Ike gave me some, but I spent it all on these clothes."

"I've got ten shillings."

"Good. We'll have settled something before we've spent all that."

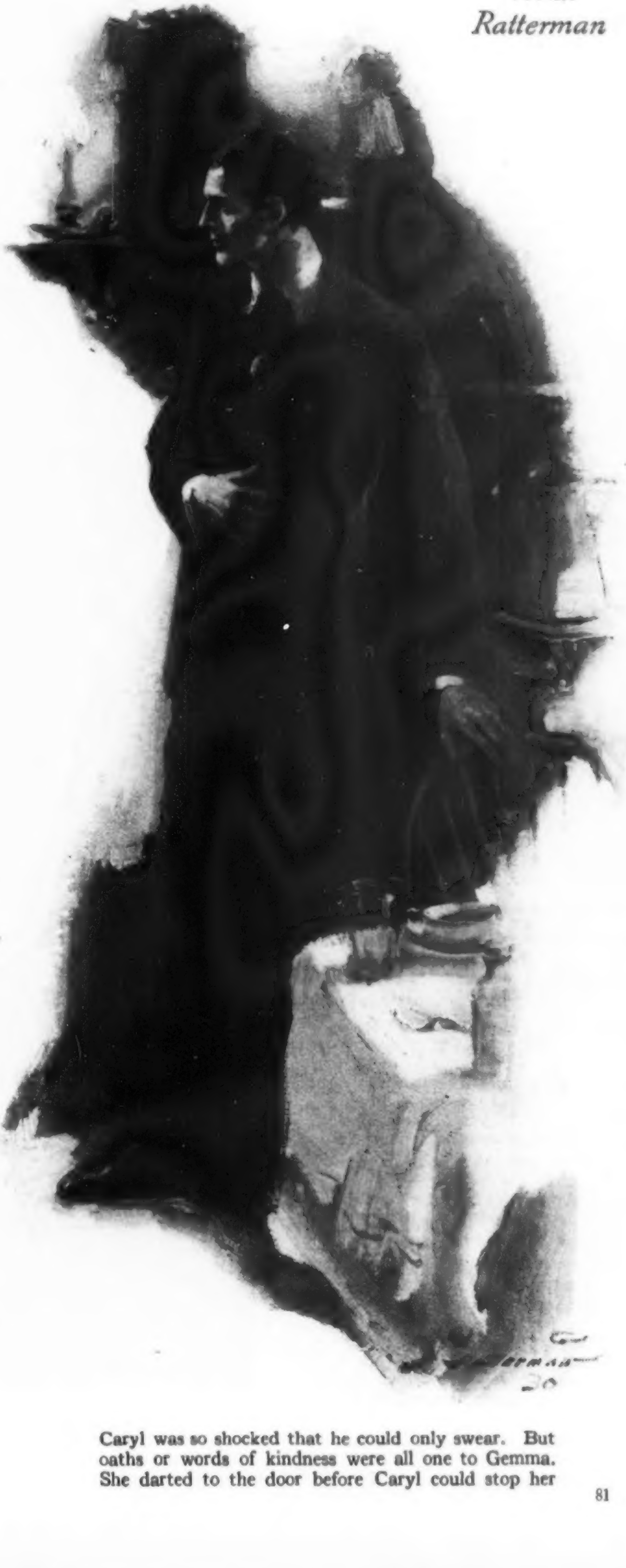
"Listen, Sebastian."

"I don't like listening. It isn't the way to settle things."

"Yes, it is. How am I to tell Caryl, if you're away in Paris? I can't tell him unless you're there. We must do it together."

"You're determined to tell him?"

"But, of course! What else can I do? And there's my father. Telling Caryl will be bad enough, but I don't know that telling my father won't be worse."



Caryl was so shocked that he could only swear. But oaths or words of kindness were all one to Gemma. She darted to the door before Caryl could stop her

"But what a person you are for telling!" murmured Sebastian, appalled.

She could not make up her mind which would be worse: to tell Caryl while Sebastian was away, or to go on till after Easter wilfully deceiving him. Either course was insupportable; for the first she had not enough courage, and for the second too much sincerity. In fact, there was only one way out of it. She and Sebastian must give each other up.

"You can't," Sebastian told her.

That was his only argument. She couldn't. She had already tried. If she could possibly have given him up she would not be driving about with him like this, half in heaven and half in hell.

"What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

"Leave it," counseled Sebastian. "These things have a way of settling themselves, if you leave them. Here am I going to Paris in a few hours, and we're wasting time."

When they got back to Hyde Park Gardens, he took her ten-shilling note and paid the taxi. She had opened the door and was waiting on the step to say good-night, but he followed her into the hall. It was late, and everybody had gone to bed. He was humming under his breath:

"*Mi fa pietà Masetto . . .*"

"You mustn't stay," she whispered nervously.

"I know. But I'm not going yet. I shan't see you again for such a long time."

They went up the soft, silent stairs. He looked about him a little derisively, for ever since Gemma had been caught in the Palazzo Neroni, he had regarded the McCleans as a hostile race: rich, stupid people to be despoiled and outwitted. Fenella belonged to them, but the Sangers held her as a hostage.

The smell of a rich house was in his nostrils, and he sniffed it contemptuously. In the drawing-room he prowled about, peering at the lacquer cabinets and the Waterford glass, still humming the duet from "Don Giovanni."

"Don't make such a noise," entreated Fenella. "Somebody might hear."

"'*Vieni! mio bel diletto! . . .*'"

"If you've only come here to sing, I'll go to bed."

He turned on her a glance that was almost threatening, but she looked so lovely, standing there in the rosy firelight, so fair and tender, that he left off singing to exclaim,

"My God, Aurora, how beautiful you are!"

"Why do you call me Aurora?"

"How can I go to Paris to-morrow?"

He went across to the door and turned off the lights, so that the room was filled entirely by the glow from the hearth. Fenella protested. Suppose somebody should come? He assured her that nobody would come. She turned on a little reading-lamp by the fireplace. He turned it off again. She turned it on. And after that it stayed on, because they forgot it.

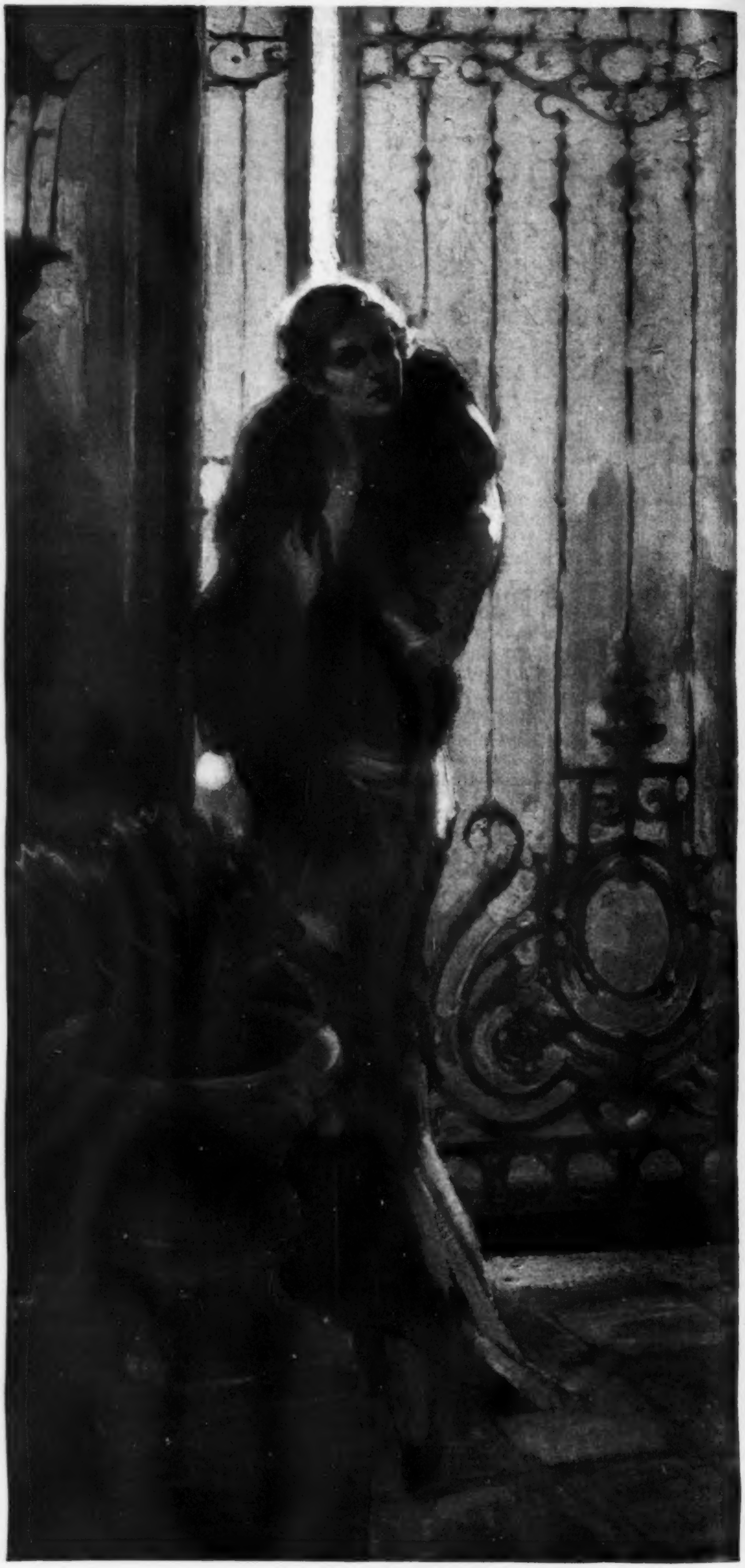
The logs on the hearth fell softly together, and the glow faded. They were like two people drowned at the bottom of the sea. Fenella heard her own voice, a drowned voice, saying after a long silence,

"You must go."

"Not yet."

"You must. It's late."

"I'm going to Paris to-morrow."



Fenella stood in the doorway, waiting, pulling her cloak tight round her pushed past, a man and a young girl, both slightly drunk. Fenella shrank,

against the freezing wind that blew in from the street. Another couple shocked into a revulsion that brought reason and conscience back to her

"I know—I know— Oh, Sebastian! What do you want?"

"Don't struggle so, Fenella. Don't you love me?"

"Oh, I do! I do! I wish I didn't. Hush! Listen."

There was a faint creaking on the landing outside. They sprang apart as the door was pushed open. It was her father, who, lying awake and ill, had heard her taxi come home and had been waiting ever since for the creak of her bedroom door.

"Fenella," he called, peering into the shadows. "It's very late. Why aren't you in bed? Is that Caryl there?"

He turned on all the lights by the door and hobbled farther toward them.

"It's Caryl's brother," said Fenella helplessly.

Sir Ivor's comments, though unspoken, were terrible to Fenella. For the second time that night she thought that this thing which had happened to her was entirely dreadful. It was wrong from beginning to end, and nothing could make it right, not even telling Caryl. She would never be right with herself again.

Sebastian was being marched out of the room. Sir Ivor was courteously but irresistibly turning him out of the house. She hardly saw them go. She ran quickly up to her room before her father could come back and ask questions. But neither on that night, nor at any other time, did he demand an explanation. She felt that he was waiting for her to begin. And she could never begin.

CHAPTER XXI

GEMMA put up her hand with a warning "Hush!" as Sebastian came into the room.

"He's asleep," she whispered. "Do be quiet."

He remembered that the baby was ill. For two days it had screamed, wagging its head about in a queer way, and Gemma had not been able to go to work. But now the screams had stopped. The baby slept exhaustedly, sitting up on his mother's knee beside the fire. The little room seemed to be packed with pain and anxiety.

"He can't lie down," she said. "He can only sleep sitting up. It's earache."

"They get earache," agreed Sebastian vaguely.

He remembered having had earache himself when he was a little boy. He had yelled so loudly that they had to put him outside in a cowshed, for nobody could get any sleep. And one of his sisters, who was sorry for him, came out in the middle of the night with some remains of a tinned lobster to cheer him up. She made a little nest in the hay and pulled him into it, and whenever he opened his mouth to roar, she popped in a piece of lobster, so that he choked. He had never liked the taste of lobster much after that.

"I shall take him to the hospital tomorrow," said Gemma. "Suppose he went deaf!"

Sebastian knelt down beside her in front of the gas fire, warming his cold hands. Fortunately their last loan from Jacob Birnbaum had given them plenty of shillings to put in the gas meter.

"He won't go deaf," he assured her. "I didn't."

Gemma (*Continued on page 310*)

PLEASANT BOOKS

Are Books Worth Reading When Recommended by

Emily Newell Blair

"WHY do reviewers not give more attention to books like 'A Lantern in Her Hand' (Appleton, $2.00)?" writes one of my correspondents. "It seems to me a happy, wholesome story, and I should like to read more accounts of these normal people who make life seem worth living."

I can not speak for reviewers. My task is not to review books—which would demand that I take fewer books and outline them in more detail—but to indicate to my readers, as well as I can, what books of the many published will meet their needs and tastes. I can, however, explain why books like Bess Streeter Aldrich's so seldom appear in my articles.

"A Lantern in Her Hand" is a lovely story, and I should be proud to have written it myself. But if my readers are to feel any confidence, my selection must be governed not alone by the story told in the book, but by literary standards. Given two books of equal merit as to their authors' technique and literary skill, their ability to see into human nature and make the characters live, the plausibility of their plots, their truth to life, their recognition of values, I should choose the book which dealt with pleasant people pleasantly. Unfortunately, so many of the writers who do so fail in some of the other requirements. So that their books, although giving readers a few pleasant hours, do not deserve that magazine pages should be devoted to outlining the simple plots. They are not important enough as literature to call forth criticism. And they do not arouse the enthusiasm of the trained and professional reader. For naturally, the more one reads with serious intent to find what is rewarding, the more fastidious one becomes as to manner and method; the more one fails to be interested by the less-well-done.

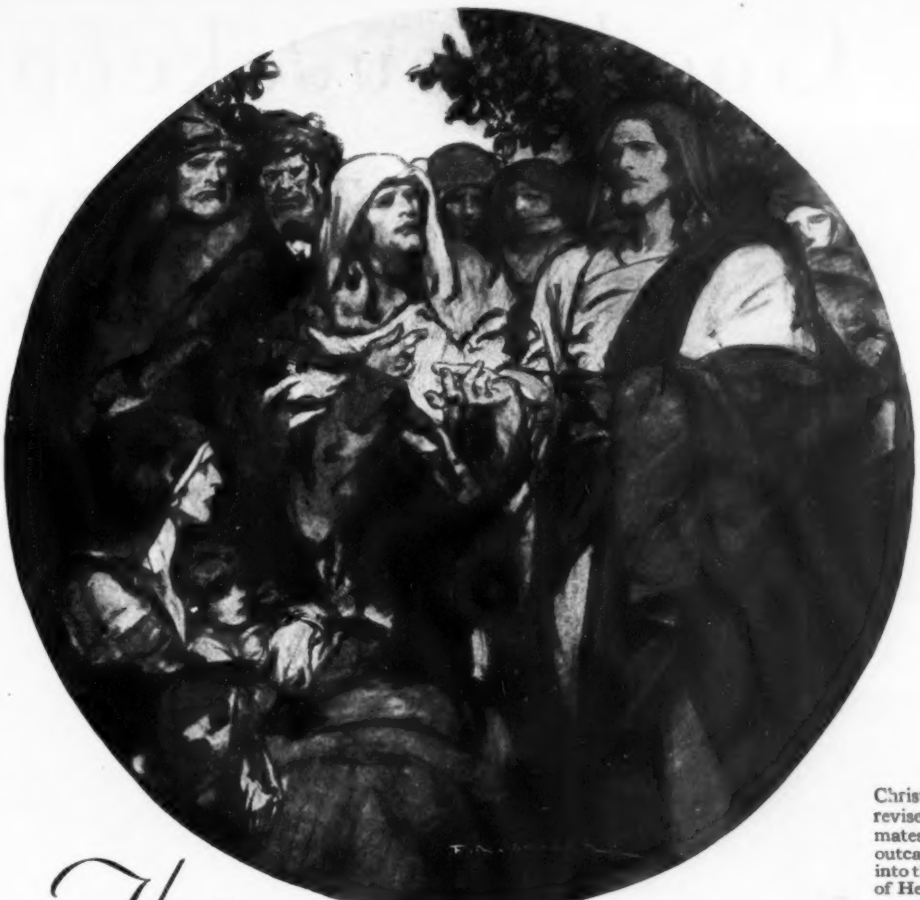
"Given two books of equal literary merit and equal truth to life, I should always choose the one that dealt with pleasant people pleasantly," says Emily Newell Blair

For instance, when he discovers that an author is trying to preach a sermon or point out a moral, he is inclined to put down the book unfinished. For he realizes almost subconsciously that the writer should be able to convey the moral to the reader without putting it into words. It should be so much a part of his book, should spring so inevitably from the reality of the characters and their truth to life, that it would not be necessary for the author to point it out.

Mrs. Aldrich does point it out in "A Lantern in Her Hand." She tells us again and again in so many words that the Abbie Deals, quietly making their sacrifices and carrying their burdens, played a tremendous part in the development of our country and continue to play an important part in our civilization. This not only halts the story, but makes us feel that she is preaching at us.

Authors like Bess Streeter Aldrich have the story-telling power to a high degree. It is a great gift. And so deeply in their debt are we for its carrying us out of ourselves and swinging us on to the conclusion that we ought not, doubtless, cavil that these authors have so seldom the genius to produce works of depth and intensity. But critics are so constituted that the very possession of this gift calls attention to its owner's limitations and sometimes arouses resentment that he does not put it to better use.

Sir Philip Gibbs' "The Hidden City" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is a good example of this. He tells a story well. The characters are recognizable. A young Dr. Jevons opens an office in London. With him lives his sister, whose fiancé was killed in the World War. He brings home a young motion picture actor who has tried to commit suicide. The actor mistakes his appreciation of Janet for (*Continued on page 181*)



Christ's teaching revises our estimates of men. An outcast may go into the Kingdom of Heaven before a canny man

The WISDOM of FOLLY

Another Little Lay Sermon by That Greatest of Lay Preachers

Professor William Lyon Phelps

Illustrated by F.R. Gruger

THE greatest Teacher of all time often talked over the heads of his audience, so that after listening to him many of them went away amazed—that is to say, in a maze, confused. But the more confused they were, the more they thought about what he had said, the more they discussed it with one another, the more powerful and lasting was the impression. The words of Jesus were always challenging, provocative; they stirred the very depths of the hearts and minds of men. They always started something. If everything he had spoken had been easy to understand, self-evident, and transparently clear, his speeches would have been quickly understood, quickly accepted, and quickly forgotten. But we may be sure that although many of his hearers resisted him and hated him, not one of them forgot him.

If you go to the theatre and see a typical well-made play, where the first act contains the exposition, the second and third acts increase the perplexity and bewilderment, and the fourth act neatly solves the problem, like the last chapter of a detective novel, you leave the theatre with a satisfied smile, saying "That's that." But if you see a play that rouses questions instead of answering them, so that at the final fall of the curtain you are forced to turn your attention from this particular drama to life itself, then you have seen a work of art that can not be forgotten. Your mind is uncomfortable, but active.

It is often said that no writer has written for posterity, but always for his immediate market. However this may be, there is no doubt that Jesus spoke for posterity. He looked over the heads of his humble audience of fishermen, shepherds, and peasants to the centuries and centuries that were to follow. After the lapse of nineteen hundred years, we understand him much better than those who heard his voice; but even we, with all our advantages, have not yet grasped the full significance of his teaching, for he is still far in advance of the best thought of our time. We often hear the (*Continued on page 201*)

Good Housekeeping

This window-cleaning device holds the water for washing windows. It is also provided with a squeegee for drying them

A chamois is an excellent type of window-cleaning cloth, because it is lintless. Both the cleaner and the drying cloth must be damp

WINDOWS That Sparkle

WHAT a blessing are the openings in our walls—these windows! We take them for granted, they are our due—yet they were once only slits in the wall covered with greased paper to let in a little light. How unlike the wide, spacious windows of to-day!

Few of us realize the part that clean windows play in our home and community life. They bring sunniness and air to the family within, and joy to passers-by who can not resist a glance at their sparkling brightness. And we still enjoy our windows, even though we may not need them some day for ventilation. Windows that shine, a gay potted flower—and the humblest of cottages takes on an aspect of happiness.

It is not easy to keep the outside of our *window panes* clear and shining. A dash of rain, and their brightness is gone. In communities where a window-cleaning service is available, it can be used to good advantage particularly for the outside where it is difficult to reach and where there is danger in stretching out of the windows. As yet no truly effective device has been made for cleaning windows on the outside.

The inside of the window is simple enough to clean. Usually nothing more than clear warm water is necessary, although a few drops of ammonia or denatured alcohol added to the water, aid in the cleaning, especially if there is a film of grease on the window pane as there might be on the kitchen windows.

Chamois is an excellent type of lintless window-cleaning cloth. Two pieces are desirable, one for washing, the other for drying. Strange to say, the piece for drying must be damp also. Chamois hardens when dry, but becomes soft again when wet. Soft, lintless cloths are equally satisfactory; but do not use torn-off strips which fray out and leave threads and lint. Cloths of convenient size which have been treated and made especially for window cleaning are excellent. We have a number of these on our approved lists.

If you watch a professional window cleaner, you will notice that he uses a strip of rubber—a squeegee, it is called—for wiping down the moisture. This simple device is now being made in small sizes for household use and is a great saving of time and strength when it is properly used. There is a little trick about using a squeegee. It must be held firmly against the pane and drawn down with an even stroke. At the end of each stroke wipe off the squeegee with a cloth held in the left hand, so that it will be clean for the next space. An excellent method of cleaning windows is the combination of a sponge and one of these squeegees. The sponge can be used both for washing the panes and for wiping off the squeegee, and at the end of the cleaning simply squeeze out the sponge and you are through, with no cloths to wash out and dry.

Window-washing devices, chamois and lintless cloths, fine powders, and pastes are all effective when cleaning windows

When shades are of the washable variety, they can be scrubbed with soap and water, using a circular motion

INSTITUTE

Katharine A. Fisher
Director

Make a Bright Spot In Any Neighborhood

By Helen Whitson Kendall

Of the Institute Staff

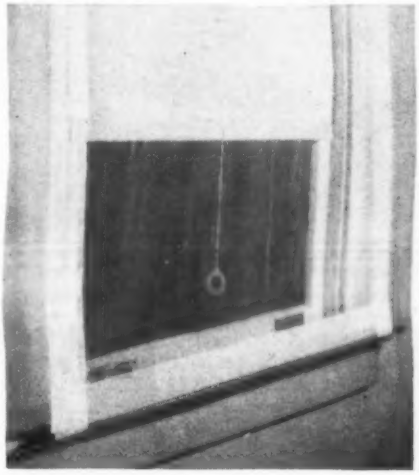
Here at the Institute we have been testing out a number of window-washing devices which hold the water for cleaning and which provide a squeegee also. This type of window cleaner has a felt or rubber sponge along one edge through which the water oozes in sufficient quantity to clean the pane. Clear warm water, or water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added, is put into the container, and the device is drawn down the pane with straight, even strokes. It is then turned and the squeegee side used for drying. We often use a paper towel or any soft paper to clean off the squeegee after each stroke, so there will be no cloth to wash out after the cleaning. But there is an important point to remember in using one of these cleaners. *The water must flow freely through the pad for effective cleaning.*

The work which we have been doing on window washing has included the use of fine friction powders or pastes. We found that a thin coating of the paste or powder created very little dust. Children often enjoy rubbing off the white powder and thereby get an early appreciation of a clean window. One of our readers passes on the hint that in freezing weather she can clean her windows with a little dry whiting on a cloth.

Many a spotless window is ruined in effect by a soiled and dilapidated *shade.* Merely brushing the shade will help its appearance, and soiled spots can often be removed with art gum or one of the commercial wall-paper cleaners. This is not always easy, however, and we welcome the use of shades that are washable, not only because they are easiest to clean, but because they will withstand abuse from moist air and sudden showers. To wash one of these shades, use a small brush and mild soapsuds. Scrub with a circular motion and wipe off the suds with a cloth or sponge wrung out of clear water. Allow the shade to dry before rolling and rehanging.

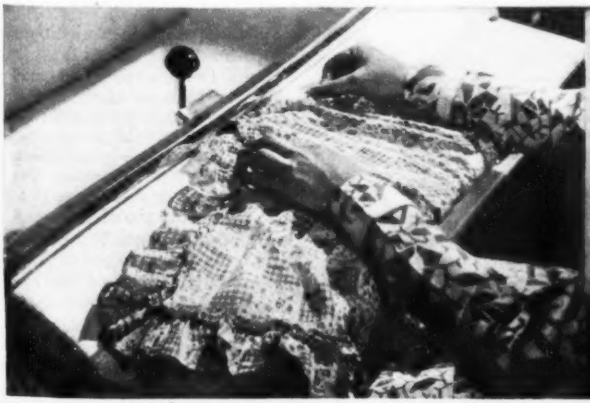
The *glass-curtains* come next in the scheme of clean windows. The best way of washing and drying them depends largely upon the material of which they are made. Cotton materials can usually be washed satisfactorily, but because of variety in the weave or twist of the threads, we frequently meet with shrinking and sometimes stretching of the material. In all cases, take careful measurement of the curtains before cleaning. Then, if curtain stretchers are used, or if the curtains are pinned fast to sheets on the floor, they can be stretched to the proper width and length. For some time now at the Institute we have used a method of drying curtains that we find satisfactory. Hang one half of the curtain on the rod as we have illustrated and put an extra piece of metal rod through the bottom hem, so there is weight enough to stretch the fabric taut. If the curtain is hung as soon as it is partly dry, it (*Continued on page 296*)

Bright, sparkling window panes, spotless glass-curtains, and clean, fresh draperies make any window a joy to passers-by

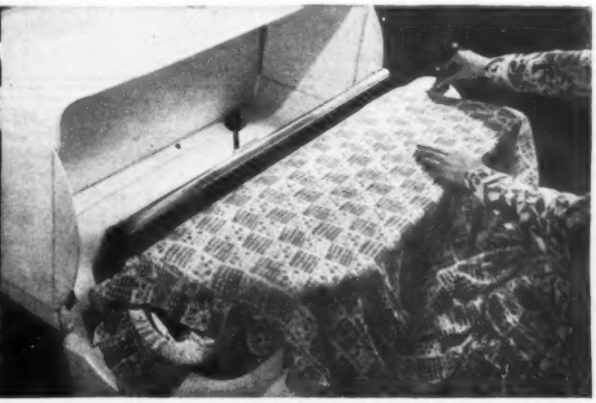


This is an ingenious method of drying curtains so they will be straight and even. Run a metal rod through the hem

Simple ruffled curtains can be ironed perfectly on an ironing machine thus saving time and labor. The ruffle is ironed first



After ironing the ruffle, lay the curtain flat over the roll, allowing the ruffle to hang over the open end of the ironer



LET'S HAVE PIE

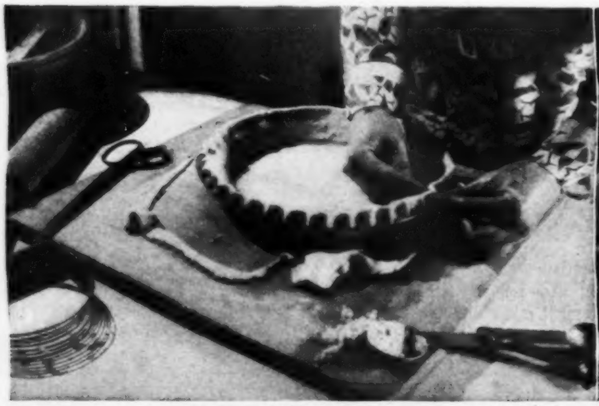
By

Dorothy B. Marsh

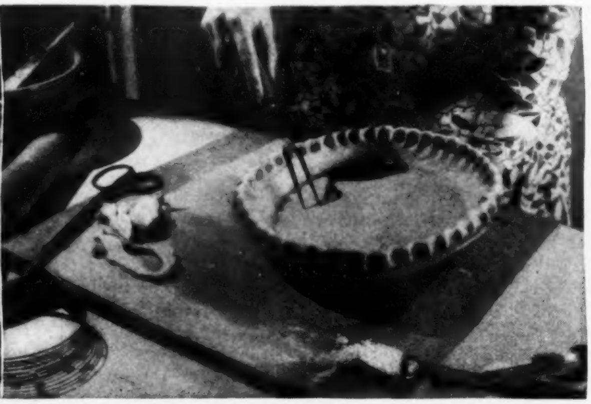
Of the Institute Staff

Photographs by H. I. Williams

As a first step in making Custard Fruit Pie, fit the pastry loosely to the pie plate



Then flute this double fold of pastry, as described in the text



Prick the pastry shell well to allow steam to escape in baking

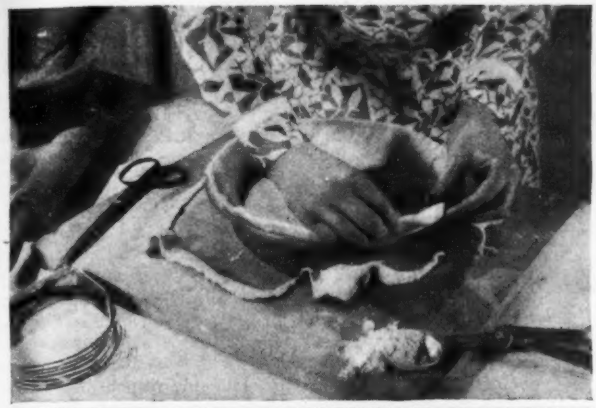
When the custard pie is cool, top it with a generous layer of sweetened strawberries

THE season for fresh berry and fruit pies is so short that we must make the most of it while it lasts. Strawberries, blueberries, raspberries, blackberries, and others—what luscious pie fillings they provide—what flaky, golden, juicy pies they make!

In more than twenty years of service to housekeepers Good Housekeeping Institute has experimented with many different kinds of flours in making pies—pies—always more pies! Although we find all-purpose flour satisfactory for pie crust, yet the soft wheat flours and cake flours now on the market give a particularly tender, flaky crust, due in part to the fineness and delicate gluten content of this type of flour. We have worked with different shortenings, too, and find that pastry made with a hardened shortening is light and flaky, while that made with a liquid fat such as oil has a tender, crumbly texture.

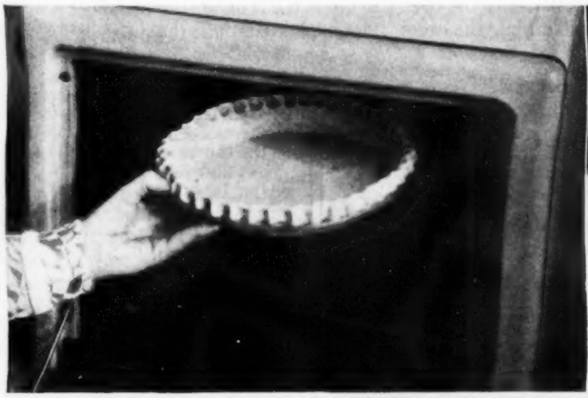
And now for Good Housekeeping Institute's method of making pastry. Sift the flour once before measuring. Then measure 2 cupfuls; add ¾ teaspoonful of salt, and ½ teaspoonful of tartrate or phosphate baking powder, or ¼ teaspoonful of aluminum baking powder, and sift again. Measure ⅔ cupful shortening and cut it into the flour until the mixture looks like granular meal. The Institute likes to use one of the pastry blenders for this step—it is so easy to work with and keeps the pastry cool. Then add about 6 tablespoonfuls of cold water, a little at a time, until the pastry holds together without sticking. Too much water makes a tough, hard crust. Then, if there is time, wrap the pastry in wax, parchment, or transparent paper and chill. The dough will be much easier to handle for this period of chilling and is then ready to use. This recipe makes 1 nine-inch double-crust pie, 2 nine-inch pie shells, or about 16 tart shells.

The simplest of the one-crust fruit pies which we tested in the Institute kitchens has an uncooked filling. Roll out the pastry to ⅛ inch thickness, making it 1 inch larger than a 9-inch pie plate. Line the plate loosely with the pastry. Then fold back the edge of pastry all the way around and bring the double fold to an upright position—in so doing the cut edge is against the plate. Then "flute" this double fold of pastry as follows: Place the tip of the index finger of the right hand against the fold on the inside, so that it is between the tips of the thumb and index finger of the left hand, which are placed on the outside of the fold. Press firmly close to the pie plate with the thumb and index fingers of the left hand. Remove the fingers and continue the fluting around the entire rim of the pie. Prick the shell well to allow the



Next fold back the edge of the pastry and bring the double fold to an upright position

Juicy, Fruity Pies from the Early Season's Fruits and Berries



Bake the pastry shell in a hot oven of 500° F. for ten minutes

Then fill the baked shell with the custard mixture and bake

escape of steam and bake in a hot oven of 500° F. for 10 to 12 minutes. Meanwhile prepare 4 cupfuls of fresh strawberries cut in halves, whole raspberries, or sliced peaches. Sweeten to taste with powdered sugar and arrange in alternate layers with whipped cream in the baked pie shell. Or fill the shell with the sweetened fruit and top with whipped cream.

But how our engineers did enjoy testing the *Custard Fruit Pie*, which we made and then had photographed just as you see it here! We were proud of it, too, for not only did it have a tender, quivering custard, but a crust that was crisp and flaky. You ask our secret? We baked the crust before the custard mixture was poured in! And here is our recipe in detail: Line a pie plate with pastry having a fluted rim. Prick well and bake in a hot oven of 500° F. for 10 minutes. Meanwhile beat 3 eggs and add ½ cupful sugar, ⅛ teaspoonful salt, and 2 cupfuls of milk, or 1 cupful evaporated milk and 1 cupful of water. Turn into the baked pastry shell and bake in a slow oven of 350° F. for 30 minutes, or until a silver knife inserted in the center of the pie comes out clean. Remove and cool the pie. Then arrange 2 cupfuls of halved, sweetened strawberries or raspberries over the custard and top with 1 cupful of cream whipped and flavored with ½ teaspoonful vanilla extract.

As a last step garnish the pie with whipped cream, which may be sweetened, and serve

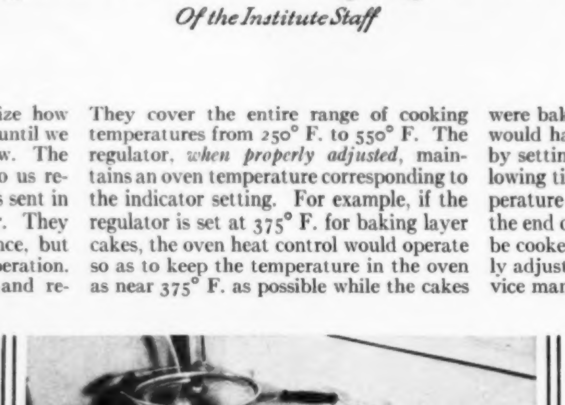
We found, too, that a *Cream Fruit Pie* was just as easily made. Line a pie plate with pastry having a fluted rim, prick well, and bake 10 minutes in a hot oven of 500° F. Meanwhile measure and combine ½ cupful flour, ½ cupful sugar, ⅛ teaspoonful salt, and ⅓ cupful milk. Add 1⅔ cupfuls scalded milk, while stirring constantly and cook in the top of a double-boiler for 15 minutes. Pour this mixture gradually over 3 beaten egg yolks while stirring. Return to the double-boiler and cook 3 minutes. Chill thoroughly, then pour into the baked pastry shell and top with 1½ cupfuls halved strawberries, raspberries, or sliced peaches sweetened to taste. Top with 1 cupful cream whipped. Or top with a meringue made from the 3 egg whites and 6 tablespoonfuls granulated sugar, and bake in a slow oven of 300° F. for 15 min.

And just a word about meringues. We are often asked by Good Housekeeping readers to explain the cause of watery meringues. This may be due to not beating the egg whites sufficiently, to adding the sugar too quickly, or to baking the meringue in too hot an oven. Do not use your broiler oven for browning a meringue—the outside of the meringue crusts over and the meringue will be watery. The best way is to beat the (*Continued on page 325*)

GAS RANGES
Improved and Approved

By
B. Lawson Miller and J. L. Henderson
Of the Institute Staff

SOMETIMES we do not realize how much progress has been made until we see the old along with the new. The truth of this was brought home to us recently when we had two gas ranges sent in for test by the same manufacturer. They were similar in outward appearance, but different in construction and operation. The one had the improvements and refinements that it is possible to get in a gas range. The other did not. In testing these ranges we realized how far manufacturers have gone in their efforts to provide equipment from which good results may be obtained with less effort on the part of the user. To-day we can buy a range that has such features as an oven heat control, an insulated oven, a broiler designed for safety in use and in ease of cleaning, a cabinet base for storage, a compartment for warming dishes, safety cocks, and the concealing of all bolts and pipes. One also has a choice of an open or closed cooking top. It may not be possible to obtain all these features in one range. It is only by considering all of them, and deciding which are most important, that you can select a gas range that best meets your own needs. Good Housekeeping Institute can not make the decision for you, but it can offer you its list of tested and approved ranges as a buying guide. Every range on this list has been thoroughly tested and has been found to give satisfactory service. From it you can select one to meet your own particular needs.



A range with a closed top allows grouping of utensils so as to utilize stored-up heat to keep foods hot until ready to serve

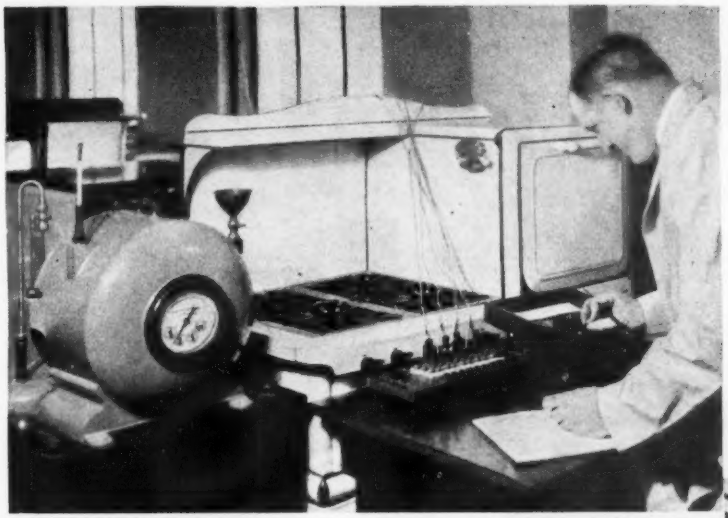
The warming closet shown above is keeping food and dishes warm for this combination top-stove and oven meal

The *oven heat control* is a device which automatically maintains any desired oven temperature. The indicator or dial is conveniently located on the side of the range. This dial has graduations on it which are marked in degrees Fahrenheit. They cover the entire range of cooking temperatures from 250° F. to 550° F. The regulator, *when properly adjusted*, maintains an oven temperature corresponding to the indicator setting. For example, if the regulator is set at 375° F. for baking layer cakes, the oven heat control would operate so as to keep the temperature in the oven as near 375° F. as possible while the cakes were baking. The only responsibility you would have would be to preheat the oven by setting the regulator at 375° F. and allowing time for the oven to reach this temperature before the cakes were put in. At the end of the cooking period the cakes will be cooked if the regulator has been properly adjusted. This should be done by a service man at the time the range is installed and *should not be tampered with.*

With a range not having an oven heat control an oven thermometer can be placed in the center of the oven and the gas flow regulated by hand, so that the desired temperature may be obtained. Of course, this means that you must do this yourself, and you will probably realize the great convenience of a device which does this automatically.

It was predicted some time ago in these pages that gas ranges having *insulated ovens* would, within a few years, be the most common type of range. This prediction is already coming true, for a number of such ranges are now on the market.

We consider an insulated range one which has at least a one-inch layer of insulating material between the inner and outer oven walls. This insulation reduces the quantity of gas necessary to maintain any desired oven temperature and therefore results in lower temperatures of the outer oven walls. It is not possible to make any definite statement with respect to the percentage of gas saved. The quantity saved will depend upon both the length of time the oven is used and the temperature maintained in the oven. The lower temperatures of the outer walls in an insulated range as compared to the temperatures of the outer walls in a non-insulated range were shown



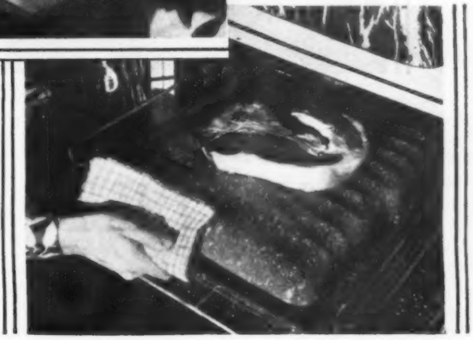
Ranges approved by Good Housekeeping Institute must pass a series of rigid technical as well as practical baking tests

strikingly in a series of tests conducted here at Good Housekeeping Institute. With a temperature of 450° F. maintained in ovens of each type, the average temperature of the outer walls was 130° F. for insulated ranges and 240° F. for non-insulated ranges. This means a lower kitchen temperature when the oven of an insulated range is in use. In the ranges which we have approved we have had equally satisfactory baking results in both insulated and non-insulated ranges. Our results do not indicate that there is any less shrinkage of meats cooked in an insulated range than in a non-insulated range.

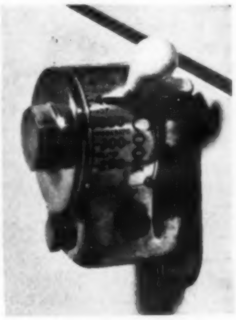
Tests made on every gas range at Good Housekeeping Insitute include the use of the *broiler oven.* Particular attention is paid to the depth of the broiler pan, the height of the rack, and placement of the broiler oven rack supports. In order to broil satisfactorily, the meat must be near the flame. If the broiler pan has been designed so that there is not sufficient distance between the flame and the bottom of the pan, the fat which cooks out of the meat will smoke excessively and is even likely to catch on fire. We are constantly making recommendations to range manufacturers to design the broiler pan in such a way that smoke and danger of fat fires are minimized, and it is gratifying to find on the market now broiler pans designed so as to carry the fat away from the source of heat, thereby reducing the possibility of fat fires. Some of these have safety racks with stops to prevent their being pulled entirely out of the oven rack support.

Many of our readers have told us that they are able to overcome the smoke which so often results from broiling by placing water in the broiling pan. While this reduces the amount of smoke, we feel that the broiling is not satisfactory, for it is impossible to get the same appetizing flavor and appearance when meat is broiled in the presence of moisture. In addition this method is apt to increase the danger of a fat fire, for the fat floats on top of the water, thus bringing it in closer contact with the flames. We believe this difficulty should be overcome by a more careful designing of the broiler pan. We are looking forward to the time when every range will be equipped with some type of safety rack and a non-smoke broiler.

Our standard procedure for broiling calls for preheating the broiler oven with the broiler pan in place for ten minutes before putting in the meat. If, when using an oven having a heat regulator, you find that the gas flame cuts down before the broiling is completed, open the *oven* door. In some insulated ranges we have found it advisable to eliminate the preheating period and to place the meat in a cold oven. For broiling a steak cut one and one-half inches thick and weighing about two pounds, the procedure *(Continued on page 232)*



This broiler and rack are excellently designed for safety in broiling. Stops prevent pulling broiler rack entirely out of the oven—fat runs into groove around the pan



An oven heat control insures consistent results when cooking by time and temperature

If your oven does not have a heat regulator, check the temperature by means of a portable oven thermometer

TWO COMPLETELY REVISED BULLETINS

A.B.C. of Electricity	25c
House Wiring and Lighting for Service	25c

OTHER BULLETINS YOU WILL WANT

Convenient Kitchens	25c	Pies and Pastry	25c
Easy Methods of Cleaning (new)	25c	Salads and Salad Dressing (new)	25c
Refrigeration the Year Round	15c	Time and Temperature Cooking Chart	25c
Full-Flavored Vegetables	25c	Home Laundering Up-to-Date	15c

Address Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57 Street at Eighth Avenue,
New York, N. Y. See page 238 for many other Institute bulletins

Tested and Approved
by
Good Housekeeping
Institute
Conducted by
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

A glimpse of a part of the Institute laboratories where we do the testing on which our approval of household equipment is based

"TESTED and APPROVED"

What the Institute Seal of Approval Means

By George W. Alder *Consulting Engineer Of the Institute*

EACH and every day at the Institute we are testing the many and varied types of devices, appliances, utensils, and equipment that progressive women use in keeping house. We do this to establish for our readers lists of products which will give satisfactory service and prove good investments.

We use every device or appliance in our kitchens and laundries just as you would use it in your home, and as this part of our testing is done by women, they have the same viewpoint that you have, and the same requirements and demands as yours when you are selecting household equipment.

In addition to this everyday use we make technical tests conducted by engineers. Is the device or appliance efficient in use of fuel or power? Are the mechanical parts well designed? Are the materials of which the product is made suited to the purpose, and is the workmanship good? All these things must be considered, and the answer must be *yes* before our approval is given and the product listed by us for your guidance in purchasing. You will be interested to know that one-third of the products we test fail to meet our requirements and are disapproved. Many manufacturers, however, immediately make changes in their disapproved products to correct the deficiencies. The improved products are then resubmitted to us for new tests.

What, in a few words, does our approval mean? Just this: After thorough and careful tests, made from the viewpoint of both the user and the engineer, it is our conclusion that the product tested will do efficiently the work for which it is intended, and is well made so as to give good service if properly used and cared for.

Perhaps you have never stopped to consider it, but the testing work that we do at the Institute is expensive. However, because we are working in your interests we carry on our testing solely through the support of Good Housekeeping, and no payment of any kind is made by the manufacturers whose products we test. Our service is free to any manufacturer. Of course, his product must come within our scope which, broadly speaking, includes the devices, utensils and equipment women use in doing housework. We require also that he be established and have his product on sale with reasonable distribution in the United States so that you may be able to purchase it readily. Please keep in mind that when we approve a product it is entirely because we believe it meritorious. The manufacturer can not secure our approval in any other way than by submitting his product for test and leaving the decision to our judgment. Our approval is impartial and unprejudiced—and it can not be bought.

In our testing of products of the same type, all are treated alike. When we have reached a decision, there is no thought of designating one product as better than another, or of promoting the interest of any one manufacturer as against another. We say this because every now and then we receive letters from women telling us of their experience with salesmen who have left the impression that our approval was given only to the product the salesman was attempting to sell, or that we have rated his product as the best. Such statements are far from the facts. We do not rate devices comparatively; they either meet our standards and are approved, or they do not and are disapproved.

You are all familiar with the seal of approval of Good Housekeeping Institute that appears on this page. The manufacturer whose product is approved by us is given a certificate good for one year, and during that time he is licensed to place the seal on the product or in the literature and advertising material concerning it. This privilege is given to him so that he can carry to you in an authentic way the message that his product has successfully passed our exacting tests. As an identification and a safeguard, a serial number is assigned each manufacturer, and this you will find on the seal in the space opposite the words "Serial No."

We have had letters from some women who, because they have seen our seal on a product, have believed that we either manufactured or sold the product. These women could not have been readers of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, for you all know that we do not manufacture or sell any merchandise. Incidentally, you will be interested in hearing about a letter we received recently. The writer told us that a salesman had come to her house with a certain product, claiming that he was employed by us. He stated that he had taken a course of instruction at the Institute under the personal supervision of our Director. Of course, his story was not true. And as the woman to whom he was telling it understands our procedure, he did not succeed in his deception. Naturally, we took this matter up with his employers.

A SPRING BREAKFAST PARTY

By Helen Powell Schauffler

THE day of time-saving is upon us! Whether or not we actually need all this precious time which we rush about saving is a moot question. One can not but wonder whether we might not become a trifle bored with long stretches of the time we save, or think we save, spread out ahead of us.

Be that as it may, all of us, as hostesses, are infected with the prevalent enthusiasm for saving time. Luncheon must be served on the stroke of one so that the bridge players may leave in time for a tea, or so that they may be home to meet their children coming from school. Dinner must be served the minute the last commuter enters the house, in order that the evening's entertainment may be over and done with in time for the guests to get home and to bed, in time to get up and be at it all over again! The hostess who can somehow achieve a leisurely informality in the midst of all of this be-scheduled rushing is by way of becoming a lady of distinction.

Those of us who long to establish this unhurried atmosphere at even our simplest parties would do well to look into the possibilities of entertaining now and then at a breakfast party, especially during the spring and summer months. By a breakfast party I do not mean a stately function where all hands sit down at once to a formally laid table not later than nine. I refer to a charmingly informal repast served to guests who arrive not earlier than eleven or even twelve. The scene will not be laid in the dining-room but before the living-room fire, or, better still, on a spacious sun-porch or under a friendly apple tree, where the company may linger long and conversationally over its coffee cups and draw a few relaxed breaths.

From the point of view of the person who is giving the party the advantages are numerous. First of all, you are doing something new and different. Moreover, the expense of entertaining as many as eight people at a carefully planned and executed breakfast is considerably under the amount required to serve a luncheon or dinner. A breakfast should have but two, and at most three courses, unless we count coffee as a separate course. And since less food is required, correspondingly less equipment is needed, and your own labors are proportionately lightened.

Of course, the ideal time to stage a breakfast party is on a sunny Sunday or holiday morning. If you are entertaining week-end guests and they must depart, (*Continued on page 138*)

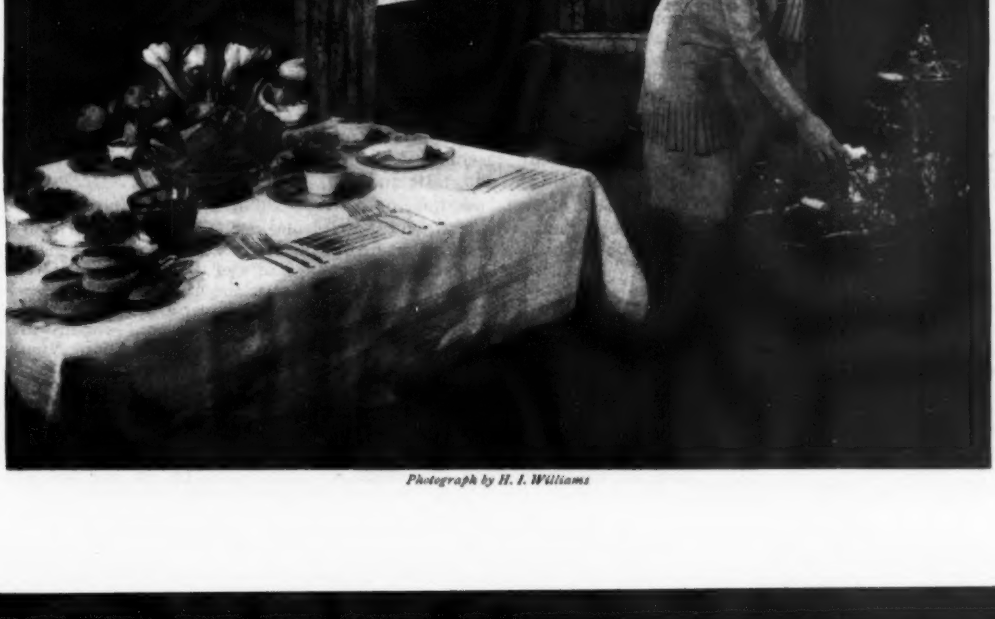
MENUS FOR A BREAKFAST PARTY

Fresh Native Unhulled Strawberries with Powdered Sugar
Scrambled Eggs in Popovers Kidney Rolls
Buttered Toast
Coffee with Sugar and Cream

Red Raspberries and Sliced Bananas with Dry Cereal and Cream
Spoon Bread Pigs in White Blankets
Corn Crisps
Coffee with Sugar and Cream

Honey-Ball Halves Filled with Blackberries—Powdered Sugar
Braised Creamed Kidneys in Ramekins
Crumpets Buttered and Toasted—Marmalade
Coffee with Sugar and Cream

Chilled Orange and Raspberry Juice
Creamed Ham and Eggs on Waffles or Toast
Puffy Muffins Strawberry Jam
Coffee with Sugar and Cream



A breakfast party suggests a charmingly informal repast for spring and summer months

Photograph by H. I. Williams

MAY MEALS

The Institute has Planned For You

By

Demetria M. Taylor

Of the Institute Staff

Photographs by H. I. Williams

Working out a new recipe for your Wednesday night dinner in one of our Institute kitchens

Here is the finished dish, a Casserole of Green Peas and Asparagus, with a fluffy mashed potato crust, as it came from our oven

PERHAPS the spring of the year is the hardest time of all to plan menus! There is such an insistent call from the out-of-doors these first warm days, that in spite of the fact that the market abounds with good things to eat, we are bored with the idea of transforming them into menus. Yes, even in spite of such seasonable delicacies as strawberries, green peas, asparagus, fresh pineapple, cucumbers, and crisp radishes!

For this reason the Institute comes to your rescue once more! Our kitchens have hummed with activity as recipes have been tested and menus built. Then, of course, these meals have been served to our tasting staff, for criticism or approval. And so, at last, they come to you, ready to be served "as is" or, if necessary, adapted to the needs of your family.

Many new and interesting foods are constantly being brought to our attention, and of course we wish to pass this information on to you. In working out recipes for your May meals, therefore, we have included some of the newer food products, as well as the seasonable fresh foods mentioned above. For example, canned cooked rice, now on the market, is a splendid time saver and might well be added to your emergency shelf. Canned tomato sauce makes the preparation of many dishes much easier. Canned meats in variety are on your grocer's shelves—ham, chicken, spiced luncheon meats—what better for the main course at dinner, or for a delectable Sunday night supper?

We have been working with chili powder recently and have discovered what a versatile seasoning it is. Keep it among your spices and seasonings and experiment with it yourself. It will add a new and zestful touch to old recipes. We are great believers in judicial seasoning here at the Institute, and when we are preparing a new recipe we keep many seasonings at hand on a tray. We taste and add, taste and add, keeping track of every addition, until we achieve perfection. We are convinced that a good cook must be a good taster, first of all! If you have ever invented and perfected a new recipe, you will know how long it takes. It really means turning your kitchen into a laboratory!

New devices that help to save a housekeeper's time are always welcome. A peasheller, illustrated in action on this page, is one of them. A rice-ball, which saves using a colander and perhaps wasting rice, is another. If not every one in your family takes coffee in the morning, the new device which makes one or two cups by the drip method is sure to interest you, since it will save coffee and assure delicious results. A sturdy egg-beater that is really efficient spares your nerves and finds many uses, and a capacious fruit-juice reamer in attractive colored glass is helpful. All these are illustrated on the next page.

Now let's get back to your May meals. Good management is just as necessary as good recipes in achieving a perfect meal. The better you manage, the more leisure is yours. Sunday should be a day of rest for the housekeeper as well as for her family, and we have planned Sunday's meals with this in mind. If the dry ingredients for the Sunday Morning Coffee Cake are measured and the shortening and sugar creamed the night before, it is only a matter of minutes to combine the ingredients and whisk it in the oven. Or you may buy a coffee cake if you prefer. After breakfast shell the peas, prepare the salad materials, make the French dressing, open the cans of ham and rice, and after church your meal will be ready in half an hour. (We assume that this week you will buy the ice-cream.) Let the boys and girls in the family get the supper. The sandwiches are easy to make, and they will love to prepare them.

On Monday use up the left-over ham and rice in a delicious luncheon dish.

Early Tuesday morning make the jellied salad and prepare the biscuit mixture all but adding the liquid. The stew for dinner simmers over low heat while you do your morning work, and is ready to reheat for dinner when you make the dumplings. The dessert for dinner may be purchased, if you wish.

Wednesday's dinner main dish (and it is a delicious one!) may be completely prepared in the morning except for its potato crust, and set in the refrigerator until baking time. Prepare the Pineapple Mint Cup and set it to chill. Since the rest of the luncheon comes out of the can and package, you should have time on Wednesday for recreation or for all the little things that accumulate so quickly!

On Thursday bake the pie in the morning and reheat it in the oven while you are broiling the steak. Prepare the omelet ingredients and the dinner vegetables in the morning, too. Plan for enough potatoes for Friday's dinner.

Friday morning make the dinner dessert and set away to chill. Form the left-over mashed potato into cakes and set them in the refrigerator also. Bake the layer cake for lunch, or buy it if you wish.

The dry ingredients for the Canton gingerbread can be mixed on Saturday morning, and it will be easy to combine them with the rest of the ingredients just in time to serve the gingerbread hot for dinner.

New devices that save a housekeeper's time are always welcome. Here are the ones described in this article

The following recipes accompany the menus in the box on this page:

Sunday Morning Coffee Cake: Cream ¼ cupful of shortening and 1 cupful of sugar together. Add the well-beaten yolks of 2 eggs. Sift together 1¼ cupfuls of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of tartrate or phosphate baking powder or 1 teaspoonful of aluminum baking powder, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Add this mixture alternately with ½ cupful of milk to the egg mixture. Fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of the eggs. Pour into a well-greased baking pan and sprinkle the top with ¼ cupful of sugar and ½ teaspoonful of cinnamon mixed. Top with pecan meats if desired. Bake in a moderate oven of 375° F. for thirty minutes. Serves six. Try this for afternoon tea sometime!

New Style Toasted Cheese Sandwiches: Put two shelled hard-cooked eggs, 3 pimientoes, ¾ lb. American cheese, and ½ small onion through a food-chopper. Add ½ teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of red pepper. Meanwhile combine 1 tablespoonful each of butter, sugar and flour, 2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and ½ cupful of cream in the top of a double-boiler and cook until thickened. Cool and pour over cheese mixture. Spread on buttered bread in sandwich form and toast.

Ham and Rice Custard: Cook ½ green pepper, chopped and 2 slices onion in 4 tablespoonfuls fat until light brown. Remove the onion, put in 1 cupful ground, cooked ham, and sauté until golden brown. Add 1 cupful cooked rice, 1 cupful milk, 1 teaspoonful salt, and 2 well-beaten eggs. Turn into a greased baking dish and bake in a moderate oven of 350° F. until the top is lightly browned—about 30 minutes. This recipe serves four to six persons.

Spring Fruit Salad: Arrange a slice of fresh pineapple on crisp lettuce for each serving. For 6 servings peel 2 medium-sized bananas, cut into thin slices, and cover with ⅓ cupful of lemon juice. Let stand 5 minutes; drain, arrange around edge of pineapple slice. Stem 2 cupfuls strawberries and arrange some in the center of each pineapple slice. Serve with a mixture of half mayonnaise and half whipped cream folded together.

Jellied Spring Salad: Dissolve 1 package of lemon-flavored gelatine in 1 cupful boiling water. Add 1 cupful ice water, 1 teaspoonful salt, and 1 teaspoonful of vinegar. When slightly thickened, stir in 1 cupful diced cucumbers, 1 cupful thinly sliced radishes, and 1 cupful diced, tender young onions. Turn into individual molds or one large mold. Chill until set. Serve garnished with watercress. Serves 6.

Casserole of Green Peas and Asparagus: Cut 6 slices of bacon in small pieces and brown in a skillet. Prepare 2 cupfuls well-seasoned thin white sauce. In a greased casserole arrange in alternate layers 1½ cupfuls fresh, cooked asparagus (1 bunch) cut in pieces, and 1½ cupfuls fresh, cooked peas. Add the browned bacon and 2 tablespoonfuls of bacon fat to the white sauce and pour it over the vegetables. Cover top with seasoned mashed potatoes and bake for twenty minutes at 400° F. Serves 6.

Shrimp Omelet: Beat 6 eggs slightly. Add 1 small can of cleaned, whole shrimp, ⅓ cupful blanched, coarsely chopped almonds, 6 tablespoonfuls

(*Continued on page 280*)

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Ready-to-Eat Cereal
with Strawberries and Cream
*Sunday Morning Coffee Cake
Hot Beverage or Milk

Dinner

Canned Whole Ham
Green Peas Buttered Canned Rice
Cucumber and Radish Salad—French Dressing
Brick Ice Cream

Supper

*New Style Toasted Cheese Sandwiches
Tea

MONDAY

Breakfast

Grapefruit Juice
Plain Omelet Buttered Toast
Hot Beverage or Milk

Luncheon

*Ham and Rice Custard
Buttered Beet Greens
Cherry Gelatine Cookies

Dinner

Mixed Grill of
Liver, Bacon and Tomatoes
*Spring Fruit Salad—Cream Mayonnaise

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Sliced Valencia Oranges
Scrambled Eggs with Dried Beef
Whole Wheat Toast
Hot Beverage or Milk

Luncheon

*Jellied Spring Salad
Hot Cheese Biscuits
Milk

Dinner

Beef Stew with Vegetables and Dumplings
(See Good Housekeeping for Feb. 1930)
Hearts of Lettuce—French Dressing
Orange Ice Chocolate Cookies

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Grapejuice
Toasted English Muffins—Raspberry Jam
Hot Beverage or Milk

Luncheon

Italian Spaghetti
Bread Sticks
Pineapple Mint Cup Milk

Dinner

*Casserole of Green Peas and Asparagus
Tomato Slices in French Dressing
Crackers and Cheese
Coffee

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Grapefruit Sections
Toasted Bacon Rolls

Luncheon

*Shrimp Omelet
*Browned Rice *Brown Sauce
Milk Strawberries

Dinner

Minute Steak
String Beans Mashed Potatoes
Rhubarb Pie Coffee

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Canned Pineapple Juice (unsweetened)
Ready-to-Eat Cereal
Poached Eggs on Toast
Hot Beverage or Milk

Luncheon

Grapefruit Fig Salad
*Chili Crackers
Layer Cake Tea

Dinner

*Fish Fillets with Tomato and Olive Sauce
Summer Squash Sautéed Potato Cakes
Chocolate Cream Pudding
Arrowroot Wafers

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Tomato Juice Cocktail
Crisp Bacon
Melba Toast Orange Marmalade
Coffee

Luncheon

*Creamed Eggs with Chili and Rice
Cherries Tea

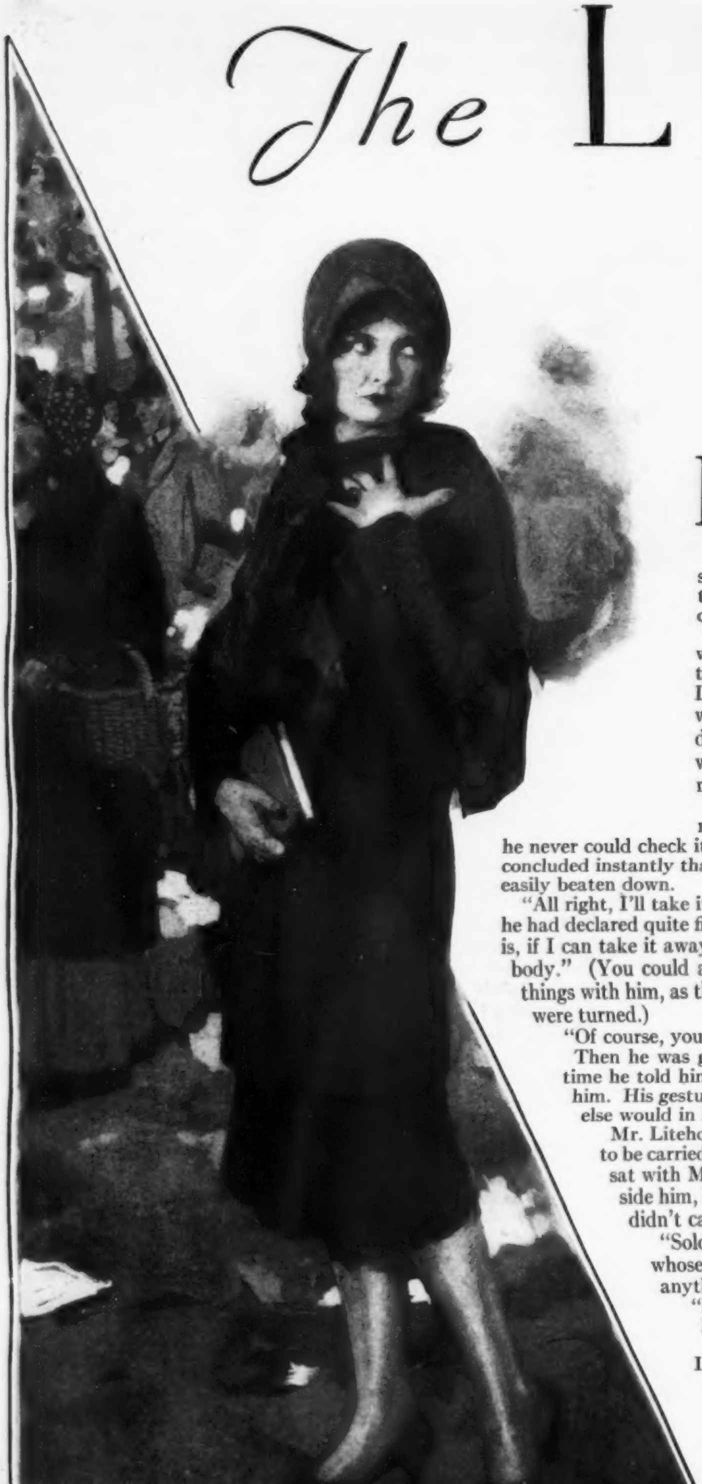
Dinner

Spiced Canned Meat
Buttered Asparagus on Toast
Cabbage and Green Pepper Relish
*Canton Gingerbread—Whipped Cream
Coffee

*Recipes given in text.

The LILAC

Coming Events Cast Their Perfume Before



"I'll write a line, saying how I feel. I'll settle it tonight." And she was gone, without a pressure of the hand, without another word

FREDERICK ANSTEY moved the Rodin Balzac a little, so that the light of the spring evening should catch the strong curve of the nose and the high, broad lines of the forehead.

"Marvellous!" he murmured, as though he had never seen it before. "And he put a lot of extra work into this one. In fact, there's not one of them alike. The one Mr. Bernard Shaw has—"

"Yes," said Mr. Litehouse cautiously. "If only it weren't so like Lloyd-George! I should never be able to get it out of my head. 'Why, it's the image of Lloyd-George,' was the very first thing my wife said when she came in to see it yesterday. And you can't deny . . . Two hundred guineas did you say?" he asked with sudden suspicion, as though Frederick Anstey might have forgotten what he *had* said.

"Two hundred," said Frederick, smiling his round, rubicund smile that was, he knew, bad for business, but he never could check it. Bad for business because when a customer saw it he concluded instantly that Frederick was a creature of no stamina and could be easily beaten down.

"All right, I'll take it," said Mr. Litehouse suddenly. (Five minutes before he had declared quite firmly that nothing would induce him to buy it.) "That is, if I can take it away now in my car—at once. I want to show it to somebody." (You could always tell a true collector by his insistence in taking things with him, as though the object would disappear the moment his back were turned.)

"Of course, you can," said Frederick, his whole body smiling now.

Then he was grave and sincere. It wouldn't do (for the hundredth time he told himself) to look as though selling the Balzac had pleased him. His gesture must be that if Mr. Litehouse didn't buy it some one else would in half a minute!

Mr. Litehouse wouldn't allow it to be wrapped up. He ordered it to be carried at once into his car, and there, on the back seat, Balzac sat with Mr. Litehouse's bony and beautifully dressed person beside him, looking out on to the busy London streets as though he didn't care a continental.

"Sold the Balzac," Frederick said carelessly to Pecking, whose attitude always was that no one save himself could sell anything.

"Litehouse?" asked Pecking.

Frederick nodded.

"Too good for him. Still he's got some fine things. It's only snobbery, of course. Doesn't know one thing from another."

"Lucky for us," said Frederick laughing.

"You look cheerful," said Pecking resentfully. "Come into a fortune?"

"No," said Frederick. "Unless it's the spring weather."

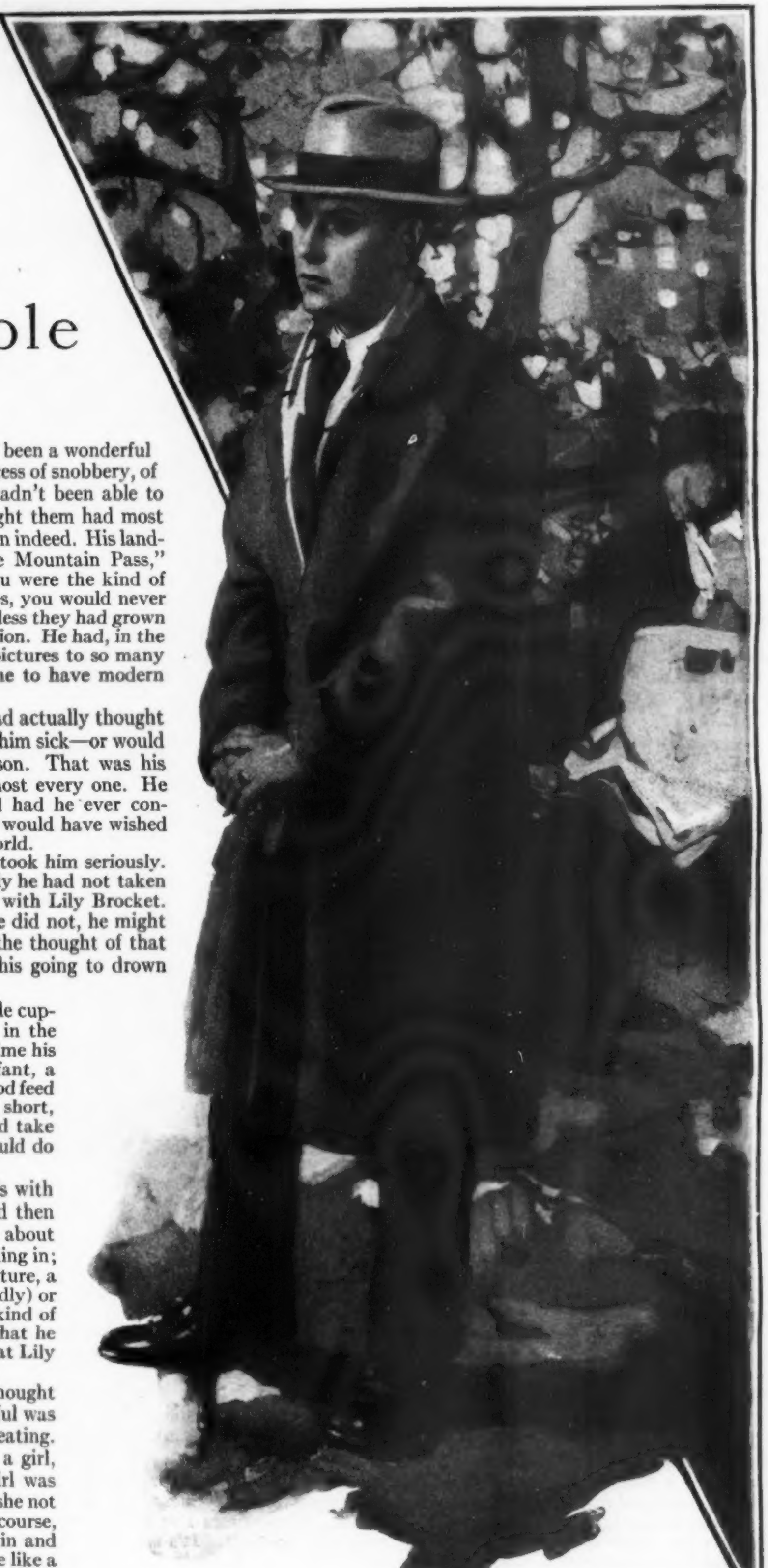
He knew that it was not, or at least only a little. It had been a wonderful day, and now the evening was lovely, but he regarded the selling of the Balzac as an omen. And he needed good omens, for in a quarter of an hour's time he was going to ask Lily Brocket to marry him. Everything helped. The Balzac helped. The spring evening helped. And if she refused him, nothing would be of any use at all!

He went into the farther room where the Zzierzcky pictures hung. This was

Illustrated
By
Joseph M. Clement

By

Hugh Walpole



He looked after her, tears in his eyes. He didn't know what to think, but he was hopeful—more hopeful than he had ever been before

the first Zzierzcky show in London, and it had been a wonderful success. Nearly every picture had sold. A success of snobbery, of course. The people who liked the pictures hadn't been able to afford to buy them; the people who had bought them had most certainly not liked them. Zzierzcky was modern indeed. His landscapes were entitled "Pond in Snow," "The Mountain Pass," "Winter Sunlight," and so on, but unless you were the kind of person who was ready for anything in pictures, you would never guess what the pictures were about. Nevertheless they had grown on Frederick during the month of their exhibition. He had, in the last three years, explained so many modern pictures to so many stupid and reluctant people that he had come to have modern tastes himself.

When he had come first to the Gallery he had actually thought Dawson a good painter! Now Dawson made him sick—or would have, had he not a kindly feeling for Dawson. That was his trouble, that he had a kindly feeling for almost every one. He was a modest, kind-hearted little man, and had he ever considered what he was (which he never did) he would have wished fervently that he was anything else in the world.

But that was his trouble, that no one ever took him seriously. It had not been a real trouble (because formerly he had not taken himself seriously) until he had fallen in love with Lily Brocket. He wanted her to take him seriously. If she did not, he might as well go and drown himself. And then at the thought of that he couldn't help but smile. The picture of his going to drown himself was so absurd.

While he was washing his hands in the little cupboard off the passage and peering at himself in the glass, he hated for the hundred-thousandth time his round, rosy face. It was the face of an infant, a good-natured infant who had just enjoyed a good feed from its bottle! And his body, too, round and short, thick in the leg, short in the arm. Who could take seriously such a body? The only thing he could do with it was to keep it clean and neat.

He shrugged his shoulders, wiped his hands with a kind of careful ceremony on the towel, and then forgot about himself. He never could think about himself for long. Something would keep breaking in; a joke or a meal, a pretty girl, or selling a picture, a game of golf (which he enjoyed and played badly) or meeting a friend. He was an ordinary, dull kind of fellow like thousands of others. That was what he thought of himself. He *could* not imagine what Lily saw in him.

But perhaps she saw nothing at all. This thought came to him as he put on his overcoat; so awful was it that for a moment his heart stopped beating. When it came to it, you could not tell with a girl, could you? You could never tell what a girl was thinking. Were she really fond of him, would she not have married him a year ago? There was, of course, her old father, that ridiculous old man of skin and bone with his greed and rheumatism and voice like a mouse in the wainscot.

She said that she couldn't leave him, but couldn't she? Ah, that was the question. Wouldn't she leave him if she really loved Frederick? How was Frederick to tell?

No, all he knew about it was that he adored her, could not live without her. That was a hackneyed old phrase, but in his case it was real and authentic. In spite of his chubby face and passion for seeing the cheerful side of everything, if Lily married some one else—that ridiculous tobacconist, for instance—he, Frederick, would decline and die—and no one in the whole world would care a half-penny!

Lord, what melancholy thoughts for so lovely an evening! He was walking up Duke Street, and every shop was a little magic of fire and splendor, and overhead the sky swam in a mist of blue and silver light. People did not look at the sky enough in London. They walked with their noses straight in front of them or hurried like nervous rabbits or talked to their friends.

But it might be that he himself would not now have looked at the sky had it not been for his love of Lily. But spring was in the air and pushing up through the very pavement. You could almost, were your fancy poetic enough, detect violets in the corners of the gray stone and primroses clustered in the doorways.

Five minutes later he was thinking of nothing but Lily. She was waiting for him at the corner of the Green Park, the entrance near the Ritz corner, and they moved away down the park in the direction of Buckingham Palace, at first not speaking.

"What a lovely evening!" she said softly.

She was herself lovely in her little gray hat and silver-gray coat with her rosy cheeks, black, black eyes, and her way of moving as though she loved the world and couldn't have enough of it.

Some one had given her a bunch of primroses. She had pinned them into her coat. He was instantly jealous.

"Who gave you those primroses?" he asked huskily.

"Never *you* mind," she answered him, laughing. And then, lest she should have hurt him, she added hastily: "It was old Mr. Deering. He's always doing something kind."

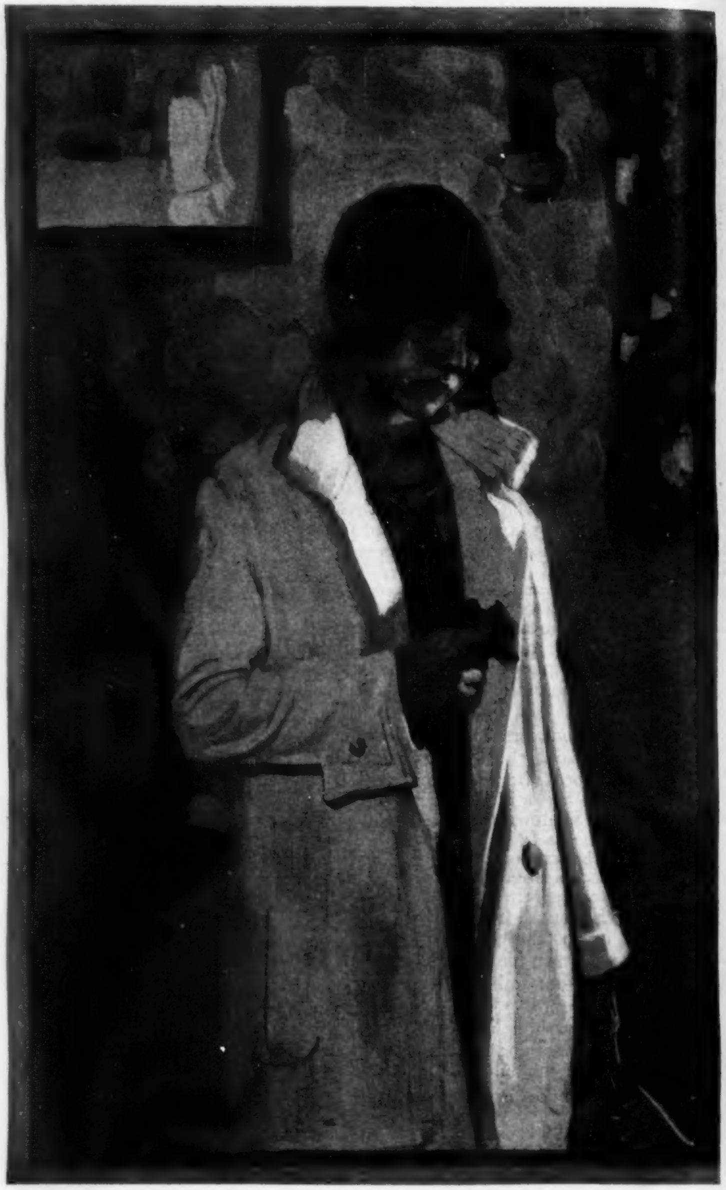
"Oh, is he?" said Frederick scornfully. "Old man of his age. He ought to be thinking of the next world."

"Now, look here," she said, putting her hand on his arm; his body trembled at her touch. "Don't let's waste time talking of old nothings like Mr. Deering. We haven't got a minute. I oughtn't to have come really, but I knew you'd be so disappointed. Aunt Clara's turned up unexpectedly from Brighton. There's no one in the house but father, and he's got one of his toothaches. I've simply got to go straight back."

There was rage in Frederick's heart, passionate hatred of Aunt Clara, bitter disappointment, a sense that life had once again dealt him a knock-down blow, a physical pain about his heart, an impulse to rage at Lily like a maniac, tear her hat from her head, and trample on her bunch of primroses—and a surprising, incredible desire to break down and cry like a child.

She felt at once his bitter, desperate disappointment, pressed her hand into his arm, and in a voice more loving than any she had ever used to him before said:

"Fred dear—you're not more disappointed than I am. It's a rotten shame. I never dreamed of Aunt Clara's coming. It's just like her. It's our luck. I'm wretched about it."



"What does he want to tell me lies for?" she went on out, and he knows it." "Every one tells lies," whis

And she was! He knew at once that she meant what she said; he knew that she cared for him, and in that knowledge the filmy, silver sky, the dazzling, friendly lights, the dark, obscure trees danced and turned and danced again, and his eyes were dim.

"See here, Lily," he said, turning her toward him so that she looked into his eyes. "I love you. You know I do. I've loved you for two years, and now I love you so that it eats me up. It does truly. You've got to marry me. I've asked you before. Three times I've asked you, but never like to-night. It's so serious that I can't live . . . I can't live . . . if you don't . . ."

Her face was tender, maternal, gravely anxious as she looked at him. "Yes, Fred—I know . . . but there's father."

"Confound your father," he answered (and she saw that to-night there was something new in his face, something really desperate). "Isn't he seventy-six? Are our lives to be ruined for an old man like that? Isn't it a wicked thing for an old man to stop two people's lives?"

"But you don't understand."

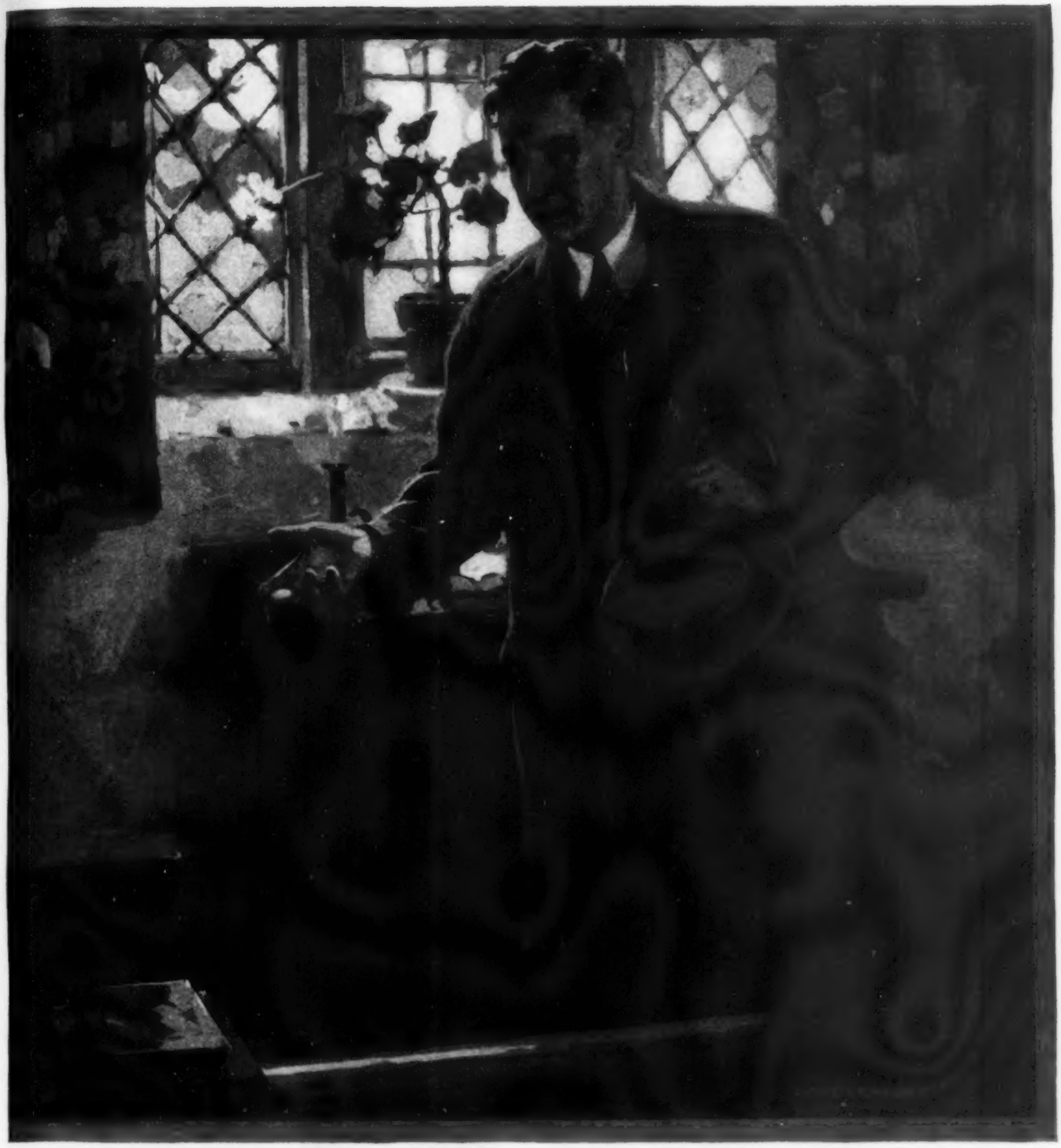
"I do understand, perfectly. You've told me again and again. And I tell you that if you're going to let your father interfere any longer, I'll never see you again after to-night. This is the last time. I can't stand it. It isn't fair."

"No, it isn't fair," she answered him frankly. "I've been thinking that for a long time. It isn't fair to you, and it isn't fair to me, really."

He felt an impulse of intense irritation and exasperation. "Well, then, if it isn't fair, it's got to be ended. Are you going to marry me?"

"But there's father."

"Father can come and live with us. I've told you so over and over again." He



in an agonized whisper. "I could stand anything but that. And such silly lies! He's always found pered Frederick. "One can't help it. And what does it matter when you know he loves you?"

looked at her, tears in his eyes. He saw everything—sky and trees and colored lights—in a trembling mist. "If you loved me," he said, his voice shaking, "you wouldn't have hesitated. I might have known. It's because you don't love me that you can talk about your father."

She shook her head, looking at him with great tenderness.

"It isn't so easy as that, Fred. It isn't indeed. But it isn't fair either . . . You're right there. I tell you what I'll do."

He looked at her with new hope. His eyes cleared. The park seemed suddenly to have a scent of flowers.

"I've got to go, but I'll write a line, telling you what I feel, and I'll send it along by Alfred to Garland Square. Before ten anyway. That's the best I can do, really it is, Fred."

"A note?" he said bewildered.

"Yes; saying how I feel. I'll settle it to-night. There are things I can say better in a letter. I'll send it by Alfred before ten . . . Good-by. I've got to run."

And she was gone, without a pressure of the hand, without another word, swallowed up by the park as though she had never been.

He stayed there, staring in front of him; then, after a minute or two, started on his way home. He didn't know what to think. No, but he was hopeful, more hopeful than he had ever been before. And whatever way it might go, to-night would settle it. Whatever way it might go!

At the thought that it might go the wrong way his body shrank within its clothes as though a giant hand were compressing it. Suppose she should say "No!" Oh, suppose . . . He was nearly killed by a car, a voice shouted at him, lights flashed and danced, he was on the farther pavement. A lucky escape; but if she refused him, he might as well be dead.

She didn't mean to, though. She wouldn't put him to all the agony of suspense, hours of it, if she meant to refuse him. But perhaps she thought that it would be kinder that way. Couldn't bear to hurt him by telling him . . . He walked on blindly, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, and before he knew anything about it he was at his door.

Garland Square is one of those little squares that have been dropped like pools of quiet and comfort here and there about London. They say that they are doomed; that modern traffic must drive them away. If that is true, then some of the most beautiful things in the world are doomed.

Garland Square is small, and its railed-in garden is like a green napkin laid out between the old dove-gray houses. Round the green square flowers blow according to the seasons,

(*Continued on page 221*)

Dr. Walter H. Eddy, nationally known authority on foods, and two assistants

OUR OWN FOUR WALLS

A Meeting Place for Good Housekeeping's Friends

THE DIET'S THE THING!

SCENE: A sunny laboratory in the Institute of Research at Columbia University. The walls are shelved with row upon row of the little wire homes of guinea pigs, pigeons, and white rats. With rise of curtain the conversation is general—and unintelligible, as at a tea party.

CHARACTERS: MR. POUTER, patriarch of the pigeon colony; MISS SEE HOW-THEY, belle of the pink-eyed white rats; MR. GUINEA, wealthy young pig-about-town; TOM, a black and white cat, custodian of the peace.

MR. POUTER—What are you rats working on these days?

MISS SEE HOW-THEY (*flicking her dainty whiskers aloofly*)—Our research is varied, my man. You wouldn't understand just what—

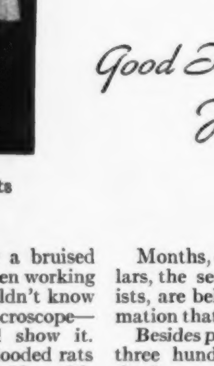
MR. POUTER (*inflating his vest with dignity*)—Don't "my-man" me, young lady! Don't think because your name's in the Rats' Social Register that your investigations are any bigger boon to science than ours. Why, I was on a basal diet before you began to learn your vitamin A, B, C's!

MR. GUINEA (*his nose agitated with disdain*)—You birds give me a pain in the dentine! Why don't you do your jobs without quarreling? Here I am experimenting quietly—and like a gentleman, I hope—with a condition that may affect all banana importation into the United States. Fifty million pounds of bananas are bruised at the wharves every year in unloading— You didn't know that, did you! No, and you don't care! But if banana flour, the by-product of those poor broken bananas, has the right nutritional factors, see what it means to babies, to the foodstuffs industry, to mothers, to—

MR. POUTER—To your old man! Don't cry in your whole wheat over a bruised banana! Haven't we pigeons been working for months on beri-beri! I wouldn't know a Vitamin B if I saw it in the microscope—supposing a microscope could show it. And there's that herd of blue-blooded rats living on fresh fruits and vegetables with their basal, or loafing in specially filtered sunlight—

MISS HOW-THEY—A crack at me, I suppose! You don't realize that we have been gathering important data for the public on ultra-violet rays. Sitting in front of special window glasses or lamps all winter to show that they can protect children from rickets is not my idea of loafing! Besides, take the pulp of squeezed fruit—

TOM, the tomcat (*ringing his neck bell for order*)—I can lick all three of you—and I want a little less chatter! Get down to your vitamins—or I'll let a gray rat get in here one of these days, and then where will your good breeding be!



Anne Shannon Monroe compels fathers to think

IF WE didn't understand animal Esperanto (a practically extinct tongue, in which fortunately we majored), the foregoing dialogue could not have been recorded. Rarely have we made a more fascinating pilgrimage into the adventurous land of science than we did the other day to the laboratories and their animal colonies under the direction of Dr. Walter H. Eddy at Teachers' College, Columbia University.

Dr. Eddy, it need not be said, is the director of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING'S Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health. Each month he brings to our readers the results of some phase of his investigations. Science is constantly uncovering new facts that vitally affect our everyday lives. But of what use is this knowledge if it isn't passed on to us in terms we can apply to ourselves?

Months, of experiment, thousands of dollars, the services of fifteen assistant chemists, are behind the simple practical information that Dr. Eddy gives us each month.

Besides pigs and pigeons, there were about three hundred rats in the breeding room the day we were there. They are thoroughbreds of their kind, carefully fed to maintain normal healthy growth and an equalized weight throughout an experimental group. Suppose it is claimed for a certain food that it will enrich our bodies with iron, for example. Take twenty of our white rat friends and see that there is no iron in their food. If a complete absence of iron brings on a certain sickness and the rats begin to show its recognized symptoms, then obviously the addition to their diet of the food rich in iron should cure the disease.

That, in a few words, is the general method of experiment. Dr. Eddy explains it in greater detail in his article concerning Vitamin C on page 102 of this issue.

During the war Dr. Eddy was a major in the Sanitary corps. He organized and headed the A.E.F's Division of Food and Nutrition. His home town is Brattleboro, Vermont, and his very first knowledge of nutrition and infant feeding began on August 26, 1877. His colleges were Amherst and Columbia, with the degrees of B.S., A.M., and Ph.D. For fourteen years he was head of the Department of Biology at the High School of Commerce in New York; he was associate in biochemistry at the College of Physicians and Surgeons for five years. For the last ten years he has been at Columbia University—as professor of physiological chemistry, Teachers' College, since 1922. His books include "The Vitamin Manual" and "Nutrition."

His record sounds almost forbiddingly

impressive. But he has never become so lost in the mazes of technical lore that he can't talk to people in their own terms. That's why his profound articles don't seem profound; and that in turn is why they are illuminating and valuable to Mr. and Mrs. Man-in-the-Street.

A SINGER IN THE RAIN

"MAY the readers of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING hope for an early appearance of Anne Shannon Monroe and her unequaled philosophy?" asks Martha E. Shulz of Buffalo, New York. Yes—next month, we're glad to report. Miss Monroe returns to these welcoming pages with thoughts that will make every father check up on himself; that may bring down upon his head the "I-told-you-so's" of his wife. Yet this vigorous writer doesn't irritate; she persuades.

She persuaded many thousands to read "Singing in the Rain," her stimulating collection of essays that appeared in this magazine more than five years ago. "That book goes right on selling," her publisher told us the other day. "It has eternal wisdom in it—brought down to earth."

Miss Monroe's great-grandfather, George Shannon, was the youngest member of the Lewis and Clarke Expedition, and she has done quite a lot of pioneering herself—into the difficult terrain of common sense . . . We have several more articles by her waiting for the light of printers' ink.

YOU KNOW "AL"

RING LARDNER'S name appears for the first time on our table of contents next month. Lardner sprang into fame as a humorist with the publication of his stories entitled "You Know Me, Al," fifteen years ago. Then all the first-water reputation-makers shook themselves by their coat lapels when his book "How to Write Short Stories" came out in 1924 and said to one another, "Here—this man Lardner is a distinguished writer—not just a satirist."

And of his story next month called "Mamma" it can be said fairly that the utter simplicity of it gives it the same claim to genius that the critics have found in his more important work. We won't venture to give you any hint of its nature. We couldn't—without fear of saying too much that might be revealing.

But we can tell you a lot about Ring Lardner himself. Perhaps an excellent method of converting a small boy into a good writer is to visualize him as a minister, if you are his mother, and as an engineer, if his father. Result—a reporter. Following his graduation from the high school in Niles, Michigan, where he was born in 1885, and two years at the Armour Institute of Technology in Chicago, Ring got a job on the South Bend (Indiana) *Times.* Two years of apprenticeship fitted him for big-time newspaper work in Chicago. While writing a column for the sports pages of the Chicago *Tribune* his "Al" came swaggeringly to life.

Atlantic Foto Service

Ring Lardner, shown here with Mrs. Lardner, makes his first appearance in Good Housekeeping next month

Up to 1919 Lardner worked on six newspapers, mainly in Chicago; spending a year of that time in St. Louis as editor of *Sporting News.* Since then he has been a syndicate and story writer, with fourteen books to his credit. In 1911 he married Ellis Abbott, of Goshen, Indiana, and they have four boys. Their home, most of the year, is at Great Neck, Long Island, a spot known for its colony of professional folk.

Ring belongs to twelve clubs, but apart from those in which golf is the excuse he can be found only rarely at any of them. He is a hard worker, and sticks closely to his desk. Not long ago the editor of a year book published by one of his clubs asked him if he would contribute "a little piece—say five or six hundred words"— for the club volume.

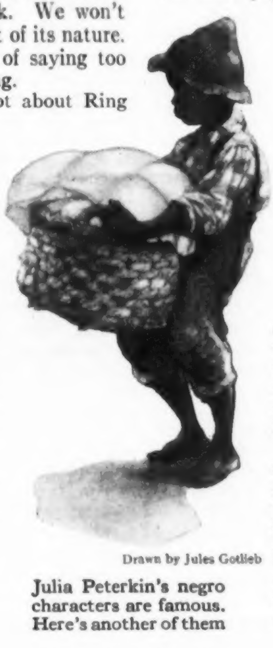
"Five or six hundred words floor me," replied Ring. "I have just had nervous prostration trying to fill a souvenir post card to my sister."

Bruce Barton writes with keen pen of the "Sheepskin Blues"

WHAT PRICE SHEEPSKIN

COMMENCEMENT days are coming. The irony of the word "commencement" is lost on no young man or woman who clutches a precious scroll to heart and then casts about to see what it qualifies one to commence.

In these pages next month Bruce Barton, who has commenced—and finished—a lot of things for a man still this side of forty-five, examines our educational customs not from the academic point of view, but entirely from the human side. The discouraging cases that he has encountered are shown in later years to have been only superficially discouraging. It is at such a time that our ex-collegiates need a mature word of counsel and a pair of clear glasses if not rosy-colored ones.



Drawn by Jules Gotlieb

Julia Peterkin's negro characters are famous. Here's another of them

Mr. Barton is president of one of the foremost national advertising agencies, Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborne. The general public, however, knows him best as an author. His Biblical writings particularly within recent years have gone into the best-seller class, a unique publishing performance despite the fact that the Bible itself is the world's permanent best-seller. Every one will recall "The Book Nobody Knows," "The Man Nobody Knows" and "What Can A Man Believe?" Of course GOOD HOUSEKEEPING readers remember Mr. Barton's striking series in these pages last year on the children of the Bible.

WRITER—NOT MUSICIAN

"THE Diamond Ring." That's the title of Julia Peterkin's story next month.

It's a long leap from Sumter, South Carolina, where Mrs. Peterkin was born to the Simplon Kulm, highest pass in the Swiss Alps, where we met, quite by chance late last fall, in a depopulated little chalet the noted music teacher who is responsible for Mrs. Peterkin's career as a writer. He told us about it. Professor Henry Bellamann, of the Juilliard Musical Foundation in New York, used to instruct Mrs. Peterkin in piano playing. But he was more interested in the stories she told of her plantation negroes than in her piano technique.

He persuaded her to transpose upon paper some of her experiences on Lang Syne Plantation, her home near Fort Motte, South Carolina. "Black April," a best seller of 1927, was the result. "Scarlet Sister Mary," a Pulitzer Prize novel, followed in 1928.

The critics applaud Mrs. Peterkin for unearthing an authentically native character in the Gullah negro of the Carolinas.

She, her husband, and her son constitute a little benevolent monarchy on their cotton domain, many miles over bad roads from Charleston.

Her story next month is about a little black boy who walks right out of the pages with his basket of "wash" into the thick of your sympathies.

On the TRAIL of VITAMIN C

By Walter H. Eddy, Ph.D.

Director Good Housekeeping Bureau
Of Foods, Sanitation, and Health

A reader of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING stopped me the other day with this query: "I've read your story about teeth and vitamin C in the April number of Good Housekeeping, and I have been doing a little investigating on my own account. I find that the Dr. Hanke you spoke of has been getting some of his beneficial results with teeth by feeding patients a pint of orange juice a day. If I understand you correctly, this benefit is due to the vitamin C in the juice. Since vitamin C is to be found in other foods *I would like to know how much of these foods I must eat to get the equivalent in vitamin C value of a pint of orange juice?*"

I gave him the table which I print in this article.

Where did I get these figures? Why didn't I enlarge it to cover a wider range of foods? How did I know it was correct? These were his next questions.

I tried to answer them. Perhaps you have a similar interest and curiosity. If so, read on, and I'll try to explain the table to you as I did to him.

How would you find out how much candy you can eat without making you sick? The least amount of coffee you can take without staying awake nights? Ultimately you might use the scales, but it is obvious that you would have to eat or drink these substances and observe your body's reaction to them to get the facts. Lack of vitamin C makes people sick with scurvy. It will also make guinea pigs sick with a similar set of symptoms. I asked my guinea pigs to tell me what was the smallest amount of each of the foods listed in the table that they had to eat to keep from getting scurvy. Their answer is the set of figures under the column headed "Vitamin C Unit."

No one has the remotest idea of how much vitamin C is present in .052 ounces of orange juice. It may be a grain, or it may be one-millionth of a grain. The stuff has never been isolated and weighed. I do know, however, that .052 ozs. of orange juice kept my pigs from getting scurvy, that less than that wouldn't do it, and that therefore the juice must have contained a definite amount of this vitamin.

To get this fact took much more time than appears from the bald statement above. I first had to find a food mixture that would produce perfectly normal growth in the pig and complete freedom from disease of any kind. I then had to find out how to treat this food mixture in such a way as to destroy all its vitamin C. Then I was ready to make my tests. I got a new lot of pigs. I divided them into groups, and to each group I fed this treated food mixture plus a measured amount of orange juice daily. Whatever vitamin C the groups got must now come from the orange juice alone. Some of the animal groups remained perfectly normal; some of them more or less promptly developed scurvy. All that got less than .052 ozs. daily became scorbutic. All that got that amount or more were entirely free from such symptoms. Furthermore those that became sick were promptly cured by raising the dose to .052 ozs. daily.

My first results had to be checked with new animals, with other samples of orange juice. Finally I arrived at the figure I call my Vitamin C unit of orange juice. As I said above, it tells me nothing about how much actual vitamin C there is in .052 ozs. of juice. It does tell me that that is the average amount of orange juice that is the minimum protective daily dose against scurvy in guinea pigs, when the juice supplies the only vitamin C in the diet and the rest of its food is complete in all factors necessary to normal health and growth. *That is my definition of a vitamin C unit.*

WHAT YOU MAY EAT AND GET THE SAME AMOUNT OF VITAMIN C AS IS PRESENT IN ONE PINT OF FRESH ORANGE JUICE

Foodstuff	Vitamin C Unit	Weight equivalent to 1 pint orange juice
Raw Foods		
Orange juice	.052 ozs.	16 ozs.
Orange pulp	.072 "	22 "
Grapefruit pulp	.176 "	55 "
Strawberries	.106 "	33 "
Tomatoes	.106 "	33 "
Bananas	.176 "	55 "
Peaches	.176 "	55 "
Apples	.705 "	222 "
Cabbage	.035 "	11 "
Home Cooked		
Peas	.176 ozs.	55 ozs.
Spinach	.353 "	111 "
Potatoes	.247 "	78 "
Corn	.705 "	222 "
Cabbage	.705 "	222 "
Bananas	.353 "	111 "
Peaches	.705 "	222 "
Commercially Canned		
Tomatoes (whole)	.106 ozs	33 ozs.
Strawberries	.106 "	33 "
Peaches	.176 "	55 "
Pineapples	.353 "	111 "
Pears	.705 "	222 "
Apples	.705 "	222 "
Cherries	1.058 "	333 "
Peas	.106 "	33 "
Spinach	.141 "	44 "
Cabbage	.141 "	44 "
String-beans	.635 "	200 "
Corn (Maine type)	.705 "	222 "

You can easily guess what was the next step. I simply repeated the method with new animals, using one food after another in place of the orange juice. When I had established the fact that the vitamin C unit of tomato juice was .106 ozs. I also knew that that tomato juice had just half the vitamin C content of orange juice. The rest of my table is pure arithmetic after the units were measured. It is limited at present to such foods as I have actually measured in my own laboratories, which permits me to vouch for the observations recorded.

Turn now to my friend's query, and you will see how the second column was obtained. A pint of orange juice weighs about 16 ounces. Sixteen divided by .052 gives 307 units. When you or I drink a pint of orange juice, then we actually consume 307 vitamin C units as defined above. To get the same unit dosage of tomato juice of the type I measured, I simply multiply its unit .106 by 307 and express the result in ounces. If I were asked the equivalent of half a pint or an ounce of orange juice, I would merely do more arithmetic. Once I know just how much vitamin C in terms of orange juice you or I need for a given purpose, this same table will permit calculation of equivalents.

So much then for the figures and how they are obtained. Such measurements are obviously much more valuable to you and me in determining vitamin C dosage than general statements such as "Our foods are rich in vitamin C." That information classifies types of vitamin C-bearing foods, separates poor sources from rich. But the measurement table does more than that, it substitutes quantitative data for generalities.

The table, however, has other interest. Let's look now at the home-cooked series. Compare boiled cabbage and raw cabbage. The raw unit is .035 ozs., say the guinea pigs. The boiled variety unit is .705 ozs. Boiling has not destroyed all the vitamin C, as is sometimes stated by popular lecturers. It has, however, made it necessary for us to eat twenty times as much boiled cabbage to get the same amount of vitamin C. Compare other cooked and raw products, and you will see that home cooking may be quite destructive to this scurvy-protecting power of the raw source. But do not draw the inference that we can not get enough vitamin C except by use of raw foods; the question again is relative values, and for that we need facts such as are in the table, not generalizations.

Again avoid the inference that cooking is the only factor (*Continued on page 309*)

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

Make Up for Color and Accent

By Ruth Murrin

Photograph by Lejaren à Hiller

The May "Powder-Puff" is a complete guide to make-up, and you may have it free if you write to Ruth Murrin, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope—a long one, please. It describes a good many powders, rouges, and other decorative cosmetics.

If your complexion doesn't look as lovely as it should, send for "A Primer of Personal Loveliness," a complete booklet of beauty. Send 25 cents to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

EVERYBODY knows that a discreet touch of rouge will make a pale or weary face look healthier and more youthful, but judging by the way it is frequently applied, few women seem to know that it should do something else just as important—it should give brilliancy to the eyes. Most women have learned by now not to place a round, red spot on the center of either cheek, but a great many of them make the mistake of rouging the entire cheek or placing the color quite low. Women have told me seriously that rouge brought right down to the jawline would distract attention from hollows in their cheeks or from heavy jowls. Now, one of the first principles of good make-up—taught me by an expert in a Fifth Avenue beauty shop—is:

"If you have a defect, let it alone. Call attention to some other feature."

Following this wise rule, the best place for rouge is high on the cheeks. There should be no spot of white between the rouge and the eyes. Generally, if your face is broad, the rouge should come nearer the nose; and if your face is narrow, the rouge should spread out to the temples. If you have an excessively small nose, or a very large one, however, it is best not to accentuate the peculiarity by putting color too close to it. Don't place rouge near nose-to-mouth lines; it makes them more noticeable.

Women who have gray or white hair should always use a touch of rouge, especially if they have blue eyes. Blue eyes under white hair, unless they are flattered by a little pink in the cheeks, have a tendency to look faded. Red-headed girls often look best without rouge, but practically every one else past twenty needs it at least once in a while. Some clothes demand it more than others—black, navy, brown, and gray. If you wear dahlia, purple, or wine color, you must be careful to choose a dark color for lips and cheeks. On the other hand, orange-reds are better with green and brown. Select rouge to go with red hats and dresses with especial care.

Study the effects of various kinds of rouges on your skin, also. Liquid rouge is generally best for oily skins, and cream rouge for dry skins. There are some rather dry and fluffy cream rouges, however, which may be used successfully on almost any type of skin. Compact rouge is useful for freshening up during the day, or for taking away the powdered look from the cheeks.

The trouble with lipsticks is that if they are not the fairly lasting sort called "indelible," they come off on spoons and napkins; and if they are indelible, they dry the lips. If you are fortunate enough to have smooth, soft lips that never chap, you can use the lasting lipsticks and be happy. Otherwise, you are better off using a rather oily lipstick or cream rouge on your lips, or even a simple pomade. If your lips are rough, extremely thin, or unusually thick, or if you have very bad teeth, don't use a lipstick! Remember, it's an attention-caller!

The best cosmetics for the eyes are sound health and plenty of sleep. They need rest and good care, too. You can't expect to have bright, young-looking eyes if you overwork them cruelly, go without glasses you need, or neglect to protect them from strong sunlight or dust and wind.

Eye make-up should be used stingily, because if overdone it makes one look hard or stagey. A brown pencil to darken invisible blonde brows is always permissible, but should be lightly used. Mascara and eye shadow are properly used only in the evening and for more or less formal parties, and they are not for either the elderly or the very young! A little brown eye shadow may be used on the upper lid to make protruding eyes less noticeable. A very little shadow on the upper lid may make your eyes more mysterious in the evening, but do be stingy with it. Mascara is chiefly useful to darken the very ends of the eyelashes, which are always lighter than the upper part, and it, too, should be sparingly applied.

The trend this year is toward moderation in all things—more delicate colors and softer, more feminine effects. So make-up will be more subtle than it was last year.

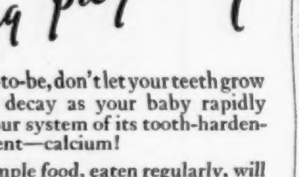
"Prevent tooth-softening during pregnancy"

Mothers-to-be, don't let your teeth grow soft and decay as your baby rapidly drains your system of its tooth-hardening element—calcium!

One simple food, eaten regularly, will help keep your teeth hard, decay-resisting. It is Fleischmann's Yeast—now rich in the "sunshine" vitamin which aids your system in absorbing calcium from the food you eat.

Your baby, too, before he is born and while nursing, needs plenty of "sunshine" vitamin, doctors say. The only way he can get it is through you. His little bones and teeth need it if they are to grow straight and strong.

Mothers-to-be find no better way to keep "regular" than to eat Fleischmann's Yeast—it does not upset the digestion, as do many pills and drugs. Eat 3 cakes daily, following directions on label, just as you eat fresh fruit or green vegetables. Send coupon for free booklet. Fleischmann's Yeast—a product of Standard Brands Incorporated.



Fleischmann's Yeast is the richest food source of vitamins B and D

© 1930, Standard Brands Inc.

STANDARD BRANDS INC. Dept. NB-4
595 Madison Avenue, New York

Send me your free booklet, "The Newly Discovered Importance of Vitamins in the Diet of Expectant Mothers."

Name____________________

Address____________________

COMMON STOCKS and COMMON SENSE

By Ruth Boyle

Free Investors' Service

Do you want to know the rating of the stocks and bonds you own or are thinking of buying? We can give it to you. We can not under any circumstances advise you either to buy or to sell; we can, however, give you the information that you should have before buying or selling. Tell us what stocks and bonds you own, and we shall be glad to tell you what Wall Street thinks of them. In the case of stocks, state whether they are common or preferred; of bonds, give the date of issuance, interest rate, and date of maturity. Address, Financial Editor, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City. Please enclose postage for reply. Don't send your securities.

SHOULD YOU buy common stocks? What ratio between bonds and stocks should you maintain in your investments? What principles should you follow in picking your stocks?

J. George Frederick, economist and business analyst, answers these questions in an interesting new book, written since the stock crash last fall—"Common Stocks and the Average Man." It was chosen as "the business book of the month" by such eminent authorities as Henry Bruère, Vice-President of the Bowery Savings Bank of New York, William Z. Ripley, Professor of Political Economy at Harvard, and John Moody, President of Moody's Investment Service.

The author defines the average man as one who has from $2,500 to $100,000 to invest, and the question, "Should the average man buy common stocks?" he answers, "Yes, if he mixes them with common sense." Savings amounting to less than $2500 he feels should be in savings banks or in high-grade bonds. Over that sum, the general rule is that the smaller your fortune the higher should be the percentage in stable investments such as good bonds. He works out this ratio as a good working model.

Surplus	Percentage in Common stocks
$ 2,500–$ 5,000	25%
$ 5,000–$10,000	33¼%
$10,000–$25,000	40%
$25,000–$50,000	50%
$50,000 or more	66%

The success of any investment plan depends on how well it is thought out, how carefully the securities are selected, and how wisely they are purchased. Mr. Frederick has therefore worked out the following principles as essential to success in any plan involving the purchase of stocks.

One. The surplus to be invested should be a real surplus; it should not be money needed in the operation of your home or your business.

Two. Stocks should be bought outright—not on margin.

Three. To avoid risking too much in any one direction, stock should be bought on the five or ten share plan—ten shares of a lower-priced security balancing five of a higher-priced one. They should, of course, be considered both from the dollar value invested as well as the number of shares.

Four. Generally only stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange should be purchased. If you are a business executive, you may extend your field to the New York Curb Exchange or to local exchanges. This should not be taken to mean that there are not excellent stocks listed on local exchanges. There are many of them, but until listing requirements are more stringent, local listings should be carefully investigated.

Five. You should buy only the common stocks of the leading companies in any industry, and should avoid new industries which are not firmly grounded.

Six. You should insulate yourself from all crowd psychology, and firmly resist all tips, hunches, or gossip. Never buy until you have backed up your impulse with analysis.

Seven. Buy for the long pull. Remember you are an investor, not a trader or speculator. A man who wants to be in and out of the market constantly must devote a great deal of time to a study of the market, and unless you have the time and the special knowledge necessary to do this, you are better off if you devote all your energies to your own business and consider your stocks as long-term investments.

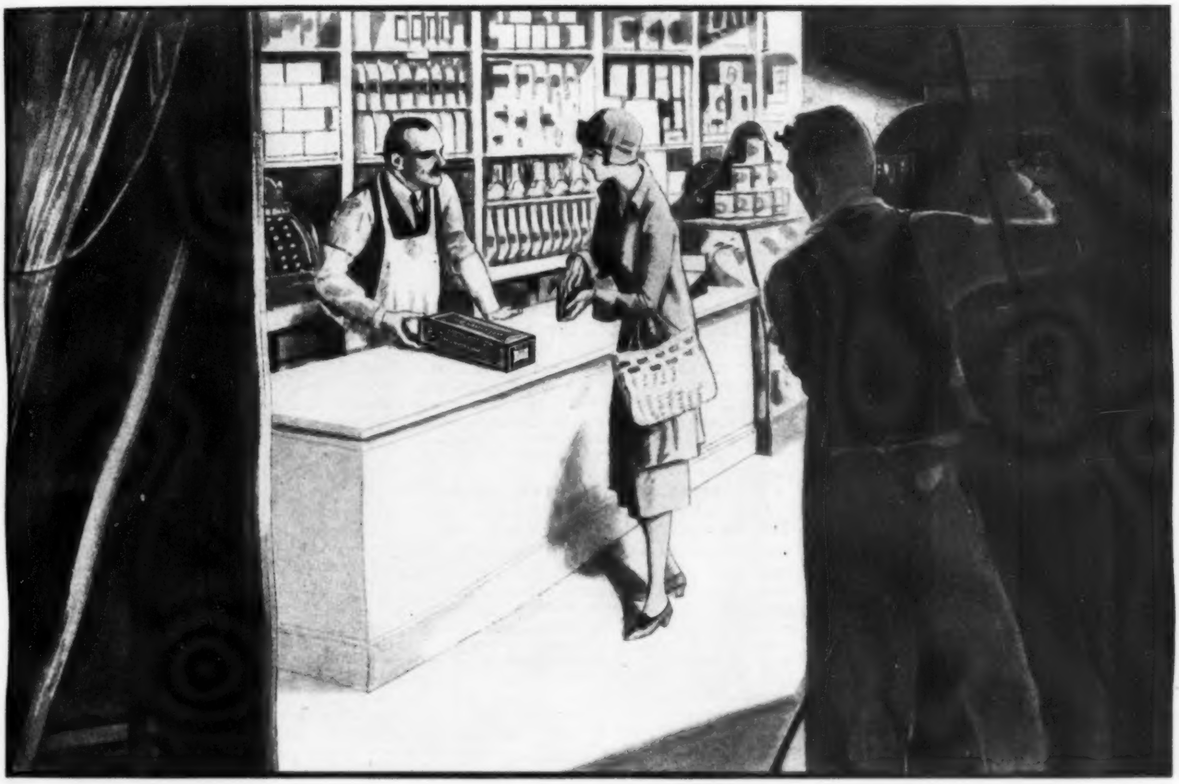
Eight. The best time to buy is when the entire list of stocks is at the bottom, as nearly as you can judge it, of a long-time recession or at panic time. Remember that the best time to sell anything is when the desire to buy it is the strongest, because then you will get the best price for it; and on the contrary this is the poorest time to buy.

Nine. Even though you have bought for the long pull and intend to keep your stocks as long as their prospects are good, don't put them away in your safety deposit box and forget all about them. Follow the news about them, and at least once a year study them anew. Check them for general standing; look the list over to see if it is properly diversified; consider whether there is any security that had better be sold even though at a loss. If prospects seem dubious, they may be better exchanged for something else. In order to make this annual check-up, it is a good idea to keep at hand a folder for reports, clippings, and items of news about the industry in general or the particular business concerned.

Ten. It is wise not to buy at one time all the stocks you intend to buy nor to invest all of your common stock funds. Try to keep some money on hand, either in a checking account, savings bank, or in short-term bonds, which may be used to take advantage of a special situation—a sudden decline, for example, when you may buy a stock you want more cheaply.

The investor who is just beginning to acquire his stocks will naturally not be able to adhere practically to every one of these principles, but if he cannot do so actually, he can at least do so in plan. For example, he will want to diversify his holdings among at least five different industries, and he should plan eventually to hold common stocks of strong public utilities, railroads, manufacturing companies, oil companies, and retail establishments. With this in mind, he might buy first stock of a leading railroad or public utility—both stable industries—and while his funds are accumulating for the next purchase watch the leading companies in the other lines he is interested in.

THE FIRST ACT ON THE SPRING PROGRAM



THE first important act of Spring house-cleaning is to provide yourself with *extra* help — which means providing yourself with Fels-Naptha Soap.

For Fels-Naptha brings *extra* help —the *extra* help of two brisk cleaners, soap and naptha, working together. The soap is unusually good soap. And blended with it is *plenty* of naptha. You can smell it! Beneath the gentle urging of these two cleaners, painted woodwork regains the freshness it had when new. Spots vanish from rugs. Enamel and tiling lose their winter's coat of dinginess. The whole house takes on the bright sparkle of Spring.

So make sure you use Fels-Naptha for your house-cleaning. And be doubly sure to use it for Fels-Naptha's biggest job— the family wash. It washes clothes beautifully clean without hard rubbing. And you can wash any way you please. You can boil your clothes, or soak them, if you prefer; you can use washing machine or tub. It's the nature of soap to wash best in hot water — and Fels-Naptha is no exception. But it also does a wonderful job in lukewarm or even cool water.

Fels-Naptha gives *extra* help in another way—it keeps your hands nice. For the unusually good soap and plentiful naptha, working hand-in-hand, get clothes clean so quickly that you don't have to keep your hands in water so long.

FELS-NAPTHA
FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Get a few bars today—or better still, ask for the convenient 10-bar carton. Then you'll have *extra* help aplenty in your house-cleaning!

FREE—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just decided to try its *extra* help, we'd like to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) as you need them. The chipper will be sent, free and postpaid, upon request. Mail the coupon.

G.H. 5-30
FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.
Name ________________
Street ________________
City ________ *State* ________
Fill in completely—print name and address

© 1930, Fels & Co.

HER DOCTOR TOLD HER CONFIDENTIALLY

"*Use* Amolin—*that's a safe deodorant. It can't seal pores.*"

For *safety* choose Amolin the *powder* deodorant

So dainty! So luxurious!

HERE is the delightful thing about Amolin. It's a *powder* deodorant—a soft, fine, snow-white powder. A safe deodorant! It can't seal delicate pores.

Amolin prevents body odors by safely neutralizing perspiration. No muss. No waiting. No fear of irritation, no danger of Amolin's eating away clothing. You just dust it on like talcum and instantly it takes effect. From that moment on, throughout the day, Amolin absorbs odors and keeps you fresh.

Soothing and healing. Marvelously refreshing. You'll enjoy using Amolin. Sprinkle it under the arms before dressing. Over the body after bathing. Use it with sanitary napkins. It's especially good for this purpose.

Body odors are treacherous. We never know when we have them. So why risk embarrassment when Amolin protects so surely, so *safely?* On sale everywhere, 35c—60c. Special offer—send 10c for generous trial container. Write to The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. AC-5, Norwich, N. Y. In Canada 193 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

MAKERS OF Norwich UNGUENTINE

Amolin*

The dainty powder deodorant

When A CHILD IS THIN

By Josephine Hemenway Kenyon, M.D.

Director of

HEALTH *and* HAPPINESS CLUB

A Service for Mothers of Young Babies

DEAR MOTHERS OF THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS CLUB:

One of the hardest, as well as one of the most common problems brought to us by worried mothers is that of the thin, "nervous," over-active child who is never very hungry, will not gain in weight, and who looks at times almost sick. Each thin child requires a great deal of study. No physician would dare risk a snap diagnosis. Therefore, it will not be possible for me to give you any set rule of procedure, the following of which will surely bring back rosy color to sallow cheeks or cover the little bones with layers of plumpness. However, I can suggest a line of reasoning which may uncover the *cause* of the underweight.

There are six major points to be considered:

First: Is the child structurally of a lean type? This characteristic leanness will come from a line of ancestors whether tall or short with narrow faces, long necks, high shoulders, long chests, long tapering fingers, narrow breathing space, etc. These children will be below the average weight for their height, will usually have a small appetite, but will not necessarily be ill or tired or in any way abnormal. Lean type children, if understood, can have the environment adjusted to them, so that they can avoid many pitfalls. For details see the article, "Underweight Children" in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, December, 1927.

Second: Is the child thin as the result of some illness from which he has recovered or from a present disease? You can see how necessary a careful medical examination is and then how important it is to have the assurance of your physician that the chest and glands are negative for tuberculosis; that there is no obstinate intestinal trouble; or a chronic absorbing of poison from infected tonsils, obstructive adenoids, etc. Also your doctor will look for eye-strain which may have an important bearing upon the problem.

Third: Is there a question of allergy? This has been considered in the GOOD HOUSEKEEPING articles for December and January. The stocky child *may* be sensitive to pollens, animal emanations, and foods, but does not seem to suffer in proportion as does the thin child In all such cases investigate the sinuses for a hidden focus of infection, as treatment of these troubles in children often clears up the apparently obstinate cold or cough and the child will then put on weight.

Fourth: Diet. In many instances diet is, of course, the main consideration. Always it plays a most important part in any underweight condition as it does in health. But, it is true, that if one depends upon diet alone it will often not solve the problem. Recent studies made by a group of research workers in Chicago suggest that if underweight children are proved free from physical defects they can be *made* to gain in weight if there is constant supervision of *each* meal by a trained dietitian. An other point of interest which they stress is the need of a high protein intake for growing children in addition to a diet adequate in other respects, and the attainment of good food habits.

The food should be sufficient in amount, of the right proportion of fat, carbohydrate and protein, with the correct distribution of vitamines, mineral salts and water. It should be offered with no drama and removed after sufficient time if untouched. The foods offered should be of the most wholesome kinds, unrefined, with the germs of grains, the natural sugars and a wide variety of root and leafy vegetables. There should be little effort to dress it up, to doctor the taste or to hide it. This brings us to our

Fifth point, which is the *fatigue* coincident with our over-civilized routine, our smoke laden cities, our limitations of the amount of time spent outdoors, our lack of sunshine throughout winter months and our poor utilization of summer sun.

No tired child will digest food properly. One type of lean child is markedly over-active and fatigues easily. For them we advise about half again as much rest as they ordinarily have. This may mean breakfast in bed, a half-day session in school, a ten-minute rest before the larger noon meal, a thirty-minute rest after that, outdoor play in the afternoon, and bed by 5 p.m. with some quiet occupation for the hands, supper in bed alone, and lights out at a regular time. This enforced rest is an educational measure and to be appreciated must be learned like any other lesson.

Sixth: Glandular balance. The lean child may be not only structurally built so, but the balance of his glands of internal secretion may incline him in this direction, so that the food eaten though proper in kind and amount, may be burned up too quickly.

In recent years we have thought of *calcium* as playing an important part in stabilizing a certain type of thin, tense-muscled, highly strung child. Even though, theoretically, he is getting all the calcium he should in milk and green vegetables and in the germs of grains, his body is not utilizing it. Most interesting changes can be made in the reactions of these children by adding calcium salts to the diet and giving the proper accompaniments to make this calcium usable.

The next letter will describe this and give some of the reasons why we offer calcium salts to growing children.

Josephine H Kenyon

SEND us fifty cents in stamps, your name and address, and the date when you expect your baby. Each month for eight months you will receive a letter from Dr. Kenyon, mailed in a plain envelope, so that no one will know the contents. Always ask for Series I. For the Mother-to-be and the Baby-to-come." It will be sent promptly. Layette patterns included.

EQUALLY important is the second series of eight letters to cover "The Baby's First Year." Send us fifty cents in stamps, and your name and address, and this series will be sent complete, with a cardboard cover. Address all requests for both series to the Health and Happiness Club, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City, N. Y.

● Mrs. Alister McCormick, English gentlewoman to the manner born . . . descendant of the royal house of Plantagenet. By marriage a member of the distinguished McCormick family, she is the charming hostess of homes in Chicago and Santa Barbara.

Beautiful and blonde, young Mrs. McCormick has hair like pale new gold, eyes of forget-me-not blue and lovely skin like pink hawthorn blossom.

In a letter to an English friend she says: "My dear, American women are wonderful . . . they taught me how to keep my skin nice even in this climate.

"Pond's is their secret . . . four simple preparations, quick and easy to use. The wonderful Cold Cream cleanses *divinely . . . the Cleansing Tissues are better* than anything to remove cream. . . the Skin Freshener tones and tightens the skin . . . the Vanishing Cream is the perfect powder base for face, neck, arms . . . and keeps hands smooth and white."

Keep your own skin exquisite by Pond's famous Method . . . First, for thorough cleansing, lavishly apply Pond's Cold Cream several times a day and always after exposure, letting the fine oils sink deep into the pores . . . Second, wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, absorbent, economical . . . Third, dab face and neck with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores . . . Last, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection and exquisite finish.

MRS. ALISTER McCORMICK OF CHICAGO

(*Below*) Flowers are Mrs. McCormick's hobby. She specializes in aloes, and has a wonderful collection of tropical plants in the garden of her beautiful new home in Santa Barbara, California.

(*Right*) Pond's four preparations for exquisite care of the skin . . . Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener, Vanishing Cream.

POND'S
POND'S
SKIN FRESHENER
POND'S C CREAM
POND'S V

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. E
109 Hudson Street . . . . . . New York City
Name ____________
Street ____________
City ____________ State ____________

Copyright 1930, Pond's Extract Company

BEAN HOLE
BEANS

Buried Treasure

In the "bean hole" of the big North Woods was buried the golden goodness of the forest's greatest treasure. Layers of beans and sugar-cured pork, cups of brown sugar and molasses—"bean hole" beans. Now—Van Camp's brings you this treasured recipe—even the elusive flavor of the "outdoor" cooking. Just ask your grocer.

Van Camp's
SPAGHETTI
ITALIAN STYLE

A Spaghetti Dinner

In fifteen minutes you can duplicate the best of Italian Spaghetti. For Van Camp's cooks and blends the finest Spaghetti with Canadian Cheddar Cheese and Indiana tomato sauce to give you this famous recipe ready to heat and serve. Try it tonight!

Ask Your Grocer for

Soups
Spaghetti
Bean Hole Beans
Milk
Catsup
Chile Con Carne

VAN CAMP'S
~of course!

DR. WILEY'S
Question-Box

Questions concerning foods, sanitation, and health will be answered only if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. Prescriptional advice can not be given, nor can samples be analyzed. Address Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City, New York

A Great Danger To Health

Can you tell me if smoking, say one cigarette a day, would affect my daughter's health? She is fifteen years old.

Mrs. R. A. D.

The longer one puts off the smoking habit, the better he is prepared to endure it with the least injury to health. If no one ever learned to smoke until he was twenty-five, the damage done by smoking, which is now immense, would be reduced to a minimum. At least no one should learn to smoke before he is twenty-one, and better not until he is twenty-five or older, and still better never to learn at all.

There Is No Standard Set By Any One

I have heard that olive oil is beneficial in adding a little extra weight to the body. How much is necessary, in what size doses, and how often should it be taken to gain these results? Does this benefit the health generally?

Mrs. B. W. H., Va.

Olive oil is an innocent substance, and you are not likely to take too much of it; the danger is on the other side. Ask your physician how much you should use. The amount to be used depends on the individual and the nature of any ailment which he has. In other words, olive oil is a very mild medicine. It is not likely to add much weight, even when taken in large quantities; the fats we consume are used chiefly for fuel purposes. Whether or not olive oil will benefit the health generally can be determined only by a trial.

Apparently Produces No Ill Effect

Will you please tell me if the elimination of salt from the diet is of any benefit to a person suffering from high blood pressure. Will it really make any difference whether salt is used or not? I shall await your opinion.

Mrs. T. M. F., Conn.

A few years ago it was common for doctors to prescribe a saltless diet for those suffering from high blood pressure. It has now been discovered, however, that little or no effect is produced by a reasonable amount of salt. On the contrary, severe injury may ensue if salt is entirely forbidden. The reason for this is that the hydrochloric acid which is necessary for stomach digestion is derived almost, if not quite, exclusively from common salt. For this reason the use of salt in the diet should not be forbidden unless hydrochloric acid exists in too large quantities.

Seven Years Ago

When was the legal standard for butter lowered from 82.5 percent to 80 percent butter fat? Is this standard stated under the pure Food and Drugs Act? What has been the highest percentage of butter fat required under the act at any time? What was the lowest percentage of moisture allowed?

Miss M. M. K., Mo.

There is always danger to be feared when a standard fixed by the Standards Committee, all of whom are experts, is lowered by act of Congress, practically none of whom are experts. The Standards Committee, after long deliberation, fixed the content of butter fat in butter at 82.5 percent, which in my opinion is almost exactly right. The standard was lowered 2.5 percent when the President signed the present butter bill, H. R. 12053, on March 4, 1923. This standard, therefore, was not established by the Food and Drugs Act, but by a subsequent act of Congress. It is plainly in the interest of fraud against the consumer of butter. The highest percentage of butter fat required at any time, in so far as my recollection extends, was 82.5 percent, but I believe there have been higher standards previous thereto. For many years the lowest percent of moisture allowed has been sixteen.

Nothing To It

Is it possible that a silk cord around a baby's neck will cure or prevent croup? If so, what is your explanation of the science involved? I never heard of such a practice until recently, and to me it seems absolutely absurd.

Mrs. W. E. M., N. C.

There is no scientific or medical fact which would lead to the supposition that wearing a silk cord around the neck will prevent croup in a child. In so far as comfort is concerned, probably a silk cord would be more agreeable about the neck of the baby than a linen or wool cord, but as to any specific effect in protecting against croup, there is nothing to it; it is a mere superstition without any scientific basis whatever. Parents should be careful about putting a cord of any kind about the neck of a baby. It might lead to strangulation.

No Need To Fear Indigestion From Popcorn

Will you please give me a little information on popcorn? For years, about one evening a week, I supply myself with a big bowl of popcorn, a good book, and a bottle of ginger ale. After a most enjoyable evening there is no need of my eating bran foods, which I detest, or resorting to medicine of a cathartic nature. Being middle-aged, the amount of fruit I require provides too much acid, and I have to have something to take the place of fruit. I am interested in knowing whether the popping of the corn changes its food value. What is the food value of popcorn? Is there any danger of the harder kernels not digesting properly and causing irritation in the intestines as one passes middle age?

Mrs. E. R. M., Conn.

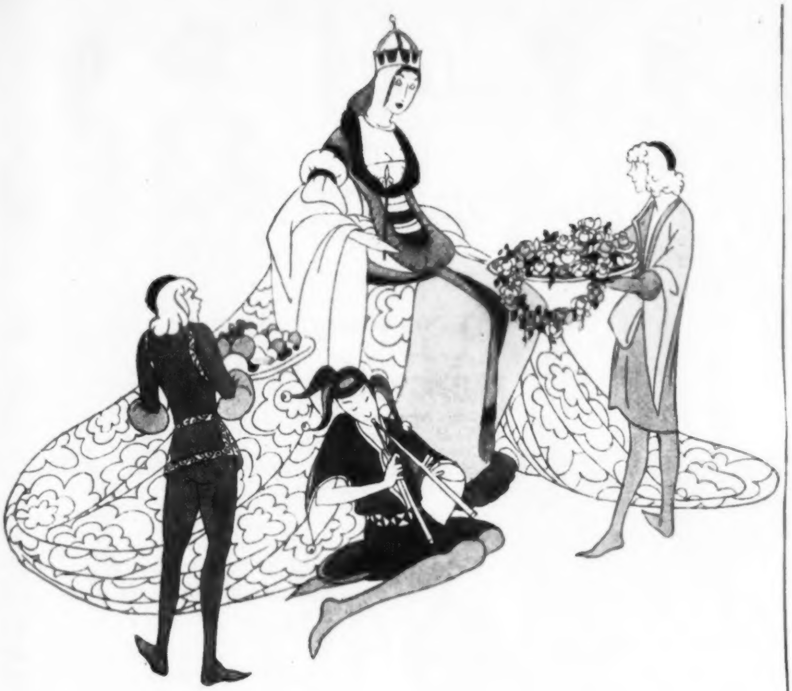
You are in error when you think eating fruit will increase the acidity of your system. Popcorn leaves an acid residue on digestion, but fruit, on the contrary, leaves an alkaline residue, so if you desire to decrease the acidity of the body you should eat fruit generously. Eating fruit with the popcorn would be a corrective in this respect, and I believe you would enjoy the popcorn more if you used a reasonable amount of fruit with it. There is no change in the food value of popcorn due to popping. The food value of popcorn is precisely that of other varieties of corn, but it is in a better condition for eating by reason of being popped. The popping therefore aids digestion. Popcorn has the peculiar property of exploding with great increase in size when subjected to a certain degree of heat. This produces the fluffy, delicate food with which we are all familiar. If the hard kernels are properly masticated, there is no danger that they will cause any irritation.

No Danger

My little girl of three and a half years goes to bed at ten to ten-thirty o'clock each evening and gets up at eight A.M. Then she takes a nap from one to two and a half hours in the afternoon. This makes a total of eleven to twelve hours' sleep each day, which should be sufficient for one of her years. However, some of my friends think she will suffer in some way because she does not get to bed by eight or eight-thirty in the evening. Do you think there is danger to her health in our present practice?

Mrs. J. O. B., Kansas

As a rule children should go to bed earlier than half past ten, not so much for the purpose of getting enough sleep, but to get it at the right time.



A May-Day Pageant

By Elaine

SINCE so many countries observe a May-Day Festival, it is probable that its origin lies in the fact that all primitive peoples worshiped nature in some form and celebrated its annual renewal. Our own May-Day customs have come to us partly from the Druids and partly from the Roman festival of Maiuma, which took place in May.

Going a-maying began on the night before May Day, when men and maidens rose a little after midnight and walked to some near-by wood, accompanied with music and the blowing of horns. Arriving there they gathered branches of may (hawthorn) and other spring flowers. After decking themselves with garlands and nosegays they returned with their flowery spoils to decorate the doorways and windows of their houses. All day long they sang, danced, and made merry.

In England each district had its own particular customs, and from these authentic sources we have planned a May-Day pageant which can easily be carried out.

A spot must be selected for the ceremonies. A green lawn with a pretty background of trees or an arbor will be suitable. Here the May Pole is set, and the seats are placed for the Queen and her court. The procession forms some distance away and comes toward the place selected singing a maying song such as "A May Morning" by Denza, "Merry May Land" by W. H. Speer, or "Come and Trip It" by Mary Carmichael. This marching takes some time as the procession is rather lengthy. The mayers march around the circle twice, and then the crowning of the Queen takes place. After the court is seated, various performances are given in the Queen's honor. The Queen wears a dress in the medieval style with a long court train held by pages. Her maids also wear medieval gowns; the jester wears an appropriate costume of the period with cap and bells.

Leading the procession is a group of children dressed in white and light colors. They wear wreaths on their heads and some carry May baskets, others nosegays and May dolls. These dolls are suspended inside crossed hoops tied together, wound with flowers, and fastened to a handle. Next come small boys dressed in white suits with green ties, carrying a light rope twined with oak leaves hanging in loops from their shoulders. Then come the milkmaids. They wear colored cambric or gingham dresses in light colors, with white organdy bib aprons and caps trimmed with ribbon bows. They carry cedar piggins (if obtainable) with silver cups fastened to the handles, elaborately trimmed with ribbons and flowers. Tin pails can be used instead of the piggins. A pretty cow with gilded horns decked out with garlands and ribbons should precede the milkmaids.

Next come the chimney-sweeps—dressed in tawdry finery trimmed with strips of gilt and colored paper. Their cheeks are chalked, and they carry their shovels and brushes. They caper and dance as they advance. After them come Robin Hood and his merry men dressed in green costumes and carrying their long bows. The archers give an exhibition of their skill in shooting to entertain the court. A Merry Andrew and his Moll can be included in the procession. These are two men dressed fantastically, and their antics are intended to amuse the crowd. The Morris dancers follow and can number as many boys and girls as are needed for the Maypole and Morris dances. They dress like English lads and lassies and wear garlands. The procession ends with the Queen and her attendants.

The garland carried by the boys is fastened between two trees, and the children amuse themselves by tossing balls to each other over it. A skipping-rope exhibition is an old May-Day game. A smock race run by the girls, the winner receiving a gay linen smock, is an old custom. Old singing games may also be played.

See Page 326 for Entertainment Information

Approved by the AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION *for* baby

The approval of Gerber's Strained Vegetable Products by the newly organized Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association confirms the judgment of the thousands of physicians who have been prescribing the Gerber Strained Vegetable Products this past year. It carries with it approval of the Gerber method of preparation—approval of the specific products—and an endorsement of our policy of avoiding any unwarranted, exaggerated, or misleading statements as to the health or nutrition values of the Gerber Strained Vegetables for baby. If you have no infant feeding problem in your own home—speak to your friends who have babies, and tell them about the Gerber Strained Vegetables. They will be grateful for your suggestion. But if you are yourself facing the daily problem of preparing the strained vegetable supplement to baby's milk diet, and are not already enjoying the convenience, regularity, and freedom from hours of work provided by the Gerber Products — specially prepared — unseasoned — ready-to-serve — ask your doctor about them today.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods

Send for Assortment

Most leading grocers have the Gerber Products in stock. If your own grocer cannot yet supply you—send us his name and $1.00 for the complete introductory assortment offered below—or order such individual products as you wish. Postage prepaid.

In Canada, Complete Assortment Only, $1.10—Canadian Currency or Money Order.

Free Samples on request to Physicians or Hospitals.

***Gerber's**

STRAINED VEGETABLES

SEND THE COUPON TODAY—A WEEK'S SUPPLY

Gerber Products Division, Fremont Canning Co., Fremont, Mich.

$1.00 Complete Assortment Dept. GH-13— Enclosed find money or stamps for Assortment or for Gerber Products checked.

15c	15c	15c	15c	15c	15c	15c
Strained Vegetable Soup	Strained Spinach	Strained Carrots	Strained Prunes	Strained Peas	Strained Tomato	Strained Green Beans

Name..

Address..

My grocer is..

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The secret of keeping cars looking new *and* beautiful

36,560 MILES AND STILL LOOKS NEW

SIMONIZING IS the "Fountain of Youth" for the motor cars. It makes cars look new again, and keeps the finish bright and beautiful for years.

New cars should always be Simonized before being driven very far. Don't wait until dullness and discoloration warn you that the finish of your car is in danger and needs Simoniz. The sooner any car is Simonized the better—for Simoniz protects the finish, makes it last longer, and keeps colors from fading.

It's fun to Simoniz a car. Simoniz Kleener quickly and easily removes all grime, discolorations and blemishes—truly the way of restoring the lustre and making the finish look new again. Then, Simoniz provides that wonderful protection.

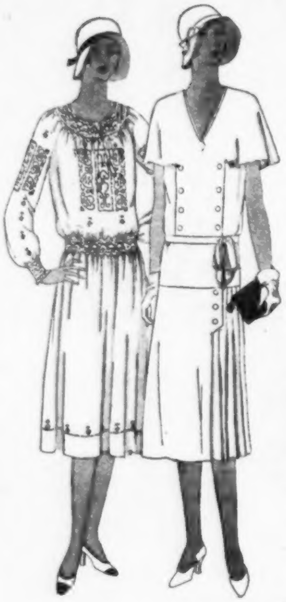
Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—and your car will always look new and beautiful.

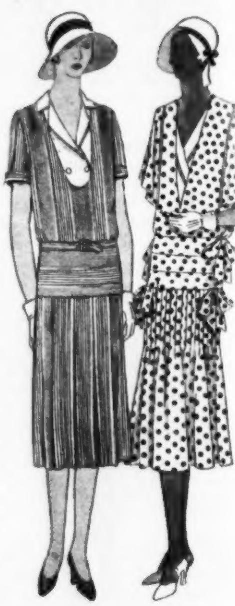
THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

SIMONIZ KLEENER
SIMONIZ

"EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH"

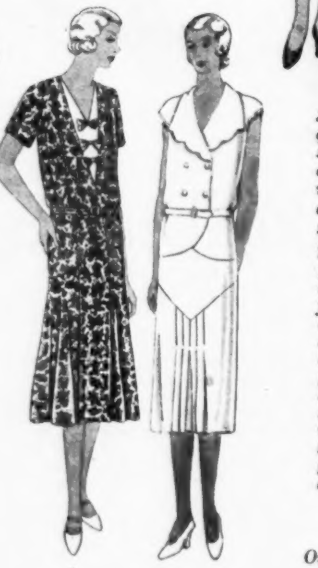
Let Us Buy For You





To Order

Just send your check or money-order, together with description of size and color wanted, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N.Y.C., for these new frocks



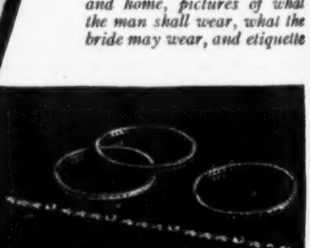
Gaily smocked in red, or blue, or gold, or black, this white-voile peasant dress with long sleeves will make a charming party frock or one to wear every day, especially with a white hat and the ribbon in the color of the smocking; 14 to 42; $9.75. Semi-made is the all-silk, washable-shantung one-piece dress, above, with cape shoulders, button trimming, all-around belt, plaits at the side, and stitched-on effect in the skirt; shoulders are joined, cape attached, plaits set in, buttons and buckle included; white, green, blue, or natural; 14 to 40; $5.95

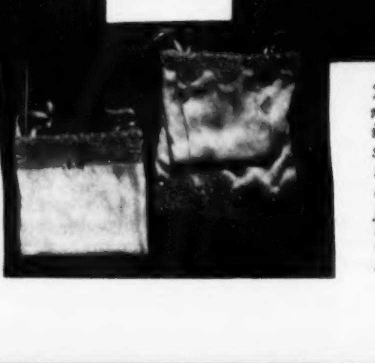
This one-piece, washable, printed-batiste frock is semi-made, white batiste vest with bows and hemstitched effect; blue, coral, orchid, or green on white; 14 to 44; only $2.95. The white cotton piqué dress with scalloped cape collar, also semi-made, with only seams to hem; white, pink, blue, green; 14 to 42; $3.50

Semi-made of the very best quality, soft, striped tub silk, this frock with white crêpe de Chine vest comes with all the difficult sewing completed—just sew up the seams and hem. It is one-piece with half-sleeves, plain in back, stripes running opposite at hips in front; box-plaits in front, everything included; rose-and-black, brown-and beige, rose-and-red, or green-and-maize; 14 to 40; $6.95. The semi-made sleeveless, polka-dotted, washable, handkerchief-lawn dress is one-piece; blue, green, orchid, or black dot on white; 14 to 44; $3.50

For Brides

Our new booklet for brides is out! Just send 25c to Bulletin Service, Good Housekeeping, 57th and 8th Ave., N.Y.C. It tells all about invitations and announcements, decorations for church and home, pictures of what the man shall wear, what the bride may wear, and etiquette





In silver finish, necklacé $2.75, and bracelet, $1.50. In white, flesh, or peach, the crêpe de Chine slip, with lace top, 34 to 40; $2.95. The satin princess slip, lace top and bottom, flesh, peach, white, or banana; 34 to 42; $3.95

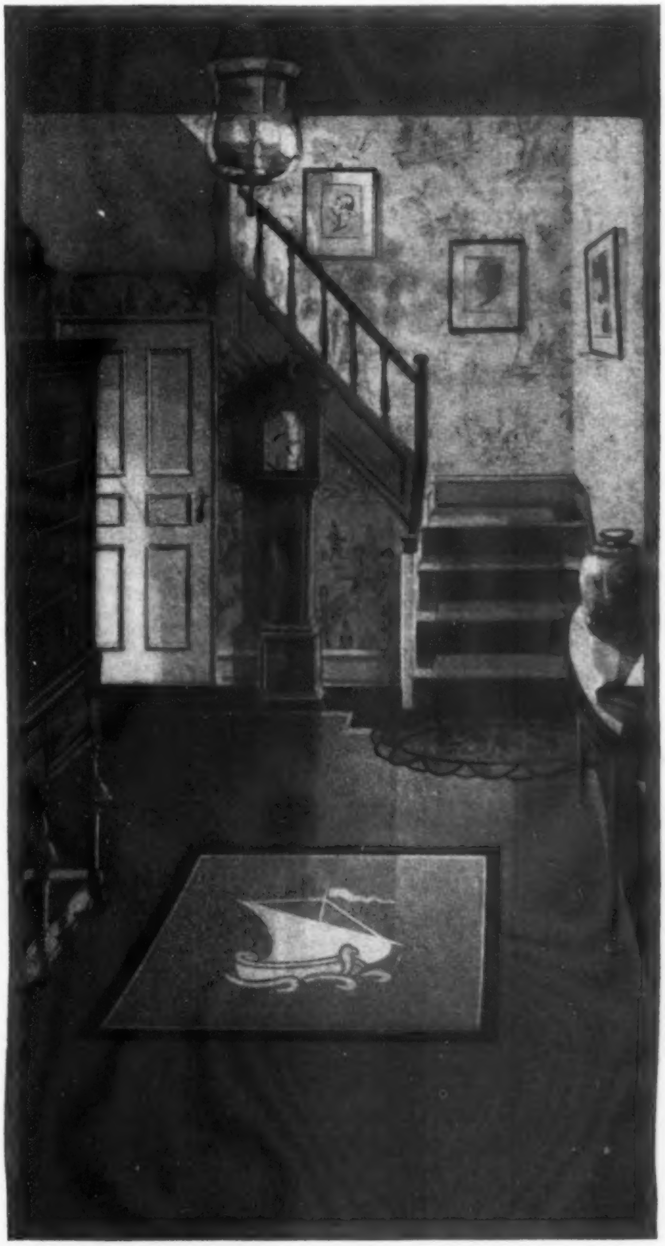
To clip on your hat, the rhinestone brooch comes in a box; $1.25. Round, sterling silver bracelets, set in sapphires, emeralds, or crystals, $2.95 for each bangle. The sterling-silver link bracelet with brilliant rhinestones, 7" long; $2.95

"Homes are judged by their entrance halls . . .

and floors make or mar those important first impressions"

says LURELLE V. A. GUILD
Author, Artist, Designer

"Any room," suggests Mr. Guild, "can be easily dressed up with a fashionable Armstrong Floor." Here you see how it is done in a Colonial entrance hall. Features of this floor are the ship Linoset and Linostrip border.



IT'S so easy to criticize a room . . . so hard to suggest how to improve it. Entrance halls in particular—they're usually small, odd-shaped, difficult to decorate. How can you make such a room a bright introduction to your home?

Mr. Guild comes to the rescue with a very practical suggestion. "Put the floor to work in your decorating plan." Then he shows us how to do it by designing this attractive entrance hall for a fine old home in Connecticut.

"The only unusual thing about this hall is the floor treatment," says Mr. Guild. "It gives breadth to a room that is otherwise very narrow. Its bright color contrast is a welcoming touch. And it's the kind of floor that doesn't get that down-at-the-heels look. Yes, it's Armstrong's Linoleum."

Perhaps that easy-cleaning virtue has already made you half decide to see about Armstrong's Linoleum for your home. Why not start with such a floor in your hall? It won't cost much. It will help those first impressions of the other rooms. And it *will* save needless floor-cleaning drudgery, for the Accolac-Processed surface is spot-proof. Dirt wipes right up. Wax it if you wish—or restore the surface occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

A whole bookful of model rooms awaits your request. *"New Ideas in Home Decoration"* it is aptly called. Hazel Dell Brown, its author, describes these rooms and offers to help you plan yours. Many of the latest Armstrong designs (now on sale at good department, furniture, and linoleum stores) are shown in color. Just send 10¢ for mailing. Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 929 Nevin Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

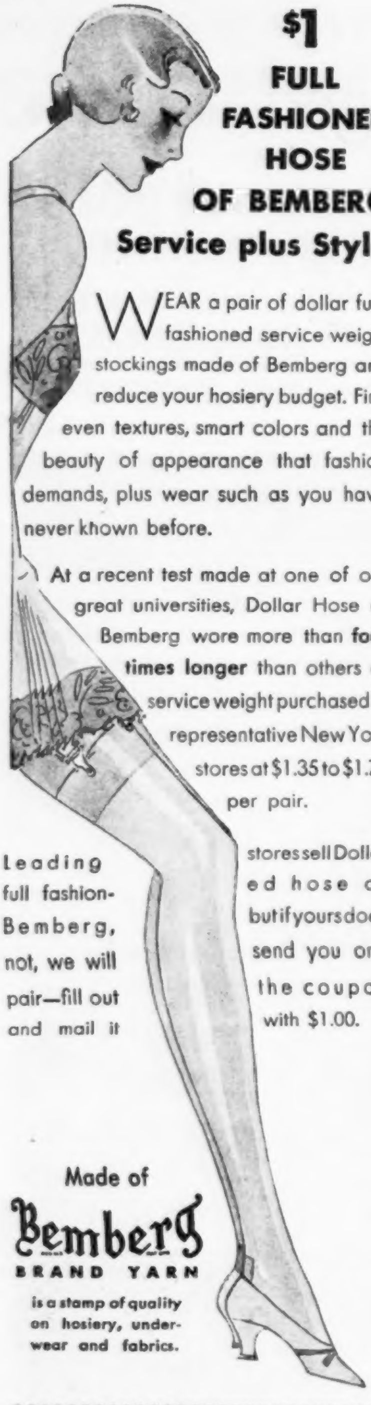
Armstrong's Ⓐ Product

Armstrong's Linoleum

FLOORS

for every room in the house

PLAIN . . INLAID . . EMBOSSED . . JASPE . . ARABESQ . . PRINTED . . *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS



$1

FULL FASHIONED HOSE OF BEMBERG

Service plus Style

WEAR a pair of dollar full-fashioned service weight stockings made of Bemberg and reduce your hosiery budget. Fine even textures, smart colors and the beauty of appearance that fashion demands, plus wear such as you have never known before.

At a recent test made at one of our great universities, Dollar Hose of Bemberg wore more than **four times longer** than others of service weight purchased in representative New York stores at $1.35 to $1.75 per pair.

Leading stores sell Dollar full fashioned hose of Bemberg, but if yours does not, we will send you one pair—fill out the coupon and mail it with $1.00.

Made of

Bemberg

BRAND YARN

is a stamp of quality on hosiery, underwear and fabrics.

AMERICAN BEMBERG CORPORATION
180 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

I am enclosing $1.00. Please send me one pair of Service weight hosiery of Bemberg. Size------- Check Shade Preferred:

☐ Light ☐ Dark ☐ Medium

I was unable to buy Hosiery of Bemberg at the following shop:

My Name------------------------------------

My Address---------------------------------

Your Doorway

(Continued from page 51)

only the spirit of the period in which it was built but the individuality of the owner as well. One of the early simple designs is the arched opening in the wall fitted with a solid paneled door with a glazed opening above. The introduction of sidelights or glass above the door was probably due to the fact that, owing to the difficulty of heating the house, it was planned with a small entrance hall, and these little windows were needed to give the steep stairs light. In the more modest house there was simply a row of small rectangular panes above, but in richer homes we see the idea developed into the ornamental fanlight and sidelights with the glass set in lead.

In some doorways we find the fluted pilasters or engaged columns supporting an entablature; in others, they support a pediment without an entablature; and in still others all three architectural features are present. When the columns and pointed pediment are used, they usually frame a paneled door with an arched fanlight above. The broken pediment came into use later than the arched or pointed one and has a decorative value of its own.

The decorating of houses by means of these ornamental doorways became a common practice, and the ornamentation spread from doors to windows and even to the cornices. In the more elaborate houses the design of the doorway is combined with a Palladian window above, giving a rich façade. In certain parts of Massachusetts doorways were recessed so as to give shelter, but this device was not widespread. Soon the practical and popular hood or porch, which not only gave shelter but added beauty to the house, was developed. These porches are of a wide variety in contour and construction, many of them are embellished by beautiful wood carving, and they are always characterized by dignity and by harmony of form and proportion.

Variety in the Panel Arrangement

So far we have talked of doorways alone, but the actual doors themselves are worthy of study. Until one begins to observe them, one does not realize the variety that can be introduced into simple paneled doors by the variation and placing of the stiles and rails. Stiles are the vertical pieces in a door, and rails are the horizontal ones. The simplest doors have four vertical panels, but we may find any number up to twelve, according to the number of stiles and rails used. Some panels are plain and others are cut with simple designs. Usually the stiles and panels are continuous above and below the lock rail, but sometimes they are intercepted by the rail, giving a three-paneled treatment above and a two-paneled treatment below.

The Dutch door, probably designed originally to keep the children in and the chickens out, still has decided value. It is cut through above the lock rail, so that the upper and lower parts can swing separately, or they can be fastened together by a simple catch inside.

Double doors are found on some of the old houses, but they are not used as much as the single door, and, unless the opening is exceptionally wide, they have a cramped appearance.

We have a far wider range in our doorways today than our grandparents had. I have described those developed in the early history of our country because, whether American, Dutch, or Georgian Colonial, they still serve as models for many modern houses of native design. But nowadays we not only may choose among Colonial styles, but we have adapted many European styles to American needs. Consequently we now see many doorways showing Spanish, French, or English influence. The main problem of the architect in designing a doorway is to keep it in complete accord with the house of which it is a part. The proportion of the doorway itself and its placing are also matters of great importance. No set rule can be given, since each house presents a different problem, but no matter what the style is, harmony of design, proper placing, and good proportion demand the architect's thoughtful study.

Although, as I have already pointed out, paneling plays an important part in the design of doors, the hardware in certain types becomes even more important. The iron hinges alone offer many opportunities for variation in their structural treatment—for example, H hinges, strap hinges, and the intricate scrollwork of the Spanish doorways. These, combined with the use of well-chosen latches and door-knockers, may be made the most important feature in the design of the door. Again, in many doors stud nails, applied so as to form patterns, have decided decorative value.

In considering exterior doors, one must not overlook screen doors. They are a necessary evil, but the unsightly front screen door may give way to the better-looking shutter door if wire netting is placed on the latter inside the slats. In this way air is admitted, and sun and flies are kept out at the same time.

Interior Doorways

In the fine old houses, the style of the exterior doors and doorways is carefully carried out in the interior. The interior doors are usually simple paneled ones with an appropriate molding or trim to frame the doorway, but in the more pretentious houses, especially in the South, columns, pediments, and other architectual members like those used in the exterior are often found.

Glass doors have a great value for both exterior and interior use. These are usually called French doors, but they have been adapted to any style of architecture. As exterior doors they are used chiefly on porches when one wishes to have as much light as possible in the room, and they are used for interior doors when one wishes to preserve a sense of space and yet restrict noise and drafts. Half-glass doors are used in the same way when a single instead of a double door is needed. These with their wooden muntins separating the panes can be made decorative.

Sliding or folding doors are not seen in private houses as much now as in the gay nineties, but they are invaluable in clubs and public buildings when it is necessary to combine or segregate rooms as circumstances demand.

Double swinging doors are used chiefly between pantry, kitchen and dining-room. For safety these should be fitted with a small glass pane at the eye level, and also should have concealed automatic hardware which enables the door to stay open when pushed far enough and yet keeps it shut when desired in ordinary use.

A secret door is sometimes used in a paneled hall or room when a door is necessary and yet not wanted in the design of the room. This can be cleverly worked out in the paneling so as not to show when shut.

One more country-cousin door which has been given a new use is a trap door which, when pulled down from the ceiling of the second-story hall, is found to be attached to a perfectly good flight of steps that can be used to carry trunks up to the attic.

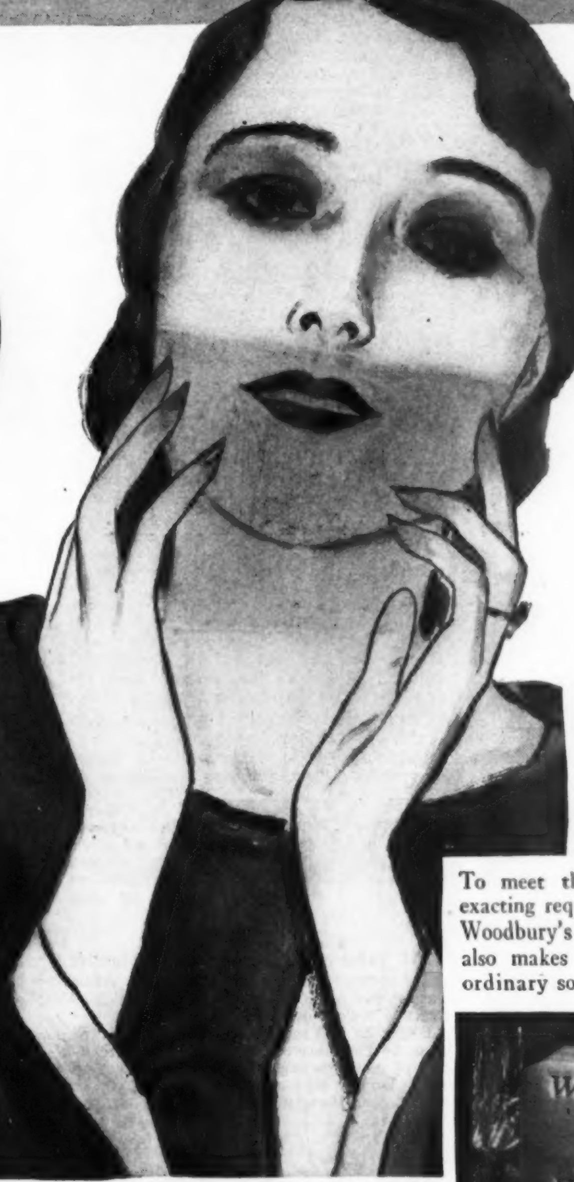
All in all, doors are one of the most important features of a house. They reflect the tastes and personality of the owner; they extend the first welcome to the visitor; they are the symbols of hospitality within.

A CORRECTION

In the article "Fireproof and Modern" by Margaret Berry Hand which appeared in the March issue, the statement was made that the fireproof construction permitted a saving in the insurance of $250 yearly. This was an obvious error. The saving is only about $12.50 yearly.

Today's Skin is just a VEIL . . ★

Years of scientific study are behind the Woodbury prescription for care of the skin



★ **DESQUAMATION**

medical term for the invisible peeling that goes on in every healthy skin, and brings out the new skin just underneath

DESQUAMATION. It's happening all the time to every healthy skin.

Invisible peeling.

A veil of dead skin so light and thin you cannot see it.

But it's enough to darken and thicken your skin.

To cover up the fine, transparent beauty that lies just underneath.

Are you discouraged about your skin?

Does it seem muddy? sallow? dull?

As if the rosy tint of pulsing blood never *could* glow through it again?

Then *you are not giving it the help it needs!*

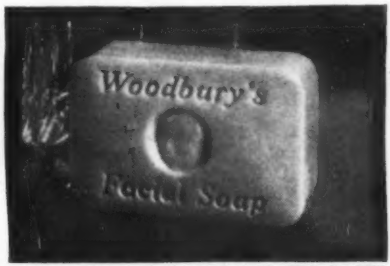
Here is the prescription worked out by the head of the Woodbury laboratories for just such skins as yours:—

FIRST BATHE THE FACE gently in *warm* water. Then rub up in your hands a generous lather of Woodbury's soap (which was made especially for this purpose). Rub this vigorously into your skin, rubbing from the chin up toward cheeks and temples. Now wash off with warm water. Your skin feels new, liberated. The Woodbury lather has freed it of the tiny, invisible dead cells that covered its surface, for Woodbury's acts on the face as ordinary soaps cannot. Now *tone* the new fresh skin. Bring it glowing health and vigor with a brisk splashing of *cold* water followed by another application of the healing Woodbury lather. Wash off with cold, clear water. Ah! how good it feels! Pat your face dry with the towel. Pass your hand over it. How cool and fresh. Smooth! And look! There's the glow of returning color!

Whatever creams and lotions and powders you may use, *never forget* this important aid to the natural desquamation every skin undergoes. See what a special soap and a special treatment made to aid the skin's natural processes will do for you.

Woodbury's is 25 cents a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

To meet the Woodbury laboratories' exacting requirements for a facial soap, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than ordinary soaps for general toilet use.



★

SEND FOR THE LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2909 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.

For the enclosed 10¢—send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial." In Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2909 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name________________________________

Street________________________________

City____________________State________

© 1930, The A. J. Co.

No Wrinkles on the Back Stroke—

the smooth round heel of the UNIVERSAL Wrinkle-Proof Iron enables the operator to iron backward and sideways as easily as forward—without wrinkling the fabric.

A finely tapered point with beveled edges easily noses its way under and around buttons, into tucks, over pleats, always leaving behind a beautifully uniform neatness of finish. The owner of a UNIVERSAL Wrinkle-Proof Iron not only does more skillful ironing but does it much quicker than usual, for *there are fewer wrinkles to iron out.*

To add to the many thousands of enthusiastic owners of these extraordinary irons, every UNIVERSAL Dealer is offering a

SPECIAL SALE
DURING MAY AND JUNE
on the
UNIVERSAL ★
Wrinkle-Proof Irons
(Illustrated above)

ONLY $3.95

These irons sell regularly for $5.00 and are available at their Special Sale Price for a short time only.

Besides being Wrinkle-Proof they are well-balanced, gentle to the wrist, and have a heat storage capacity more than ample for fast ironing of the heaviest, dampest pieces. Once you own a UNIVERSAL Wrinkle-Proof you will use no other iron.

Take this advertisement to your UNIVERSAL Dealer or mention it to him and he will gladly demonstrate a UNIVERSAL Wrinkle-Proof Iron and explain more in detail its many other features—go today, before it slips your mind!

Landers, Frary & Clark, New Britain, Conn.
Master Metalsmiths for over Three-quarters of a Century.

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME
UNIVERSAL
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

The American Marquis

(Continued from page 27)

Grandma, watching through the window.

"Ed Wyman's been bringing her home a lot lately," said Josephine. "I wish I had a friend like Ed with a father in the automobile business—especially when I've been on my feet all day and the old metatarsal arches are beginning to crack."

Alicia was opening the front door by that time—and if you had been there when she entered, you might have noticed that her first smiling glance was toward her father.

"I stopped at the library to get a book," she said to Grandma. "Miss Lounsberry asked to be remembered to you." And looking around the room, she added, "Where's Coral?"

"She's late," said Aunt Josephine. "The Seniors are rehearsing their play this afternoon, 'Mrs. Carruthers' 'Revenge.' They have the auditorium till six o'clock."

"What part is Coral taking in the play?" asked the Judge, looking up from his newspaper.

"The leading lady—Mrs. Mortimer Carruthers. I tell her it's because she's the tallest, but she knows better."

"Coral always knows better," said the Judge, grumbling a little and turning to the financial news.

He had hardly straightened the pages of his paper when a tall, slim girl turned in at the front gate. Eager for life, dark-eyed, romantic-looking, it was easy to see why she had been chosen to take the part of a leading lady, whether revengeful or otherwise. She paused in the hallway at the mirror in the rack; and making sure that her expressive features were tuned to an appropriate degree of sadness, she slowly drifted into the living-room, giving mournful utterance to the following lines:

"'Ah, to think that I, who was always so proud, should have come at lahst to this! That I, who was nurtured so delicately, should now be cahst aside! Deceiver, I should have known him as such from the first. But no. He danced divinely, had traveled abroad, spoke many languages . . .'"

Judge Marlebone looked over the top of his newspaper, trying to frown at such nonsense, but in his heart secretly pleased. When he had gone to school, they hadn't fooled their time away on plays. And yet—what had been his reward for industry?

"Darn it!" Coral suddenly interrupted herself. "I said 'danced' instead of 'dahnced.' I shall have to start all over again."

THE Judge pretended to groan, but turning the newspaper, he made sure that Alicia was in the room to hear it, too. Alicia—Beatrice (who had died)—and Coral: his A.B.C.'s, he had sometimes called them. Indeed, he had once announced a brave intention of going through the alphabet, but soon after Coral's birth-notice had appeared, he had written those other lines—those few sad lines—which had caused his heart to ache more than any other composition which he had ever penned.

"Died—Jane Carragan, beloved wife of Lucius C. Marlebone, at her late residence, 17 Oak Street, October 3, 1908 . . ."

And although he had added, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," he had not been able to finish the remaining words of faith and resignation.

"What are you going to wear, Coral?" asked Alicia.

"Pink at first—for innocence. But in the last act where I get my revenge, I ought to wear either black velvet with a lot of powder, or a passionate red silk with a lot of rouge."

"That's the new generation for you," thought the Judge. "Twenty-one years old and they talk like that already."

But it was, he knew, just talk. "Thank God, I have two good girls," he often told himself when, as Justice of the Peace, he was called upon to deal with those cases which he never reported to the newspapers. And starting now by comparing his daughters to some of the useless ones whom he had seen on the Hill that afternoon, he ended by growing warm at the treatment which he had received up there.

"Snobs!" he thought. "Johnny Jump-Ups!" Why, he could remember when Max Chandler went around buying old paper, and—

It was probably well that Milt Winsor, the letter-carrier, came along with the mail just then, blowing his whistle a strident blast as he turned in at the gate. This was the last delivery, and there was generally a fat sheaf of mail for the Judge.

"Is there anything for me?"

"Anything for me?"

There was one letter for Coral, and the moment she saw it, she indignantly exclaimed, "Oh! He!" and pretended she wouldn't read it. But there was a struggle when Alicia took it from her and said,

"All right; I'll read it for you."

Back in the kitchen Mizpah was singing "Roll, Jordan, Roll," and they knew from this that she was sharpening a knife. Meanwhile the Judge had spanned a pair of heavy, tortoise-shell spectacles over his nose. By his side was a waste-basket, and on the table a paper-knife. He picked up the knife and opened his first letter.

From old habit the room went quiet. Judge Marlebone was reading his evening mail . . .

CHAPTER II

THE Judge's first letter was a financial offering from the Eastern States Industrial Alcohol Company, giving the details of their new Convertible 6½% bonds.

"Mmm," he muttered, carefully reading the convertible clause.

The second letter he opened was a painter's bill from Horsefield & Son for work done on the office two years before. Their usual statements of account having been unsuccessful, the painters had resorted to humor. On the bill they had placed a rubber-stamp impression of an old sailor with a wooden leg scanning the horizon with a telescope. From the sailor's mouth ascended a vocal balloon containing the words,

"Shiver my timbers, but that check's a long time coming!"

The Judge frowned at such levity; and to rebuke it, he tore up the bill and dropped it in the waste-basket. Not that he needed it. There was more than one duplicate, sealed and unsealed, in the drawer of his desk at the office.

Next came a follow-up letter from a card-index company, and after that a weekly stock letter from a New York firm of bankers and brokers.

"Brisk buying of public utilities featured last week's market with occasional sharp rallies in the coppers and the rails . . ."

This he laid on one side. That Old Mission Copper Company—of which he had a hundred shares at the office—there might be a sharp rally in that some day. True, he had only paid a hundred dollars for his hundred shares; but that was a good many years ago, when money was money.

The evening paper came next in the sheaf, and he opened it to scan the headlines—the news of the evening sometimes being a case for the Justice of the Peace in the morning. Nothing here— Nothing there— But wait a moment; what was this?

"It has been stated a number of times lately in well-informed circles that William Horsefield, retired member of the well-

"Teacher of half the Doctors of Europe"

· · he recommends yeast for 3 great modern ills

GERMANY'S most beloved medical figure—Geheimrat Professor Dr. Friedrich Kraus of Berlin!

Half the great doctors of Europe, it is said, have studied under Dr. Kraus. For 20 years he headed Germany's most important clinic.

For three great health troubles—constipation and disorders of digestion and the skin—Dr. Kraus urges the remarkable cleansing *food*, fresh yeast.

"Until recently," he says, "few people realized how injurious constipation is. Drastic cathartics and habit-forming pills often were depended on. Little was done to correct its cause.

"Yeast stimulates the intestines. Regular evacuations occur. Normal digestion is restored. Skin disorders such as pimples and boils are combated."

★ Eat 3 cakes daily of Fleischmann's Yeast. Each cake is rich in *two* precious vitamins—B and D. At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Directions on label.

READ WHAT GREAT DOCTORS SAY · ·

DR. LORENZO CHERUBINI, Professor of Medical Pathology at the University of Rome, declares: "Yeast is invaluable in treating disturbances of the intestines, of digestion and of the skin."

DR. PAUL GERBER, noted Austrian internal specialist, says, "The creation of the 'sunshine' vitamin D by irradiating fresh yeast should be a boon to the millions who are indoors most of the day. Vitamin D builds hard bones and teeth and helps keep them strong."

"'Yeast will help you,' my doctor said"

(*Left*) "For some time I had suffered from intestinal trouble," *writes* MISS NORMA HENDERSON *from Toronto* (at right, in photograph). "I was very weak and had no appetite. Our doctor said yeast would do me a lot of good. And it *did!* My friends remark on how well I seem."

(*Right*) "Boils all over my back! I was miserable!" *writes* CLIFTON PRINCE, *Worcester, Mass.* "Seeing a cake of yeast under a microscope convinced me. It was full of living yeast plants! I started to eat it and the result was miraculous. Since then, all my family have eaten it. A doctor advised it for my grandchild. My son eats it as a laxative and tonic."

©1930, Standard Brands Incorporated

Drink it! Enjoy it!

COFFEE WON'T HARM YOU NOW!

AH! COFFEE — steaming, fragrant coffee! Perhaps you are one whom coffee keeps awake, yet you yield to its tempting fragrance. Perhaps it affects your nerves or your digestion, yet you love it just the same.

But never again need your love for coffee cause regret! For the way has been found to remove from coffee the one ingredient that ever caused regret — caffein. You can now have a genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed. It is called Sanka Coffee—and it is as fragrant and tempting as any blend you ever tasted.

And such delicious coffee!

Sanka Coffee is all coffee — nothing but coffee — a superior blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees grown. Nothing is added—only caffein is removed. It is rich in flavor, tempting in aroma—full of coffee's old-time goodness. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer.

Physicians endorse Sanka Coffee wholeheartedly. Your grocer sells it—always fresh, ground or in the bean—with the guarantee of complete satisfaction or your money back.

Get a pound of Sanka Coffee today!

© 1930, S. C. Corp.

MAKE THE NIGHT-TEST!

The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon and night—without regret

SANKA* COFFEE

Genuine SANKA COFFEE Delicious

WITH 97% OF THE CAFFEIN REMOVED

known firm of painters and decorators, is to receive the nomination for State Senator in the Twenty-ninth District . . ."

The paper dropped to his lap. So that was it. That was why Sheriff Yates had been so noncommittal, why Chandler had been so evasive. They both knew that Horsefield was to get the nomination—that a dignified counsellor-at-law, an old party worker, was to be turned down in favor of a retired painter with a low sense of humor and a ribald rubber stamp of a sailor looking for checks.

So deep was the Judge's reverie that he didn't notice that a letter had dropped out of the folds of the paper. Coral picked it up.

"Ooh!" she exclaimed. "From England. Look, Alicia! This stamp is just the shade of green that I'd like for my scarf to wear with the white dress in Act I."

Her father absently took the letter. From the Triplex Glass, Limited, he vaguely told himself, his financial inquiries at times being international in scope. He was about to place it unopened on the letters which he had read, when the printed name on the sealed flap caught his eye.

"Cheltenham & Chilthorn, Solicitors, Temple Bar Inn, London."

For the second time Judge Marlebone spanned his tortoise-shell glasses over his beaky nose, and again the paper-knife slashed its way through the flap of an envelope . . . It was a rather long letter, and although here and there he found a bit which puzzled him, most of it was clear enough:

"Owing to an unexpected series of deaths in the Marlebone family, we have the honour to advise you that on the 17th instant, you became sole legal heir of the estates and titles of the late Marquis of Marlebone . . .

"One of our firm will shortly have the additional honour of calling upon you with further and fuller details . . ."

The first time he read the letter, Judge Marlebone possibly didn't quite grasp its meaning. It was so unbelievably, so breathlessly filled with miraculous impossibilities. But after reading it a second time, he suddenly exclaimed in a loud voice,

"Good Lord!"

It was thus perhaps partly in prayer and partly in amazement that the prisoner from the Château d'If called out when he stumbled over the treasure in the cave.

It was thus perhaps that Columbus spoke when first he saw the incredible land of which he had dreamed so long.

CHAPTER III

AS SOON as he was sure that his voice was steady enough, Judge Marlebone read the letter aloud, Grandma listening in sharp-featured suspicion, and Josephine looking as though she dared not hope—it would mean too much if she should first believe and then be disappointed. But, oh, the round eyes and parted lips of Alicia, who suddenly saw the possibility of attaining all those pleasant things of life for which she had so often yearned—and of Coral who as suddenly saw herself surrounded by those tall, handsome young suitors of which Belleview was so woefully lacking.

"Now," exclaimed the Judge, his own eyes shining as he finished reading the signature, "what do you think of that?"

Josephine held out her hand for the letter and read it herself. This done, she passed her finger-tips over the engraved firm name and address at the top of the letterhead and held the paper to the light to observe the water-mark, obviously looking to see if she could find any trick in it.

"Did you notice this?" she asked, examining the envelope next. "Mis-sent to Belleview, Indiana. Funny it should go there first."

No one answered her. Grandma was now looking at the letter, Alicia and Coral reading it over her shoulders.

"But what does it *mean?*" demanded Grandma.

"What does it mean?" repeated the Judge, now in his grandest voice and manner. "Why not accept the reasonable explanation that it means what it says?"

But Grandma had seen too many of her son's ambitions come to nothing—his North Belleview Real Estate Development, for instance, which still remained Beebe's Farm; his attempted merger of the independent grocery stores and meat markets in Belleview County, which had never developed further than the first circular letter; to say nothing of the stocks which he was always buying—stocks which he talked about at first with such deep-toned enthusiasm but which presently passed more or less gradually into the category of those topics which are most agreeable when not discussed at all.

"I DON'T believe it!" she suddenly exclaimed.

"You don't?" demanded the Judge. "Why not?"

"Because! Well—it doesn't sound plausible!"

"Plausible?" he repeated. "Of course, it sounds plausible!" And as though reaching for an argument which would penetrate the limited intelligence of those around him, he added: "Cats have kittens: that's plausible. The only question is whether this particular cat has had this particular kitten."

They stared at him—groping, perhaps, for a meaning which they felt to be beyond their reach. In the next room Mizpah was putting the bread on the table, and she, too, stared over her shoulder at the Judge—her lips silently moving as though she were memorizing a phrase to be used in future narrative.

"You all know the family history," continued the Judge, possibly feeling the need of convincing himself as well as the others. "You all know how the Marlebones originally came over here and settled in Delaware—"

"Yes," said Josephine, almost tremulously seeking to believe, "but that was only Grandmother and Grandfather."

"All the more reason the letter's true," replied the Judge triumphantly. "All the easier to trace us. Why, you often see cases like this in the papers. A younger son of a good family comes to America, and after a few generations they begin looking for his descendants to fasten a title and a big estate on one of them."

And turning to his mother, he asked, by way of climax,

"Wasn't Dad the eldest son?"

"Y-e-s," said Grandma, though grudgingly.

"And wasn't I?" continued the Judge, his air of triumph growing.

"Eldest and only, for that matter," said Grandma shortly, her manner showing that she was still unconvinced.

"Well, then," cried the Judge. "What more do you want?"

"But how do you suppose they got your name and address?" asked Josephine.

Judge Marlebone was about to make rhetorical answer when he suddenly flushed with significant recollection. "Wait," he exclaimed. "You remember that genealogical expert who came to see us soon after the war? The one who said he was getting material for a book, 'First Families of Belleview'? And you remember how particular he was about dates of marriage, birth, and so forth?"

"Yes," said Josephine, doubtfully. "But his book never came out."

"Of course, it never came out," said the Judge, his air of triumph steadily growing. "His book was only an excuse."

"An excuse for what?" asked Grandma.

Judge Marlebone made an impatient gesture—a familiar gesture, too, to those there assembled—like an elderly if somewhat shabby Jupiter brushing off flies. Already his mind was busy with a news item for tomorrow morning's Bulletin:

"From private advices received yesterday from Temple Bar Inn, historic law-court of the city of London, it would not be at all surprising—"

It was Mizpah who broke the silence—Mizpah, still goggling and showing the whites of her eyes more than usual. "Well, Ah don' know 'bout these here plausible cats and plausible kittens, Miss' Marlebone," she said to Grandma, "but Ah do know dinner's on the table."

One by one they entered the dining-room, the Judge waiting at the doorway; and after the others had filed past him, he followed in gracious dignity—followed with the stately step of one who already saw himself as the Marquis of Marlebone making his way to the head of the ancestral table.

CHAPTER IV

IT WOULD take too long to record the conversation at the dinner table—a conversation in which Mizpah took part with such growing excitement that they could hear her talking to herself in the kitchen whenever her duties as waitress kept her out of the dining-room. Dinner was hardly over when the brakes of a car were heard in the street outside.

"I didn't know Ed was coming to-night," said Coral.

"He isn't," said Alicia. "That's not Ed's car."

"You're right; it's a taxi," said Coral, looking through the window. "I wonder who's calling."

Alicia joined Coral at the window, and they saw an elderly stranger, adorned with a silk hat and a pair of dark-gray spats, getting out of the car. The window being open, the girls could hear him speaking to the chauffeur.

"You are sure, driver, that this is Number Seventeen?"

"Yes, sir. This is where Judge Marlebone lives."

"Very well. Then suppose you return for me in, say, half an hour."

There was an unmistakably broad "a" to his "half."

"Did you hear that?" whispered Alicia, turning to her younger sister in a manner which can only be described as tensely excited. " 'Hahlf an hour.' I'll bet you that he's the lawyer who wrote that letter. Listen. Let's go in the library; we can hear everything from there."

"I'm going to change my dress first," said Coral, hurrying to the stairs. "We'll probably meet him before he goes."

A few moments later they were both changing upstairs—and two girls in one room can't do a thing like that in a hurry. Different dresses demand other stockings, and different stockings call for other shoes. Coral's gun-metals had a hole in one heel, and Alicia couldn't find her bar pin till Coral had a chance to take it off the dress which she had worn the day before. So with one thing and another, it was nearly ten minutes before the girls innocently entered the library next to the living-room—as though they hadn't the slightest idea of a visitor in the house. It didn't take them long, though, to catch the drift of what was going on in the next room.

"You say there's no doubt about it?" they heard Grandma asking.

"Fortunately for your son, madam," said the stranger's voice, "not the slightest doubt in the world. Statements such as I have just made are not lightly uttered. They are the result of unremitting investigation and proof. And rightly so. The Marquisate of Marlebone is one of the oldest in the kingdom; and Marlebone Towers—ah, you need only to see it to love it. But before I leave, sir—I—ah—I wonder if I should be considered presumptuous if I were to leave a check upon account, to help defray preliminary expenses."

"I should not call it presumption, sir; I should call it thoughtfulness," said the Judge in his dignified voice—a voice, however, in which there was just the least touch of an unaccustomed tremolo.

"You are very kind, sir. As a matter of fact, desirous of covering every possible contingency, I have the check ready. It is, as you see, the personal draft of our firm, Cheltenham & Chilthorn. Before you can draw upon the funds of the estate, certain formalities will require attention; but—er—in view of the circumstances and—may I add?—the understanding that you will wish to retain my firm to handle the estate in the future—as in the past—"

"That is entirely satisfactory to me, Mr. Chilthorn," said the Judge's deep voice.

"You are very kind, my lord."

At that, an almost audible gasp went through the library; and even in the living-room, where the engagement was taking place, a slight pause in the proceedings was noticeable.

"I am returning to England on Friday at midnight," continued Mr. Chilthorn. "I shall meet you, of course, when you reach Southampton. And meanwhile, as I understand there is a very good train leaving here at nine o'clock—"

"Wait a moment, Mr. Chilthorn," said the Judge—not without a tone of pride in his voice. "I want you to meet my daughters."

"I hope he won't get off that line about going through the alphabet," whispered Coral. "I always feel so sorry for little Zoë."

BUT the Judge said nothing about the alphabet, introducing his two girls with such a dignified air of satisfaction that Josephine couldn't help wishing that she had had time to change, too. Mr. Chilthorn put his hat down again.

"Oh, Mr. Chilthorn, please, one thing more," said Coral five minutes later, when he picked up his hat again. "If Dad turns out to be the Marquis of Marlebone, what would—what would Alicia and I be, for instance? Is there such a thing as a Marquisette?"

"The daughters of a Marquis," said Mr. Chilthorn, benignly smiling, "are officially entitled to the designation of 'Lady.' Miss Alicia would be Lady Alicia Marlebone—and you would be Lady Coral."

"And the sister of a Marquis?" asked Aunt Joe. "Is she called anything?"

"Ah, yes. 'The Honorable.' "

Lady Coral had all she could do to restrain herself, but as soon as Mr. Chilthorn left, she made up for lost time—draping Grandma's shawl around her waist so that it hung like a train, and walking backward and forward across the room like a young Duchess, the handles of a pair of scissors serving as lorgnettes.

"Well, what do you think now?" asked the Judge, triumphantly turning to his mother.

"To tell you the truth, Lucius, I'm not sure yet," said Grandma, though obviously shaken. "I can tell you better when I see

IT'S SMART TO HEAT WITH GAS

TO WIVES who must watch FINANCES

Perhaps you haven't a real budget system, but anyway you know where every penny goes. And you know that the bank account goes way down when you have to pay out—all at once—for a whole year's fuel supply. There is one real way to stop this—one way to have perfect warmth and yet pay for it each month *after* you have used it—one way to be able to treat your home heating bill the same way that you treat your telephone bill. And that way is to install an Ideal Gas Boiler.

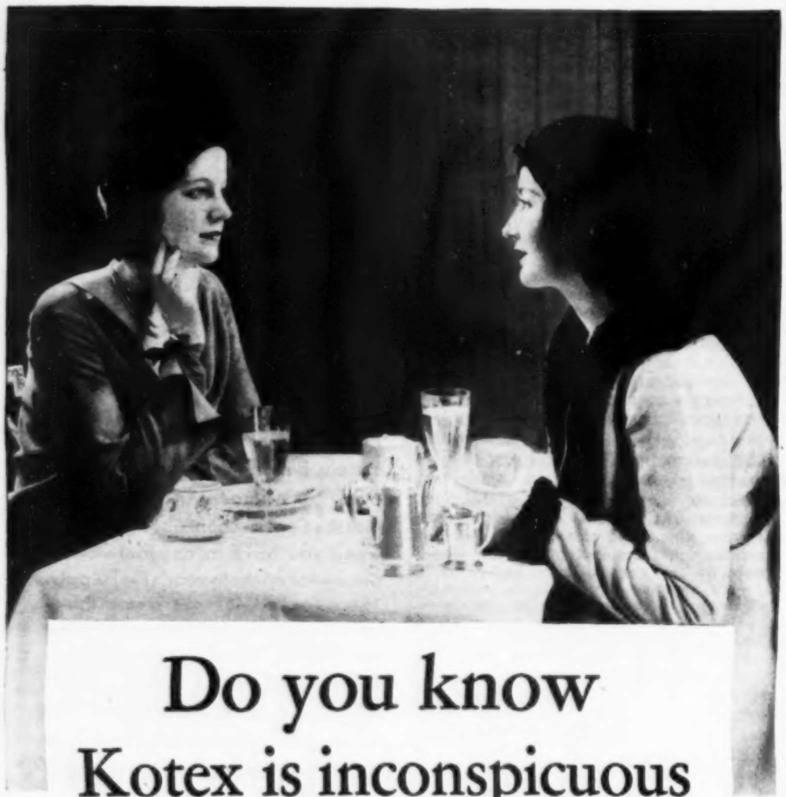
IDEAL GAS BOILERS

combine with other luxurious features, all the efficiency that the American Radiator Company builds into every boiler. They are absolutely automatic, controlled entirely mechanically—and the fuel comes from the same inconspicuous pipe as the fuel for your kitchen range, and is paid for on the same bill—*after* you have used it. It eliminates all responsibility on the part of the owner and furnishes healthful, clean warmth—automatically.

Write for complete information on the comfort, convenience and cleanliness of Ideal Gas Boilers.

GAS UTILIZATION DEPARTMENT
AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY
CORPORATION
40 West 40th Street, New York City

GAS HEATING IS NO LONGER A LUXURY



Do you know Kotex is inconspicuous under close-fitting gowns?

The lasting softness, the fact that it deodorizes, are other reasons you will like Kotex.

YOU can't imagine what a relief it is to know that your sanitary protection is inconspicuous, that it is fashioned to fit correctly, leaving no revealing outlines. This is just one of the many reasons why smart women prefer Kotex. Then, too, it deodorizes, and gives a feeling of perfect daintiness. It is soft—a lasting kind of softness that means comfort through hours of wear. It won't bulge or twist about because it's made scientifically to answer your needs in every respect.

Made of remarkable material

Kotex is so wonderfully comfortable because it is made of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding . . . the same material that is used today by 85% of America's leading hospitals. This is a cellulose substance that performs the same function as the softest cotton with five times the absorbency.

You'll appreciate this feature of Kotex: it doesn't *have* to be worn a certain way. Either side of the pad gives the same complete, comfortable protection. In fact, every detail has been worked out to assure you utmost security.

And, of course, the reason most women first used Kotex is this: it is disposable, instantly, readily. That, alone, has made a difference in the hygienic habits of women all over the world. There are other advantages which you will discover for yourself, once you use Kotex. Kotex Company, Chicago, Ill.

KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.

2 *The Kotex filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.

3 *In hospitals* . . . The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

4 *Disposable,* instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

Or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

this place he talks about—this—this Marlebone Towers."

"Then you're going with him?" asked Josephine quickly.

"I don't see why I shouldn't," said Grandma, bridling. "He'll certainly need somebody to look after him—and I've looked after him now for a good many years."

"Of course, if you don't want to go, I might be able to get away myself," said the Honorable Josephine with a large carelessness of manner.

"Josephine evidently wants to go," said the Judge dryly.

"She'd be foolish if she didn't," said Coral with spirit. "I know darned well that *I* want to go."

"Coral!" exclaimed Grandma, reprovingly.

"Well, who wouldn't?" demanded Coral. "Why should anybody want to stay in *this* town?"

"What do you mean?" asked Alicia.

"You know what I mean. You've been lucky that Ed Wyman was in your class at High School. But whom have *I* got? Who was in *my* class? Or on this street, for that matter? Or in this part of town?"

"You're only getting excited."

"Who wouldn't get excited? I'll tell you all right now. I don't know a single man in Belleview that I'd want to marry. At that, there may be some nice boys up on the Hill; but I never get a chance to meet them. In England, though, with Dad a Marquis, I'll bet you it would be different. I'll bet you there'd be all sorts of chances for meeting—well—interesting young people—if you know what I mean—"

APPARENTLY they all knew what she meant.

"How about that letter you had tonight?" asked Alicia.

"He!"

"The trouble with you: perhaps you've been too fussy—too pernickity—"

"No," said Aunt Josephine. "The child's right. I don't know what's the matter with Belleview, but ever since I can remember, it's been the same way. Lots of nice girls, but mighty few eligible men—and those few generally end by marrying a girl from Springfield, or going to live in Chicago. I know what Coral has in mind. Believe me, I went through it."

"It's too bad that Eddie Wyman hasn't a twin brother," said Grandma.

"Not for me," said Coral quickly. "I wouldn't want him."

"What's the matter with Ed?" demanded Alicia, unusual warmth suddenly appearing in her voice and eyes.

"Oh, nothing. You can have him if you want him. But me—I want to go to England with Dad."

"And don't you suppose that I want to go, too?"

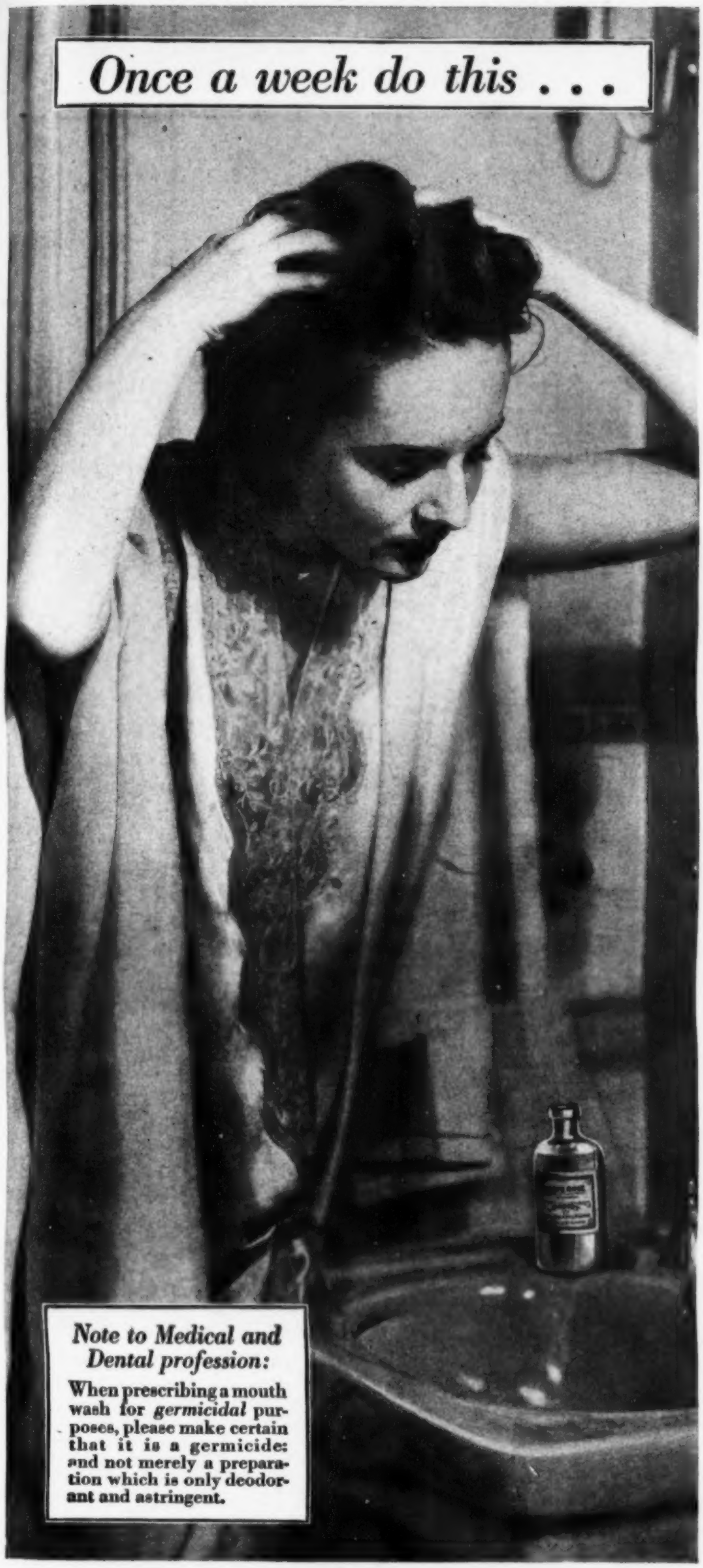
"What? And leave Ed?"

"Now! Now!" exclaimed the Judge reprovingly. "That's all very well about everybody wanting to go, but this check, as you see, isn't printed on rubber, and so it can't be stretched. As I understand the matter, certain preliminaries will have to be arranged before I come into legal possession. And until that time arrives, this check is all I have to tide me over."

Josephine held out her hand for an inspection of the check—and the two girls gathered around to read it over her shoulder . . . Five hundred pounds . . .

"Why, that's nearly twenty-five hundred dollars," said Josephine.

"I know it," said the Judge, "but I shall have a lot of accounts to settle before I go." And with the slightly sorrowful voice of one who has looked more than once upon the darkly expressive frown of Experience, he added, "Even twenty-five hundred dollars doesn't last forever."



Once a week do this . . .

Note to Medical and Dental profession:

When prescribing a mouth wash for *germicidal* purposes, please make certain that it is a germicide: and not merely a preparation which is only deodorant and astringent.

Cleans the scalp— checks dandruff

WHENEVER you wash your hair—and most people do it once a week—douse full strength Listerine on the scalp either before or after the rinse. Then massage the scalp and hair vigorously for several minutes.

You will be simply delighted by the wonderful feeling of cleanness and exhilaration that follows this refreshing treatment.

Moreover, it is unquestionably one of the best treatments for dandruff—for preventing it, and for overcoming it once it has started.

Many hundreds of women have told us that since making Listerine a part of the weekly shampoo, their scalp feels better, their hair looks more attractive, and they are never troubled with dandruff.

Of course, if dandruff does get a start, it will be necessary to repeat the Listerine treatment systematically for several days, using a little olive oil in conjunction with it if the scalp or hair is excessively dry.

Listerine removes and dissolves the dandruff particles and heals and soothes the scalp. Also, if infection is present—and most dermatologists define dandruff as a germ infection—Listerine immediately combats it.

As you know, Listerine kills germs in 15 seconds; even the stubborn Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) yield to it in counts ranging to 200,000,000—yet Listerine is safe to use. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE

kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds

An actor lifts the curtain on his own life

"MY PROFESSION, *that of acting, is a calling that quite readily tends to make one extremely nervous. Caffein beverages for years had been my 'consolation.' I paid dearly for this consolation with sleepless nights, indigestion, and jumpy nerves. Constant worry, ill temper, lack of power to concentrate, and a failing memory were part of the penalty. This failing memory was a very serious matter, since my work absolutely depends upon my memorizing the various roles I play.*

"A friend suggested Postum for a month. I tried it. Soon something happened . . . I slept all night! My nerves became more quiet, the cobwebs in my memory began to clear away, my grouch vanished. Today I am absolutely free from all my nervous troubles. Postum has changed me physically, mentally, and I might also say, spiritually."

Robert Warren Strauss
629 Boynton Terrace
Chattanooga, Tennessee

• • •

Behind the scenes in your own life, what is happening? Are you being robbed of your full share of health and happiness by sleepless nights—indigestion—jumpy nerves? So many men and women accept these troubles as necessary evils—simply because they don't know where to look for the *cause*. Yet so often, the cause lies close at hand—in *caffein* beverages.

Perhaps it has never occurred to you to blame drinks containing caffein for your own sleepless nights and jumpy nerves—but make the test this actor made! Send caffein beverages away from your table. Drink Postum instead, for thirty days! See what this simple diet change can do for you!

Postum contains no caffein. There's nothing in it to cause sleeplessness, nervousness, or indigestion. Postum is made from whole wheat and bran, skilfully roasted and blended. Absolutely safe—and delicious! Add cream to a cup of hot Postum and you have a drink that is golden-brown, mellow, fine-flavored. Two million families who are now drinking Postum will tell you you've found a friend!

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

Postum is one of the Post Food Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

G. H.-5-30

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

★ INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *check which*
(prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐ *you prefer*
(prepared by boiling)

Name ____________________

Street ____________________

City ____________ State ________

Fill in completely—Print name and address.

If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Limited, Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.

But Josephine had been thinking of the effect which it would have upon certain people in Belleview when they read that she was to spend the summer at Marlebone Towers—the guest of her brother, the Marquis.

"Don't worry about *my* expenses, Lucius," she said. "I can pay *my* way."

"And so can I," said Alicia.

"I can't," said poor Coral, and all the joy suddenly went out of her life.

"Of course, I might take Coral," said the Judge reflectively, "and if I find I have money enough, I might take Mother, as well. But as for the rest of you—if you want to go—"

"You bet we want to go," said Josephine promptly.

A knock was heard on the living-room door, and Mizpah's muffled voice was heard from the hall. "Oh, Miss' Marleboro, can I see you a minute, please, in the kitchen?"

Grandma arose and went to her, while the rest exchanged significant glances.

"She was listening in the hall," whispered Coral. "I thought I heard somebody, but I was too excited to look."

It wasn't long before Grandma returned. "Lucius," she said, as soon as she had closed the door behind her, "I think you'd better go in the kitchen and speak to Mizpah."

"What's the matter with Mizpah?" asked the Judge.

"She's been listening," said Grandma in a cautious voice, "and—well—as far as I can make out, Mizpah wants to go, too . . ."

CHAPTER V

THE Judge found Mizpah in the kitchen, disconsolately starting work on the dinner dishes—mute testimony that her mind, if not her body, had been elsewhere for the last half-hour. She had just turned off the hot-water faucet, and she stood there brooding over the dishpan, like a dark-mantled soothsayer trying to read the future from the marks which Chance had left upon the plates.

"Yessah. I told Miss' Marlebone I wanted to see you a few minutes. It's about this cat and kitten business, Judge. Seems like, so far as I can make out, you-all are going to travel abroad and be lords and ladies like you read about in the story books. Your Maw's going, and Miss Josephine's going, and the two girls is going, and what I want to see you about is this, Judge. I want to go, too."

"But, Mizpah," said the Judge in his most dignified manner, "that is quite impossible."

"I want to go, too," she repeated in a curiously flattened sing-song voice. "Yes, sir, Judge; I've always wanted to travel. When Miss' Craven goes to Florida in the winter, she takes her Julia with her. And when Miss' Wood goes to Maine in the summer, she takes her colored maid—a girl who ain't been with her half as long as I've been with you-all. So if everybody else in this house is going to travel abroad—me, I wants to go, too."

"But, Mizpah—" began the Judge again.

"Miss' Craven's Julia sometimes makes her brags to me about her traveling," continued Mizpah, "and I says to her: 'You wait. Some day when Judge Marlebone makes a bar'l of money and starts traveling, he ain't gwine to leave me behind to feed no cat.'"

"Ordinarily, no; of course, not," said the Judge. "But to take you on a long, dangerous journey from which you might never return—to take you to a foreign country where everything would be different—even the climate—"

"Well, then, Judge," she said, her voice still keyed to the same sing-song pitch, "It guess you'd better pay me up before you-all leave on this long and dangerous journey from which you might never come back. Don't that seem fair to you?"

Even before Mizpah had finished her question, the Judge knew there was only one answer. In his last will and testament, he had carefully fashioned a paragraph beginning,

"To my faithful servant, Mizpah Brown, in consideration of a life of devoted, unremitting service, I give, devise and bequeath my oil painting 'Sheep in a Snow Storm,' which she has always greatly admired."

Too obviously, though, at a time like this, Mizpah couldn't be paid with "Sheep in a Snow Storm."

He made a quick calculation. For the last ten years—ever since the cataclysmic ending of the North Belleview Realty Development—Mizpah had been paid with picturesque irregularity—a few dollars now, a few dollars then—probably not more than fifty dollars a year altogether, an elastic arrangement which he had squared with his conscience by telling himself that, come what might, Mizpah would always have a home with them. Her theoretical wage was thirty dollars a month, so that he probably owed her three hundred dollars a year for the past ten years—a total of more than three thousand dollars.

"More than the check," he thought, blinking at the total. "And she's certainly entitled to it, if we move away without taking her with us."

So aloud he added, slowly, uncertainly, "Well, I'll think it over, Mizpah."

Mizpah evidently knew what *that* meant. "Don't you worry, Judge," she exultingly exclaimed. "I know how to travel from listening so much to Miss' Craven's Julia. You tell Miss' Marlebone I'll go as her maid —'Miss' Marlebone and maid.' No, sir; I won't disgrace you-all."

As the Judge slowly returned to the living-room, Mizpah seized the soap-shaker and began playing a brisk tattoo against the side of the dishpan—an aboriginal joy-maker, you might have thought, pounding a song of victory out of a primitive drum.

CHAPTER VI

THE steamship reservations were made on the thirteenth of the month—a date which they were later to remember. And as they had never been to New York, it was decided that they should leave Belleview on the nineteenth, so they could spend a few days in the city before sailing. It would take too long to tell the complete story of their plans and preparations—but some of these should be briefly related.

"What are you reading, Aunt Joe?" asked Alicia one evening—Alicia, you may remember, who had charge of the book department in Reid & Allen's.

The Honorable Josephine didn't answer at first, but continued reading with a studious expression.

"Oh, Aunt Joe!" said Coral accusingly. "One of those naughty French books!"

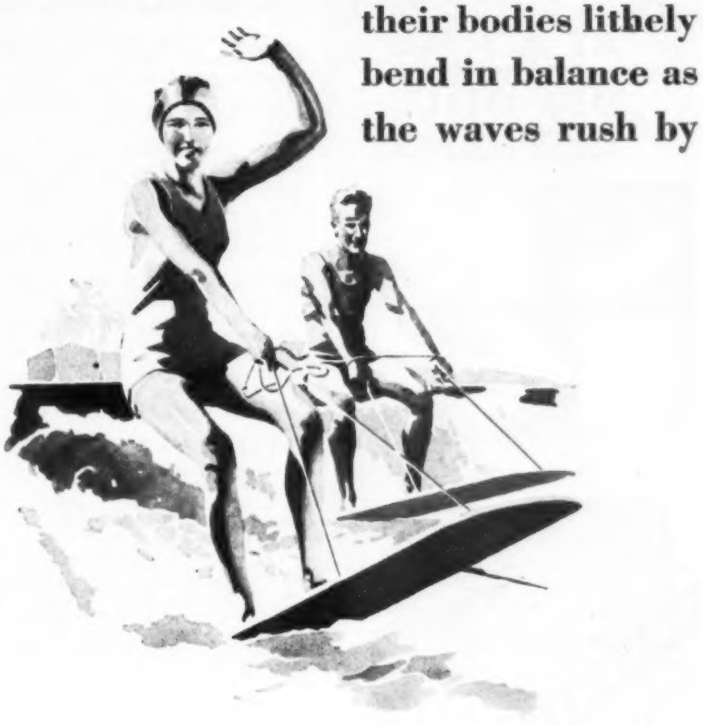
"'Tisn't either!" said Josephine. "If you *must* know, it's a book of etiquette. I only had time to look at it a few minutes this noon, but I've discovered already that in the best society, women do *not* remove their gloves when taking tea. If any of the refreshments offered would injure the gloves, those refreshments should be avoided. So you see how *strict* the rule is. Yet when any of the women of the West Side Bridge Club give a tea, they *all* take their gloves off, and it's perfectly *terrible* to see them pawing over the sandwiches with their *bare hands!*"

"Tt-tt-tt!" said Coral.

"That's all right," said Aunt Josephine. "You can be funny if you want to, but let me tell you that when we get over there, there's going to be at least *one* member of

SUN-TANNED,

their bodies lithely bend in balance as the waves rush by



LEAN AND HEALTHY under a Pacific sun they ride the curling waves . . . tense, vigorous, clear-eyed, they laugh in sport as the long breakers rumble on the beach at Waikiki . . . and as they lounge along the sand or sit in the cool cafes of the hotels, they find new vigor and refreshment as they drink "Canada Dry."

Here is an exhilarating beverage which suits the healthy, vigorous activity of outdoor men and women.

"Canada Dry" not only has a marvelous flavor but also a wonderful refreshing quality which is appealing to more and more people every day. The result of clean sport well played is healthfulness; and the vigor of "Canada Dry" suggests to sportsmen the vigor of the game well played.

Convince yourself! At the Houses of Parliament in Ottawa it is served. In great hotels in New York you'll find it. Travel to Paris, London, South America; notice what beverage appears in the saloons of famous transatlantic liners. These are the places where "Canada Dry" has won the approving nod of connoisseurs.

Serve "Canada Dry." It will grace your table as it does those of many, many people. Order it today.

CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER ALE

"CANADA DRY"★

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

© 1930

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

OPEN LIKE A BOOK

PICK ONE SHEET AT A TIME

USE ONLY ONE HAND

REGAL
PIC-WAX
HEAVY WAXED PAPER
40 SHEETS—WHITE—EXTRA STRONG
SIZE 12 X 13½

That's the whole story of Pic-Wax convenience. A strong, compact, flat package designed to save you time and trouble. Extra strong, white paper—heavily waxed. Every sheet held fresh and smooth.

The easiest, most convenient package on the market. Safe, sanitary, economical. Ideal to meet the growing uses of waxed paper. For wrapping foods—so necessary with advanced refrigeration. For candy, lunches, picnics, parties; for lining baking tins, waxing irons, wrapping flowers.

However you use waxed paper, you'll find Pic-Wax most convenient. Ask for it at your dealers. If he cannot supply you, send 10 cents for a full sized trial package. Use handy coupon.

A Pic-Wax roll, too

PIC-WAX
HEAVY WAXED PAPER
HEAVY WAXED PAPER

Same high quality paper in new roll box. Specially prepared edge for tearing desired lengths. A safe, economical package.

Regal Paper Co., Inc., 2 Port St., Pulaski, N.Y.
Enclosed 10c. Send prepaid package
☐ Pic-Wax Sheets. ☐ Pic-Wax Roll.
(Check package wanted—send 20c for 1 of each.)
Name ....
Street ....
City .... State..................
....
This store is where I usually buy waxed paper.

th's family who knows what's what!"

The Judge's immediate plans can soon be told.

"What are you going to do about your office, Lucius?" asked Grandma that same evening—Josephine intent upon a chapter, "Duties of Butlers and Footmen," and the girls cutting out a dress on the dining-room table.

"My lease doesn't expire till next May," said the Judge, "so I'm sub-letting it, furnished, to the Belleview Coal Company. I've set a price upon the furniture; and they can buy it or not, as they choose."

Which brings us down to Ed Wyman.

ED DIDN'T like it much at first, and he and Alicia had more than one long serious talk in the front seat of his wire-wheeled phaeton, but it wasn't long before Ed was as brisk and cheerful as ever. If anything, then, Alicia was the more tight-lipped of the two . . . could hardly at times hold back the tears which wanted to fill her eyes.

"Ed's taking it well," said Coral one evening, as their volunteer chauffeur rolled whistling away.

"Ed's an old peach!" said Alicia warmly. "He's only whistling like that so I won't think he's feeling badly."

"Ah, he'll get over it," said Coral, giving them a few lines from the Revenge. " 'They vow to heaven—swear—protest. And then—a pretty face—a comely form—a smile—a downcast glahnce. And all their vows to heaven are so much drifting smoke in a gale of wind.' "

That was the day when Mrs. J. Montague Chandler called—Mrs. Chandler, without a doubt the social leader on the Hill. Grandma and Mizpah were upstairs cleaning—preparatory to closing the house—but fortunately Josephine was trying on a new brown serge with a cream silk waist and lining. Alicia was measuring around the hem with a yardstick when a car stopped in front of the house.

"Who's that?" said Alicia to Coral who was sewing near the windows. "More reporters?" And to her Aunt Josephine: "As long as you keep your tummy in, Aunt Joe, it hangs perfectly straight. It's only when you let it out that the front of the skirt rides up."

"Ooh! children!" suddenly whispered Coral, slipping off her chair. "Incident in society for the *Belleview Bulletin:* Mrs. J. Montague Chandler's calling! She just got out of her noble car, and she's coming up the path."

Whereupon ensued one of those silent scurries which are better witnessed than described.

Grandma was warned. "Mrs. Chandler's calling!"

"Well, I can't see her! Look at me!"

"I know you can't. But Mizpah must go to the door. Mizpah. Quick. Take that towel off your head. And put a clean apron on."

"And tell her that Miss Marlebone will be down in a few moments."

Everything in a tense whisper. "Quick, Mizpah! There's the bell!"

"Yes'm, Miss Josephine, I hear it."

"Take a quick look now, Alicia. You're sure there are no more basting threads at the back of the skirt?"

"No, the back's all right."

"But keep your tummy in. Whatever you do, remember your etiquette and keep your tummy in, Aunt Joe." (This, of course, Lady Coral again.)

And yet, when Josephine entered the living-room a minute later, she was as cool and composed as could be. "Should I speak to her first, or should she speak to me?" she had been asking herself down the stairs. And deciding in the hall that the sister of a Marquis undoubtedly has social precedence over the wife of a manufacturer of bed-quilts, she graciously raised her eyebrows when she entered the living-room, and waited for her visitor to speak.

"Miss Marlebone?"

"Er—yes."

"I don't know whether you know me, but I am Mrs. Chandler—Mrs. J. Montague Chandler."

"Er—yes; I think I have heard of you. You live somewhere in the newer section of the town, I believe."

"On the Hill, yes. Ordinarily, you know, I don't read the papers; but yesterday I happened to glance at one, and I saw this extraordinary story of your brother—it is your brother, isn't it?—becoming the Marquis of Marlebone. What a wonderful surprise it must have been to you all!"

"Well—hardly a surprise," said Josephine. "The Marlebones, you see, are one of those families where a thing like this might come about at any time. But of course, as Voltaire says—it was Voltaire, wasn't it?—*'Ce n'est pas donné à tout le monde!'*"

"Yes," said Mrs. Chandler. "Quite!"

"What a pleasure to find some one in Belleview who can converse in French!" said Aunt Joe. And in the smoothest ripple she continued, *"Vous n'avez pas eu de peine à trouver la maison?"*

"I only speak a few words," said Mrs. Chandler, somewhat hurriedly waving her gloved hand. "Enough to get around in Paris, you know."

Aunt Joe looked at her as though to say, "How extraordinary!"

"You are leaving for England soon, I understand?" continued Mrs. Chandler.

"Yes; on the twenty-third—on the *Berenatic.* We reach England two weeks from Thursday."

"I wish you could come and have tea with me before you sail."

"If I find I have time—" And not liking the sound of that, social precedence or no social precedence, Aunt Joe stepped down from her pedestal for a moment and added, more like a human being, "It's awfully sweet of you."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Chandler, quickly following her advantage. "And if you haven't time now, Mr. Chandler and I expect to be sailing for England before the end of the month, and we may be able to get in touch with each other while we are over there."

"That would be lovely," said Aunt Josephine. "If you have a pencil, I will give you the address: 'Marlebone Towers, Marlebone-super-Mare, Sussex, England.' "

"Awfully nice of you," said the visitor, rising. "I know, of course, how terribly busy you must be, and so—"

Aunt Josephine let her out—another point of etiquette: should she have called Mizpah to open the door?—and turned to see Coral dancing on the stair landing and a row of heads watching over the banister rail. They waited till Mrs. Chandler's car had rolled away, and then they hurried down to hear the news.

"Isn't that the richest thing, that they are coming to see us so soon?" gloated Aunt Joe when the story was told at last. "Won't they be able to write back and tell the villagers about it?"

Later Aunt Joe was to remember saying this; and when she did, as you will see, she didn't gloat so loudly.

CHAPTER VII

TWO weeks later, the *Berenatic* was approaching her Southampton dock, moving as smoothly and inevitably through the waters of the Solent as though she had been built in some mythological shipyard at the foot of Olympus, designed by the gods and commanded by the fates to carry such passengers as the American Marquis of Marlebone and his two titled daughters—to say nothing of Grandma, Aunt Josephine, and Mizpah—out of the Sargasso Sea of Belleview which they had left behind them, and into a harbor of breathless destiny.

For the last half-hour, the Judge—soon to be called "Judge" no longer—had been leaning over the rail watching the picturesque panorama of the Isle of Wight unfolding and folding before him—as though it were one of those ancient manuscripts fastened on double rollers, slowly unwinding and winding again like some prophetic screed.

"An old country," thought the Judge, "and if old countries are like old people, I wouldn't be surprised if it's pretty well set in its ways."

For the first time the frost of misgiving settled upon his hopes. It wouldn't be so pleasant if he found the social atmosphere around Marlebone Towers unfriendly, uncongenial—like this cold morning with its wind from the east—a wind which was threatening every minute to bring a colder rain.

Unconsciously the Judge's ideas of the British aristocracy had been gained from the moving picture shows to which he had taken his daughters, one after the other, as soon as they had been old enough to recognize Mr. Chaplin's picture in the amusement ads of the *Bulletin*. And now, leaning on the rail of the *Berenatic*, he conjured up a procession of irascible old gentlemen with monocles and drooping mustaches—of haughty old dowagers with jeweled coronets—of cool, languid beauties with insolent eyebrows . . .

"I'm glad Mr. Chilthorn's going to meet us," said Grandma, who was standing by the rail at his side.

"I wonder if she's beginning to feel it, too," thought the Judge.

Suddenly familiar voices were heard, and the Judge turned to see his daughters approaching.

As you can imagine, they had neither hurried nor improvised their dressing that morning, for this was the day of days—the day when they were to make their first appearance at Marlebone Towers, under whatever critical glances might be there to greet them. So for the credit of the family—not to mention the honor of the United States in general and Belleview in particular—Alicia was wearing a white dress, a white hat, brown and white shoes, a brown jersey coat, and a lively scarf of orange and white silk; while Coral, whose wavy black hair testified to a sisterly shampoo the previous evening, was sporting a checked silk frock of black and white, over which she was wearing Alicia's light tweed coat which had been pressed for the occasion.

MR. CHILTHORN was waiting at the foot of the steel stairs, and by his side was a tall young man with a Malacca walking stick casually hooked over his arm. There was, however, nothing casual about his clothes. His shirt and tie were just the proper contrasting shades of blue. His suit—a black Oxford with an invisible stripe—was at once a triumph of weaving and a tailor's benefaction.

"Your cousin, Mr. Archibald Marlebone," said Mr. Chilthorn, introducing him to the Judge.

"Welcome to England, sir," said Archey, his head on one side, his keen chin seeming to curl a little as he smiled. But even at that moment, intent as he was in shaking hands with the American Marquis, he was far from being oblivious to the presence of the Marquis's two daughters; and when at last he learned their names, he exclaimed to them:

"Splendid! Unbelievably splendid! You heard what Mr. Chilthorn said—that I'm your father's cousin. In other words, I'm Uncle Archey; and you're my little nieces from America."

Almost instinctively his little nieces gathered around him—especially Coral, who might have recognized in her newly found uncle a kindred spirit—and they were chatting away as though they had known each other for years when Mr. Chilthorn led them all to the baggage shed, to the letter M, where they found a squad of reporters and photographers waiting for them.

"I need not remind you gentlemen of your promise," said Mr. Chilthorn, breaking off an earnest, low-voiced conversation with the Judge. "There is to be no levity in your accounts of this interview—no attempts at facetiousness. I have the honor to present the Marquis of Marlebone."

THERE was certainly nothing of facetiousness in the Judge's appearance. Dignity, yes—even majesty, if you like—but nothing even remotely provocative of levity. He was dressed in a black cutaway coat and waistcoat, striped trousers, black derby; and thanks to Ball & Tuttle of New York, Outfitters to Gentlemen for Over a Century, the most risible critic could have found nothing humorous in his white plaited shirt, his winged collar, his gray and black four-in-hand. Moreover, the wind and sun of the last six days had given a ruddy color to his cheeks—a color which contrasted well with his picturesque gray hair—making him look younger and more sanguine than he had looked for years.

Yes, he was glad to be in England—to visit the home of his fathers. He had not yet decided the question of citizenship, nor was he acquainted with the politics of the House of Lords. He had no objection in itself to an hereditary title, "provided the same had been honorably attained in the first place."

"Have you any objection to knee-breeches—" began a wistful little man.

"That will do, gentlemen; that will *do!*" said Mr. Chilthorn, raising his hand.

The other M's, of course, had been watching this—and most of the L's and N's. Some of these had been met by their relatives and friends, and *they* were watching, too.

"Who are they?" Coral heard an English girl asking. "Cinema celebrities from Hollywood?"

The answer was less distinct, but the word "Marlebone" appeared in it.

"Oh!" said the English girl, and Coral carelessly turned to catch her appraising glance—appraising, Coral thought, and not particularly friendly.

Aunt Josephine and Grandma had their pictures taken next—Aunt Josephine getting it done as quickly as possible because she wanted the reporters out of the way before the customs inspectors opened Grandma's trunk. And then Mizpah came in for *her* share of photographic attention.

"An old slave of the family?" asked the wistful little man.

Fortunately for Josephine's peace of mind, none of their trunks was opened. An obliging customs inspector asked the Judge a few questions, each question ending with "m' lord?"—and a moment later a porter was piling their baggage on his hand-truck.

"I have a compartment reserved on the train," said Mr. Chilthorn, as the porter started off with his truck. "Whenever you are ready—"

"Quite ready," said the Marquis.

If you had been there to watch them, they might have reminded you of a small army of invasion.

First, like another Duke of Wellington, marched the new Marquis of Marlebone—

ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
BAKING SODA

USE BAKING SODA

BAKING Soda is an ideal tooth cleanser and mouth wash—recommended by dentists for effectiveness and economy. Its natural "bite" removes stains and film. And its mild alkalinity neutralizes mouth acids that cause teeth to decay. Use it as you would any tooth powder.

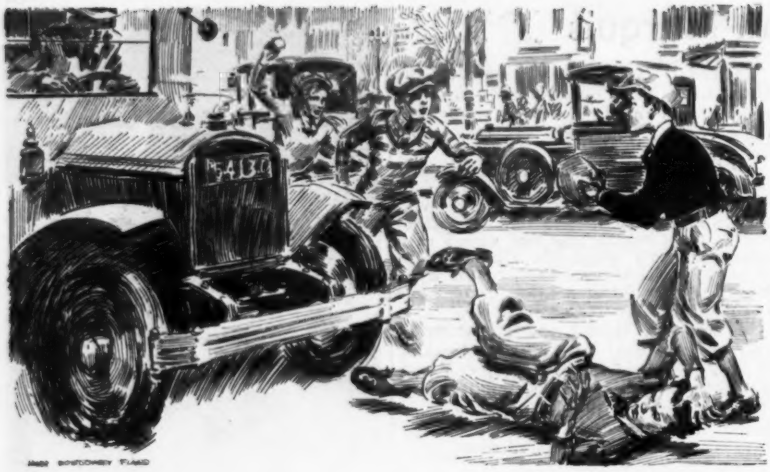
You can buy Baking Soda for a few cents a package at any grocery. Ask for Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. Both are pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLETS

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.
80 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please send me free one set of colored bird cards and booklets.

[Please print name and address]
C-24
Name..................................
Address..................................
City.................... State..............



© 1930 Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

Help the Healthy

More children between five and fifteen are killed by accidents than by diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid, appendicitis and measles — combined

MANY of the boys and girls who are killed by accidents are daring, adventurous, fun-loving, bubbling over with high spirits, ready to take chances, heedless of danger.

If children are not provided with proper playgrounds they will play in the streets — where most accidents happen. If they haven't been taught watchfulness on streets and highways, they are in danger every time they leave the house.

Twenty thousand children under 15 were killed last year by accidents — nearly 30 per cent of them by automobiles; the rest by drownings, burns, the careless use of firearms, falls and other causes.

You guard a delicate child instinctively. Guard the healthy one thoughtfully. Teach him that only he can protect himself against dangers greater than disease.

People who have not learned reasonable caution in childhood are likely to continue to be heedless in later years. Eighty thousand people, 15 years of age or over, were killed by accidents last year. Falls on stairs or from rickety stepladders, chairs, boxes and window sills cause thousands of deaths at home.

Accidents are the sixth greatest cause of death for people of all ages; the first cause of death among children from 5 to 15.

Send for Metropolitan's booklet on accident prevention. Ask for Booklet 530-G. Mailed free upon request.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

The American Marquis

Mr. Chilthorn at his side as Chief of Staff.

In the next rank marched Grandma, grim-visaged and keen of eye, keeping the baggage in sight as though she were chief of the transport division—Mizpah marching by her side under a martial-looking hat and cape.

Then came Aunt Josephine—a stout but capable sergeant major.

And finally advanced the two girls—with Archey between them as their first prisoner—advancing in their silks and scarves like an army with banners—and looking as though they could be depended upon to give a good account of themselves in the inevitable engagements ahead.

(*To be continued*)

AND so the fun begins. Can't you just imagine it?—Two American girls ripe for romance and lovely enough to attract it; Aunt Josephine, the eternal coquette; the Judge—pardon!—m'lord, the Marquis, eager to forget a lifetime of things gone wrong; Grandma--and Mizpah. It was a jolly company that descended on Marlebone Towers that day. And no jolly company ever had a better historian than George Weston. Don't miss the next instalment!

A Spring Breakfast Party

(*Continued from page 93*)

as often happens, early in the afternoon, why not make breakfast the gala meal of the day, instead of having to serve a hurried dinner? If one of your friends has a house guest whom you wish to honor, what more gracious way of doing it than inviting them to an eleven o'clock breakfast?

Many are finding that a breakfast bridge is a popular function. The late morning seems to be a better time to play than the afternoon, when younger children, home from school and kindergarten, need our attention. The players gather shortly after ten to play for an hour or more before a breakfast or breakfast-luncheon is served. When entertaining for a bride or her party, breakfast will often be the only time when she is available. There are innumerable other occasions when a coffee party will exactly fill the requirements.

And now at last we come to the absorbing question of what to serve at a breakfast. I may now confess to you that this is the real reason for my enthusiasm over this type of party. The possibilities are endless, tempting and delicious. Now is a chance to establish yourself as a provider of notable provender! But because of this, beware of overloading the menu of your first breakfast party. Do not let your zeal lead you into serving both sausages and bacon, hot cereal with eggs and waffles, or all the fluffy hot breads you know how to make.

Give your affair a British flavor by letting the guests serve themselves from an attractively laid table, the arrangement of which has been carefully thought out ahead of time. They will react with enthusiasm to the opportunity to select and help themselves from a limited choice of dishes in their own peculiar order of preference. Remember that almost all of us are positively vehement about our breakfast likes and dislikes, such as preferring fruit at the end, in the middle, or at the beginning of the meal. Plan a choice of fruits, and possibly of cereals. Serve only one *pièce de résistance*, however, and if possible let this be in individual dishes so that it may be piping hot.

If it can be done smoothly, arrange to preside at the coffee urn yourself. If not, delegate some one who will do it efficiently as well as graciously. Arrange the coffee service on a separate table.

For spring and summer breakfasts there are all manner of fresh fruit combinations at our disposal. When native strawberries are to be had, arrange them on their own

A Spring Breakfast Party

leaves with a small mound of powdered sugar in the center. Do not remove the hulls when serving them in this manner. Halves of melon or cantaloupe may be filled with luscious black thimble berries and dusted with powdered sugar. Large, black ox-heart cherries arranged with their own leaves make a tempting introduction to a summer breakfast menu. None of these combinations call for cream, which is one of the expensive items on a breakfast menu. It may be well to serve the fruit so that it may be eaten on cereal with cream and sugar.

Waffles and pancakes are time-honored, but do not serve these to a large number unless there is some one in the kitchen or presiding at an electric grill to keep replenishing the supply. Instead, serve ramekins of spoon bread with pigs in white blankets, or eggs scrambled with chipped beef or smoked salmon. When we come to eggs, the possibilities for delicately tempting dishes are limitless. Two of these are given below. Salt mackerel which has been soaked in fresh water and browned in cream under a hot broiler is positively historical as a breakfast dish for epicures. To carry out the British note, serve lamb or beef kidneys prepared in various ways.

As for bread stuffs, here is a chance to win the fame you could never attain at dinner, by serving the particular brand of muffin or roll in which you excel. Popovers are always exciting, and so are corn sticks and toasted buttered crumpets or English muffins, if they are to be had in your vicinity. There is thin, over-baked toast for the dieters, or hot Parker House rolls for the old-timers. Do not serve more than one hot bread besides toast. With this may be served marmalade or jam.

A Few Breakfast-Party Dishes

Braised and Creamed Kidneys: Soak one fresh beef kidney in cold salt water for one-half hour. Drain and cook with a small quantity of boiling water in a double-boiler for three hours, or until tender. Cut or chop medium fine and sauté until golden brown in four tablespoonfuls of butter or bacon fat and one slice of onion. Add one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper and three or four drops of malt vinegar. Add six tablespoonfuls of flour, stir well, and then add three cupfuls of milk with one cupful of the liquor the kidney has been cooked in. Cook until smooth and thickened. Place in a baking dish and cover with a thin layer of well-seasoned mashed potato. Then brown for ten minutes in a hot oven of 400°F. Serves eight.

Creamed Ham and Eggs: Broil until tender eight slices of ham one-eighth of an inch thick and suitable for individual servings. Place on pieces of buttered toast. Meanwhile make a white sauce by adding to three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one and one-half cupfuls of milk, and one-half cupful of grated mild cheese. Now boil eight fresh eggs four minutes, dip into cold water, peel carefully, and place one egg on each piece of toast. Pour over this the white sauce and brown under the broiler for one minute. Sprinkle with paprika. Serves 8.

Corn Crisps: Mix and sift together one-fourth cupful corn-meal, one cupful of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and three teaspoonfuls of tartrate or phosphate baking powder, or one and one-half teaspoonfuls of aluminum baking powder. Add one egg well beaten, one tablespoonful of melted butter or bacon fat, and three-fourths cupful of milk. Pour into hot, buttered irons shaped like ears of corn and bake in a hot oven of 400°F. for twenty-five minutes. If these are not available, bake in ordinary gem tins. Then break in half with a fork and rebrown after brushing with melted butter.

INDOORS

OR OUT

guard the BEAUTY *of your* HANDS

with HINDS CREAM

USE Hinds Honey & Almond Cream faithfully—then not even housework, dishes, driving your car or digging in the garden will rob your hands of their youthful freshness. Hinds Cream will protect their natural beauty. No other lotion is so successful and so experienced in caring for active hands and preserving their fresh loveliness. A little rubbed into your hands before you go out, after you come in and always after you wash them, will be absorbed quickly and gratefully; homely roughness and redness will vanish speedily. Used faithfully, Hinds Cream will keep your hands groomed and young in spite of household tasks and exposure to dust and wind and rain. Keep a bottle handy. Use it often—that's the secret. Drug counters have Hinds Cream, or the coupon will bring you a sample.

HINDS FOR ACTIVE HANDS

Refine the texture of your skin with Hinds Toning Cleanser

This extraordinary new liquid cleanser will clean to the very bottom of your pores, will make them exquisitely fine, will tone your skin and refresh it. Used together with Hinds Honey & Almond Cream and the new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream, it will keep your skin radiant and young. Hinds Toning Cleanser is 60c at all drug counters.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors*
Dept. 180, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a free sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream—the protecting cream for the skin. ★

(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Name ....

Address ....

This coupon not good after May, 1931. In Canada, address Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8

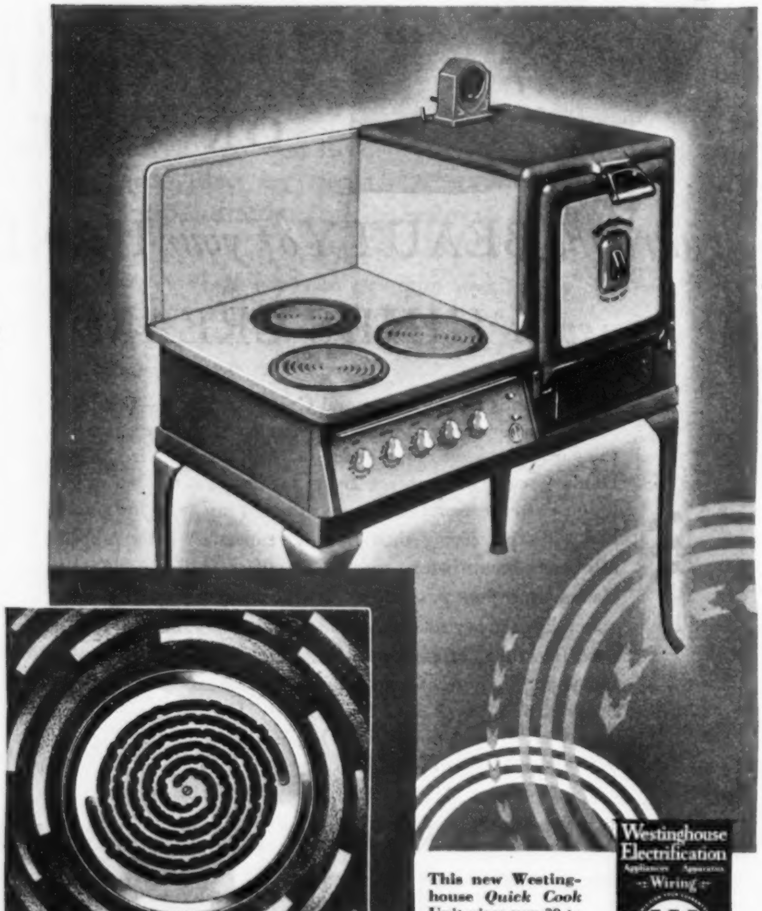
HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

©1930, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A REVELATION

in cooking speed . . . cooking economy . . . and cooking results



This new Westinghouse *Quick Cook* Unit gives you 30 to 50% faster cooking and 10 to 20% greater efficiency.

Westinghouse Electrification
Appliances Apparatus
Wiring

The Sign of a Westinghouse Dealer

The Westinghouse 1930 Model Full-Automatic Electric Range with the new QUICK-COOK UNIT.

Here, at last, is the electric range that cooks as you want to cook. The new *Quick-Cook* platform unit gives it 30 to 50% greater speed and 10 to 20% greater efficiency! The famous Flavor Zone Oven adds old-time Dutch Oven goodness to every dish, while automatic control frees you from your kitchen until your dinner is ready to serve.

See this new 1930 model electric range! Learn how up-to-the-minute refinements and improvements make it faster, more economical, and more convenient.

Send for free booklet with menus.

Send the coupon below for your free copy of "A Cooking Secret 200 Years Old." It tells the story of Dutch Oven cooking in a modern automatic electric range.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Domestic Appliance Department
Mansfield Works Mansfield, Ohio

Westinghouse
The ELECTRIC RANGE
. . . with the Automatic Flavor Zone Oven

Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.,
Mansfield, Ohio
Please send me a copy of "A Cooking Secret 200 Years Old."
Name____________________
Address____________________
City__________ State__________
G. H. 5-30

All the King's Horses

(*Continued from page 45*)

upon a time, when the older Ethan Kingsway and Ada were young married lovers, they had planted a little nut tree.

"Why was it a nut tree?" Helen asked, half-shy over the old love-story.

"Oh, don't you know? There's a nursery song that ends

'The King of Spain's daughter, she came to visit me
All for the sake of my little nut tree—'

"You know the little names and phrases you build up with people you love. My husband loved all sorts of old romantic things. Like Ethan." ["Like Ethan?" Helen said to herself.] "And he said that in the days when the peasant-folk made that rhyme, the King of Spain was the greatest of all the kings, and his daughter simple people's ideal, therefore, of the most wonderful and delightful and magnificent thing in the world. And he called me that—'the King of Spain's daughter'."

Ada Kingsway's eyes were dreamy, and she stared off into space, as if she were dreaming over again some wonderful spring afternoon before Helen was born; that afternoon—or perhaps it would have been a fresh spring morning—when they had planted the little tree with love and laughter, and no premonition of a time when one should be old, and one dead. She did not look unhappy.

"When you love any one as I loved my husband," she said suddenly, "you can't lose them, even if they have gone away before you. I have so many memories—some quiet, and some gay, some just happy—that some of the time it's as if he were just in the next room. And then—" her face changed to brightness—"I was always lighthearted. I don't think many people try to be, to-day; but it has always seemed to me a talent, like any other. My husband said so. He wanted me to go on laughing. And I've tried."

It was bravery then! At least, in Ada Kingsway it was bravery.

"Oh, do you think I should be?" Helen asked. "To-day, out playing with Patricia, the air was so stimulating, and the day was so wonderful, that I couldn't help laughing and being gay. And I thought I must be a dreadfully shallow, silly sort of girl, to be able to be happy and gay, just childishly gay, only a month after I'd—been jilted."

The hateful word came out with little pain. Helen was surprised to hear it, herself; to know that she could say it, face the actuality, and not feel that dreadful hurt and stinging ashamedness with which she'd said the word over and over to herself.

MRS. KINGSWAY'S face was tender, regarding her.

"You have more than most people, Helen," Mrs. Kingsway said, "—beauty, gayety, and ability of all sorts. And honesty and simplicity. And people will always be perfectly delighted to have you around!"

They both laughed at that. Then Helen sobered.

She spoke impulsively. "Oh, Mrs. Kingsway, if you do think I'm like that, won't you tell Ethan? He thinks all modern girls are hard and deceitful."

"Ethan thinks so?"

"What does Ethan think?" asked Ethan's own voice. "You have a caller down at the lodge, Helen, the little Milliken girl."

"Your ideal," said Helen, suddenly saucy, "of mid-Victorian youth!"

He looked amused, as he crossed over and sat down beside his mother's chaise-longue. He never came near his mother without kissing her in greeting. He did so now. Mrs. Kingsway kept her hand over his and smiled at them both.

"Little Miss Milliken? As a matter of fact my ideal of mid-Victorian youth is here under my hand—and an imp of Satan now and again, by the way!"

"Ethan, if you talk like that she'll think you have a mother-complex," said Mrs. Kingsway blithely, but she squeezed his hand.

"I don't think mother-complexes are such bad things to have," said Helen impulsively. "I wish I had a mother to have one on!"

His face softened as he looked at her.

"I wonder if I'm by way of owing you another apology?" he said startlingly.

"What on earth have you been doing to her?" demanded Mrs. Kingsway.

"He lumped me," said Helen flippantly. "You have either to like people or lump them, and he lumped me—with a lot of other people."

"What about you?" demanded Ethan.

"About me? Oh, me—I have to go see what Doris wants."

She waved her hand to Mrs. Kingsway and ran downstairs gayly. She felt more like the old Helen than she had for an age. There are some people you strike sparks against, and for the first time she found that Ethan was one of them.

It was nice to be friends with people.

DORIS, waiting in the stiff parlor at Marietta's, was walking up and down restlessly.

"I wish I was working for a living this way," she said. "With nobody to tell me what to do. Sometimes I feel as if I'd go crazy, pushing myself down out of sight all the time, and trying to turn myself into something my people want me to be. And I'm not. I never can be."

Helen looked at her, a little surprised. Doris, like many inarticulate people, once she had opened her heart to some one, went on recklessly. Her thin, little, pale, pointed face was tense with the excitement of actually talking things out to some one.

"I know I have pretty clothes and jewelry, and expensive parties. But they're not my clothes or my jewelry or my parties. Everything is picked out for me by Aunt Louise. And if I ask Father for a little freedom, he just says, 'You're too young to know what you want.' Oh, Helen, some day I think I'll go crazy or run away!"

"But why do you stand it?" Helen asked curiously.

Her own life had been so different; she would so have liked to have people care enough to dictate, even, she thought sometimes.

Doris' pallor changed to a hot, painful flush. "I'm a coward. That's why. I've thought of going off and getting a job a hundred times. But I'm just plain scared. You know I don't have any allowance, only things bought for me. Aunt Lou has told me what to do since I was a baby. And it's sort of like having grown up with handcuffs on. When she says things, I just *have* to obey!"

Helen looked at her pityingly. It must be dreadful to be chained like that. Doris' aunt, a stiff, old-fashioned woman with an air of rigid certainty, ruled her brother and, through him, Doris. Doris' mother's elopement was supposed to have something to do with it. They kept the stable door locked on Doris.

"But I haven't told you yet what I want," Doris said, quieting down a little, and standing still, a tremulous young figure, extinguished instead of enhanced by the heavily embroidered homespun sports suit she wore. "I came to ask you if you'd come over tonight and help us cut and title 'The Gay Young Oysterman.'"

Helen stared at Doris in surprise for a moment. Didn't Doris have any sympathy

NOW

you can serve

appetite-teasing

CHINESE DISHES

at home

Your guests or family will be delighted when you serve tasty, colorful La Choy Chop Suey or Chow Mein. Then, too, the thrifty woman will be pleasantly surprised at the slight cost of such easily prepared, appetite-tempting and wholesome dishes. Coupon below will bring you a free copy of a booklet of famous Chinese recipes.

Ready to Serve

Prepared La Choy Sub Kum Chop Suey is a savory delicacy of unusual food value. For extra goodness, serve with La Choy Cooked Rice. Or, if you prefer Chow Mein, use La Choy Chow Mein Noodles instead. These La Choy food products all come to you ready-to-serve. Season to taste with La Choy Soy Sauce.

Make Your Own

Perhaps you enjoy making Chop Suey, Chow Mein, and other Chinese dishes in your own kitchen. If so, you can get La Choy Sprouts, La Choy Soy Sauce, and other La Choy ingredients in individual containers. The secrets for combining with vegetables and meat are on La Choy labels.

★ La Choy
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOOD PRODUCTS

SPROUTS
SOY SAUCE
KUMQUATS
WATER CHESTNUTS
CHOW MEIN NOODLES
SUB KUM
COOKED RICE
BROWN SAUCE
BAMBOO SHOOTS
SUB KUM CHOP SUEY

☐ Send free La Choy Booklet of Recipes. GH530

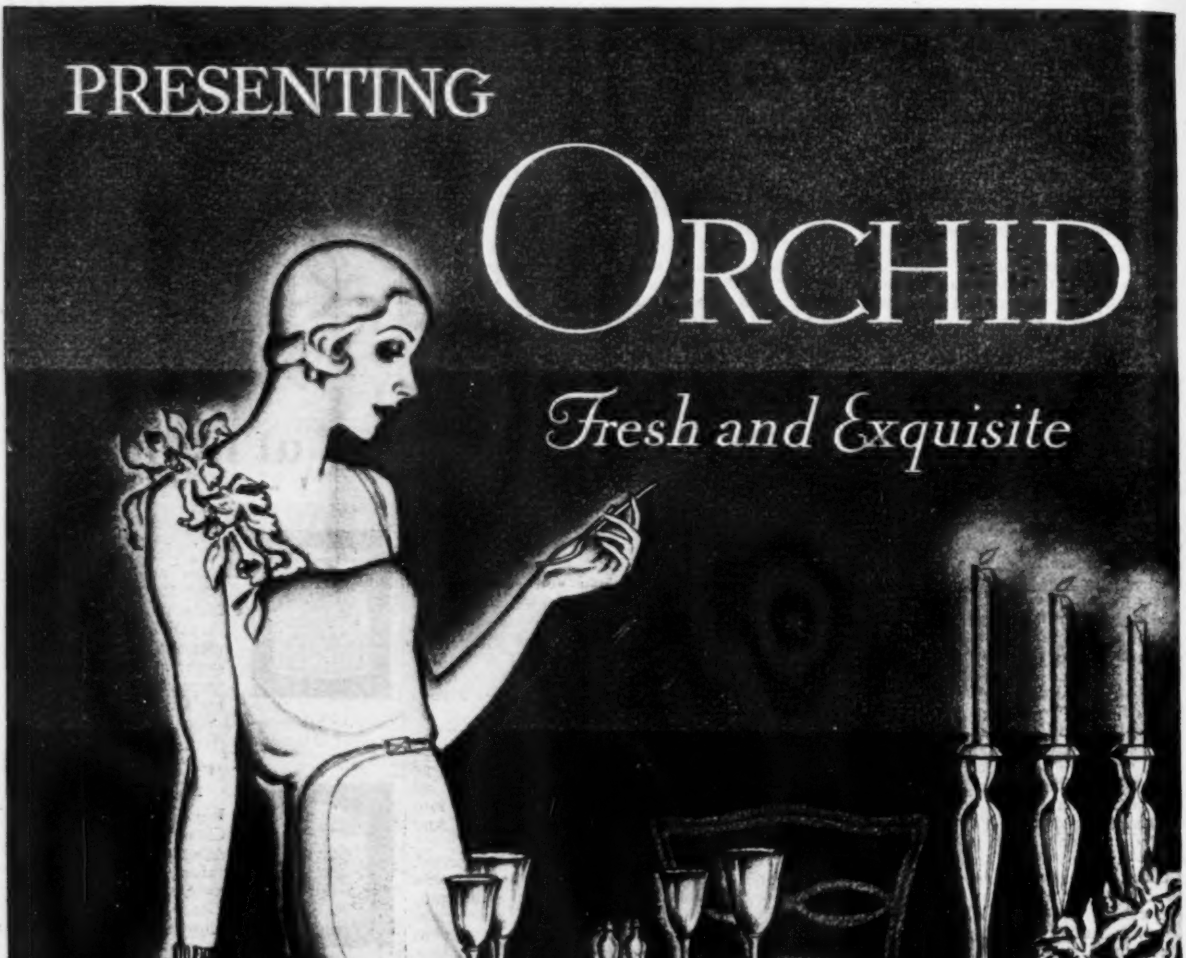
☐ An assortment of four La Choy products for a ready-to-serve Chinese dinner sent postpaid for $1.00 ($1.25 in Canada).

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY____________________

LA CHOY FOOD PRODUCTS INC., Detroit



The Orchid design is exceptionally beautiful in hollow-ware. All the exquisite pieces are pictured in the Book of Orchid. Send for it.

May 1930 Good Housekeeping

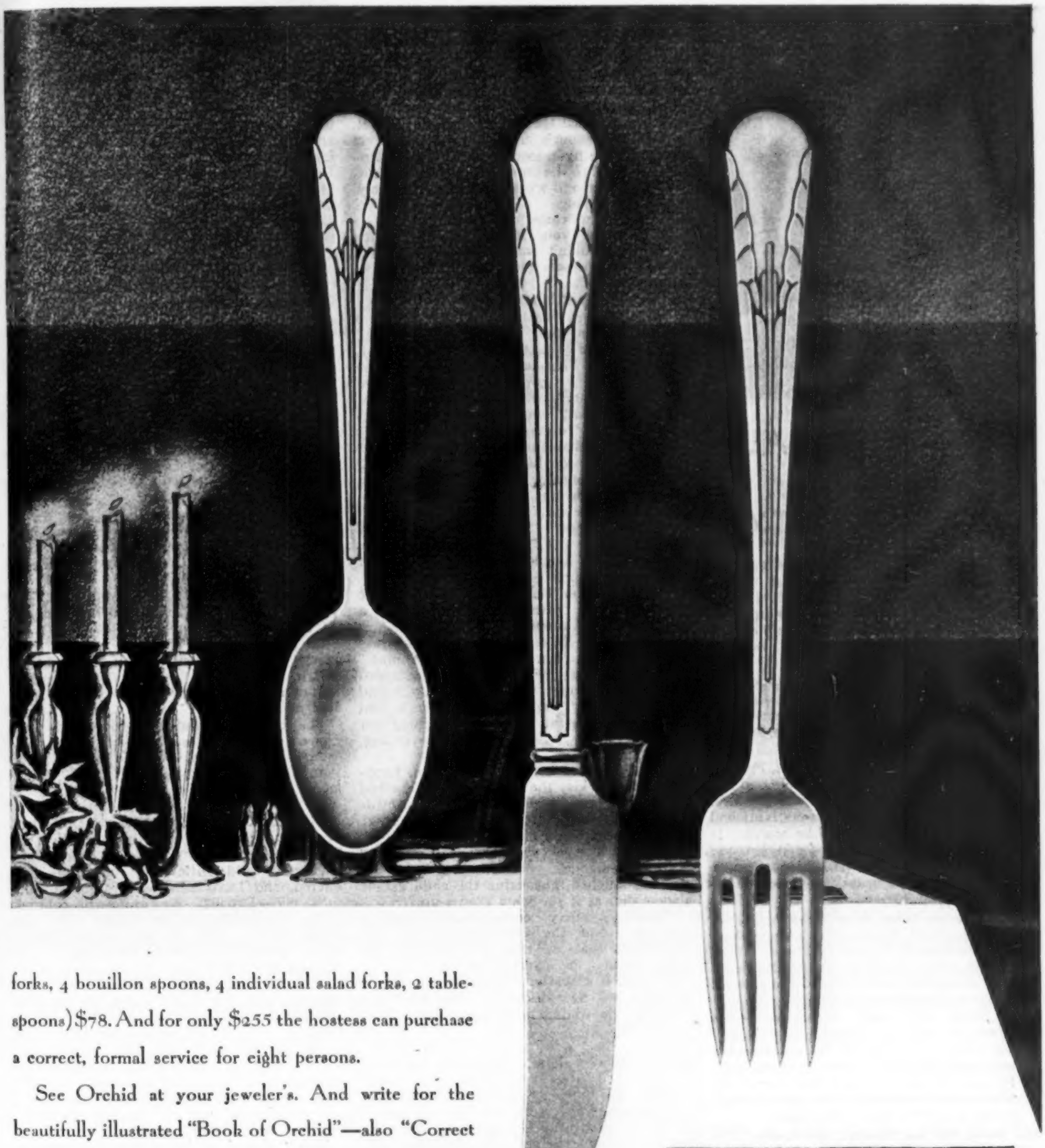
HERE is Orchid—a new and thrilling achievement in silver design!

Turning from period patterns and accepted traditions, the artist has taken an exquisite theme from Nature and interpreted it with consummate art.

Beauty like this will live—as a solid silver pattern should—through changing vogues and passing fashions. Was it not a happy inspiration which gave to this pattern the name of earth's most precious flower—the symbol of the beauty, luxury and elegance of modern life?

Orchid's Cost? So Moderate! Six teaspoons are but $11.50. Twenty-six piece set (8 teaspoons, 4 knives, 4

INTERNATIONAL
FINE ARTS



forks, 4 bouillon spoons, 4 individual salad forks, 2 tablespoons) $78. And for only $255 the hostess can purchase a correct, formal service for eight persons.

See Orchid at your jeweler's. And write for the beautifully illustrated "Book of Orchid"—also "Correct Table Silver—Its Choice and Use." This elaborate book on modern silver etiquette—sponsored by Elsie de Wolfe (Lady Mendl)—may save you many dollars, by helping you select the correct silver. Send your name and address and thirty cents for both these valuable books.

The knife and fork shown here are the new "Viande" (trade mark) type. Made exclusively by the International Silver Company. The conventional long-bladed knife and dinner fork also are made in the Orchid pattern.

STERLING ✣ Wallingford ✣ Connecticut
DIVISION

Here is the superb Orchid Tea Service. Note the unusual grace of line and charm of detail. What a magnificent gift for a bride!

All the King's Horses

for her, after pouring out her own troubles to her in a certainty of sympathy? And then, seeing the girl's childish, sad, little face she realized that Doris was not, as yet, old or wise enough in her feelings, whatever she might be by reason of age, to reach outside herself to be sorry for other people. She felt older and wiser than Doris suddenly, and very pitying.

"I'd love to come," she said.

"Oh, thank you, Helen. Becky Purdon said you wouldn't want to, but I told her that I didn't see why not. Why should you mind?"

"I don't," said Helen quietly.

And suddenly, as she said the words, a great happiness and relief swept over her. Relief, and self-respect, and happiness. Why, she didn't! She was telling the truth! Tommy—wildly gay, horribly depressed Tommy—Tommy, with his quick unreasonableness and wild words of worship—Tommy, and all Tommy stood for, suddenly showed themselves for what they were. Like a child's book she had read and loved long ago; like a game she had liked playing when she was a little girl. Wonderful, but dim, somehow. Far off. Something that didn't really matter now. She took a long, happy breath. She was free! All the values changed. She laughed a little, putting her arm around Doris.

"I don't a bit," she repeated. "I'll love to see the old crowd again, and I have a wonderful idea about titling."

"You always have wonderful ideas," said adoring Doris. "I'm so glad you're coming."

"Where's she coming to?" demanded Patricia, appearing from nowhere, swift and assured, in her brief, straight smock and knickers, leaping at Helen and twining not only her arms, but her slim, brown legs, around her.

"Here, I'm not a tree," said Helen, bending down to kiss the child as she detached her. "I'm going to Miss Milliken's house to-night to title a picture. And I'll tell you at length what titling a picture is, but not now."

"Do you love her more than you do me?" Patricia demanded.

Helen laughed, answering the child as she always did, as if she were grown-up.

"That's a very embarrassing personal question. Not the kind people ever get answers to that are true, so there's no use asking them," she assured Patricia.

She said it absently. Her mind was swirling with this new discovery. She was over Tommy. She didn't mind about him. Over Tommy—

SHE laughed aloud. Suddenly, standing there in Marietta's low-ceiled, old room with the late fall sunshine about her, she was alive and radiant. Doris and Patricia looked at her in admiration, warmed by the sudden vibration of color and happiness she gave out, golden and rose and strongly alive. Doris, weaker and more timid, looked at her almost with awe. Little Patricia, herself a force, threw herself against Helen again, hugging her hard.

"Oh, I love you, Helen! I do love you! What makes people love you so?"

She spoke with an odd, unchildlike intensity. Helen was a little troubled. She answered her lightly.

"The reason the lamb loved Mary so, darling. Remember 'Mary's Little Lamb'—that funny old poem your Aunt Ada was telling you the other afternoon?"

"It was sort of silly," nodded Patricia "but I remember.

"'What makes the lamb love Mary so? 'Cause Mary loved the lamb, you know.'

"Oh, that's a very nice reason. G'by Helen, I got to finish digging my hole."

She was gone, a graceful little flash of yellow and brown, before Doris could do more than stare at her.

"She's a queer child," she said, as people inevitably said about Patricia.

"She's a strange child, but a wonderful one," Helen defended her. "She has an amazing mind. She had an odd upbringing. I wonder if you'd do me a favor, Doris—let me take her over to meet your little cousin Lucy, to-night. She ought to have playmates, and she simply won't. Lucy, being a mermaid—"

Doris laughed tremulously, as she so often did at Helen's simplest phrases.

"You do say the funniest things!"

Helen smiled, too, and went on. "What I mean is, seeing Lucy have a part in the picture, she'll respect her. I love her, but she's a little pirate. And Lucy having to go home to bed early—of course, I can send Patricia, too."

"Do you really like it," Doris asked doubtfully, "having a child to take care of, instead of being a secretary?"

"I adore it," Helen said honestly. "A child is fun! And—don't think I'm sentimental, Doris, but if I don't have people to love and make a fuss over, honestly, I'm—well, I'm uncomfortable!" She laughed as she finished her confession. "And there's nothing in the world as exciting as watching things grow, even if they're children. The orange seeds I used to plant in pots when I was little were nothing to it."

DORIS looked at her with half-comprehending, admiring eyes.

"I guess I never had time enough from being unhappy about myself to want to watch things grow," she said. "I've had to put all my time in trying to evade Aunt Louise."

She looked so frail, so frightened, that Helen's heart went out to her.

"If there's anything I can ever do for you, Doris," she promised, "I will. You'll let me know, won't you?"

It did not occur to either girl that according to the world's standards Doris had everything and Helen nothing. Helen, in her radiance and charm, bent over Doris, frightened and little and unhappy, and offered, and Doris accepted gratefully.

"I will—I will!" she promised, coloring high. "And—it may be sooner than you think, Helen. And I'll love to arrange to have Patricia play with little Lucy. I'll see you to-night."

With the last words she froze into her shyness again, but Helen kissed her warmly, and the two girls parted, Helen to follow Patricia into the grounds, for those last words of the child's still rang in her ears. Patricia and her necessity for digging a hole sounded as if she needed watching. The old story about "see what Johnny was doing and tell him to stop it," applied fatally to Patricia.

Helen slipped on her rose-red sweater as she went out of Marietta's house, around the old stone gateposts, and up through the maze.

She had been outdoors so much since she was in charge of Patricia that her short, deep-gold curls were showing streaks of lighter gold where the sun had burned them. Patricia loved them; she called them the "shadows." Helen's skin, too, from cream and rose was burned a lovely, clear, deep tan, and her natural color burned more vividly under it.

"I suppose being outdoors so much is why I'm happy," Helen thought. "It's a nice happy; safe and taken care of. It's the walls around Kingsway, maybe."

She hurried along in the delicious, late fall weather, looking to right and left for Patricia's silver-fair crest and the rough brown of her sweater, listening for the clear, shrill chant by which Patricia sometime revealed her presence.

She heard it presently:

Loretta Young—star of First National Pictures—reveals a bewitching smile as she powders with Princess Pat.

this powder REVEALS, not conceals, YOUR BEAUTY

What if powder might both reveal *and* conceal, might *impart* to skin glorious, velvety transparent beauty, yet seem to *banish*, not merely hide, blemishes and distressing shine! Wouldn't you simply adore this stunning effect of marvelous new beauty, *invisibly produced?*

This revealing loveliness is precisely the beauty Princess Pat powder gives. No more of chalky, calcimined effects! For two exclusive secrets give utterly new characteristics to powder.

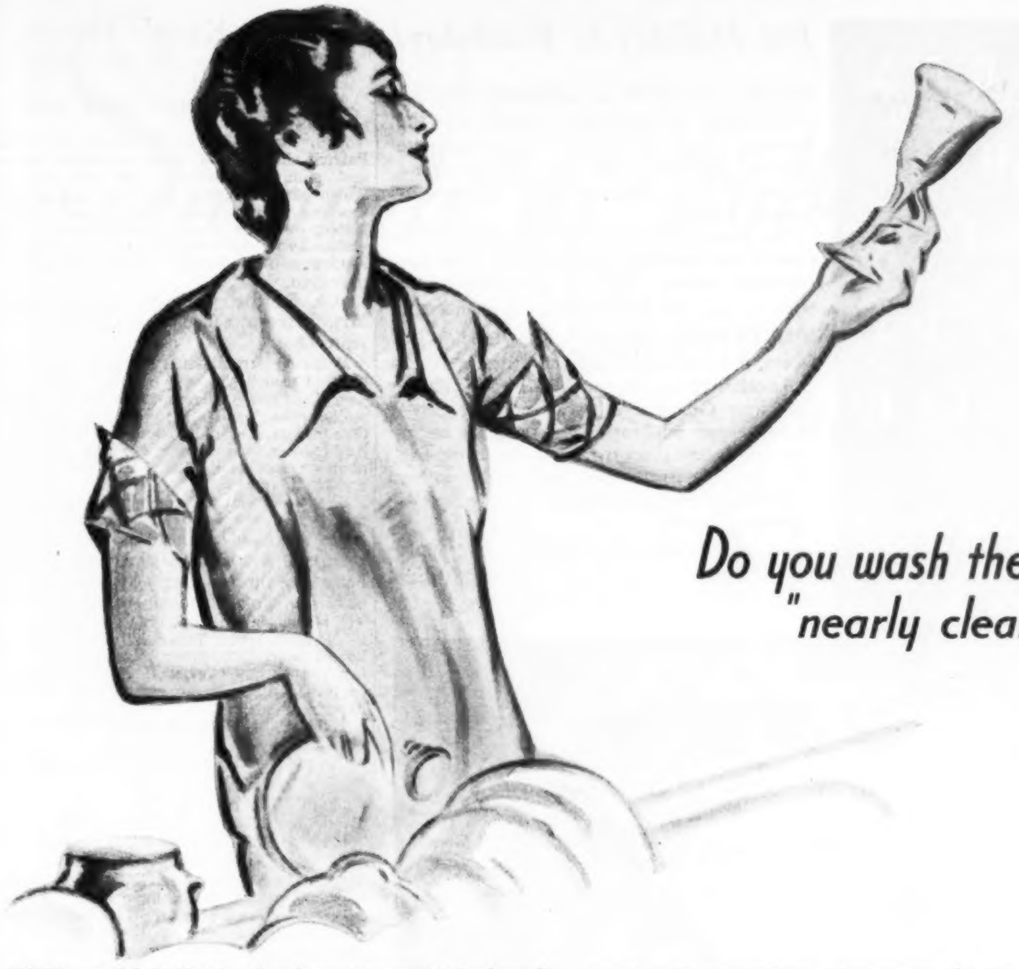
The Famous Almond Base Was First First, Princess Pat discovered use of precious almond—to replace the starch base of usual powders. Like the delicate pollen of flowers, is almond base—instead of chalky, like starch. It velvets the skin as *nothing else in the world can*, giving such sheer perfection of satiny texture that your beauty *does* seem invisibly produced.

Mystical Prismatic Colors Were Found And *prismatic* blending! What veritable magic there is in this Princess Pat secret process. Think how at some time you have held a prism glass to sunlight and watched the glorious colors in transparent, shimmering beauty. By using such lovely, translucent color effects blended by a marvelously worked out color scale, Princess Pat accomplishes prismatic blending. Thus, on your skin, Princess Pat gives beauty that has all the translucent wonder of pearls, all the naturalness of perfect, warm skin tones.

Your Mirror Will Say "Beauty", Not Powder Try this powder of *invisible* beauty today. Your mirror will prove that new, entrancing loveliness has come to your skin beyond the imaginings of your fondest dreams.

PRINCESS PAT
CHICAGO, U. S. A.
CANADIAN ADDRESS, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

FREE PRINCESS PAT
Dept. A-1395
2709 South Wells St., Chicago
Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat powder, as checked.
☐ *Summertan* ☐ Olde Ivory ☐ Flesh
☐ White ☐ Brunette ☐ Ochre ☐ Mauve
Print Name..........
Street..........
City and State..........
One sample free; additional samples 10c each



Do you wash the dishes "nearly clean ?"

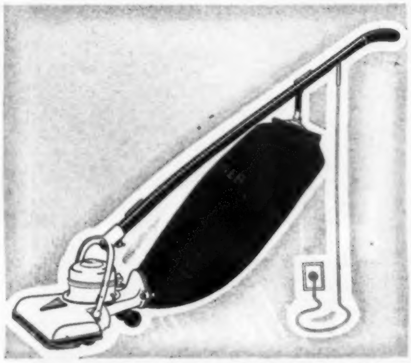
YOU wouldn't think of tolerating partial cleanliness for your dishes. Why should you tolerate it in your rugs and carpets?

There is only one way to have thoroughly clean floor coverings. That is to get out *all* the dirt, not just the surface dust, but the grease-packed grit that is *below the dust line.*

Only beating will remove this embedded grit. And only The Hoover has a beating principle —Positive Agitation—to shake it out.

That it *does* remove it is proved by the fact that The Hoover gets out more *dirt per minute* than any other cleaner, giving more speed in cleaning and more thoroughness. It also uses less human energy in its operation. Moreover, the improvement in the looks of the floor covering is notable, because of the gathering up of thread and lint, the lifting and straightening of the rug nap, the brightening of the colors, the really scientific care which The Hoover gives floor coverings.

Ask your Hoover dealer for a free trial or a home demonstration of The Hoover and its efficient dusting tools. Two Hoover★ models. Only $6.25 down; balance monthly. Liberal allowance for your old cleaner.



HOOVER

IT BEATS..AS IT SWEEPS..AS IT CLEANS

ON A CUSHION OF AIR

MORE DIRT DPM PER MINUTE

THE HOOVER COMPANY
NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners

The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

© 1930, The Hoover Co.

AMONG THE BETTER THINGS OF LIFE

For Holiday or Washday!

Whether you want an elaborate salad for entertaining, a wholesome dessert for the everyday meal, or a quick, easy-to-prepare dish for the busy work day, real gelatine—Knox Sparkling Gelatine—will solve your cookery problem.

Do you realize what a really remarkable food Knox Gelatine is? It doesn't have any coloring matter, sugar or flavoring mixed with it, and the beauty about it is that you combine with it your own *real* fruits, vegetables, fish and other daily favorites. ★

Another thing to consider is that Knox Sparkling Gelatine is most economical—each package will make a dessert for today—a salad for tomorrow—a meat or fish dish for the next day, and still another delicacy for one more meal—six generous servings of each.

Try the recipes given below, then write for the Knox Recipe Books—women prize them very highly for their helpfulness.

FRUIT SALAD SUPREME *(6 Servings)*

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine · ½ cup cold water · 1 cup boiling water · ¼ cup mild vinegar or lemon juice · ½ cup sugar · 1½ cups fruit, fresh or canned, cut in small pieces · ½ teaspoonful salt.

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes and add boiling water, vinegar or lemon juice, salt and sugar. Cool, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add fruit, using cherries, oranges, bananas, or cooked pineapple, alone or in combination. Turn into wet mold and chill. Remove from mold and serve on lettuce leaves garnished with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing.

LEMON SPONGE OR SNOW PUDDING
(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine · ¼ cup cold water · 1 cup boiling water · ¾ cup sugar · ¼ cup lemon juice · Whites of two eggs · Salt.

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes, dissolve in boiling water, add sugar, lemon juice and grated rind of one lemon; occasionally stir mixture, and when quite thick beat with wire spoon or whisk until frothy; add whites of eggs beaten stiff, and continue beating until stiff enough to hold its shape. Turn into wet mold. Chill and serve with boiled custard made of yolks of eggs. A very attractive dish may be prepared by coloring half the mixture red.

KNOX
is the real
GELATINE

A SURPRISE FOR YOUR KITCHEN LIBRARY

Please send me a copy of your Recipe Book. (Write your name and address in the margin giving grocer's name and mail to Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., 140 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.)

All the King's Horses

"I had a little nut tree—nothing
would it bear—
But a golden apple *and* a silver
pear . . ."

And, coming out on the lawn, she found Patricia indeed, the hole—a terrible one—and, slim and towering, the tree itself of which Mrs. Kingsway had been talking that morning. It towered, broad and heavy-leafed, over the small, elf-slim figure of the child. In its shade Patricia labored valiantly, singing as she worked. Helen stopped still, dismayed.

"Oh, Patricia, you were listening outside Mrs. Kingsway's door this afternoon!" she reproached.

Patricia straightened herself defiantly. "Yes, I was," she said. "You would, too. And I'm glad. I found out about people really loving each other. If it happened to Cousin Ada, it could to lots of other people. And father was wrong. That's why I'm planting another nut-tree. It's to remember finding it out by."

She was crimson and panting with her digging, but she faced Helen gallantly. And Helen was suddenly a little awed. She had come upon a crisis in the child's life. Patricia had stolen upstairs, angry at being shut out of Mrs. Kingsway's room, and eavesdropped. Yet Helen couldn't be sorry she had.

"There *is* love. There *are* people that are honest with each other," Patricia went on, her eyes bright, "even if it didn't happen to father. There's no reason why it won't happen to me!"

Helen caught the quivering child in her arms.

"Oh, it is true, dear! Do believe it!" she cried.

AND as they clung together in the sunset, Helen, looking over Patricia's little fair head, saw Ethan coming down the maze toward them. As he paused at its opening, for a moment it might have been the ghost of his Cavalier ancestor. The steady, gray eyes, the slight smile on the finely cut lips under the small mustache, the whole poise of his body were those of the picture in the library.

"Yes, it's true, Patricia. You can believe it," he said quietly. "There *are* people honest with each other. And there *is* love."

Patricia released herself from Helen and ran to him.

"If you say it, Ethan, I know it's so," she said. "You're like that."

He smiled at Helen over the child. And she realized that when he spoke, like Patricia, she suddenly knew it was so, and a sense of comfort and peace stole over her. You could believe in Ethan. He was as real, as much to be put faith in, as his mother—as Helen's own mother—had been.

They stood, their eyes caught together, for a long moment. Then Patricia, over her shoulder, caught sight of the hole she had dug, and—evidently—remembered that Ethan was proud of the beautiful old turf.

"I put the nut down in for my tree," she said. "Now all you have to do is get Marietta's husband to fill it in."

And she ran like the wind.

"Thank you," Ethan said in a moved voice. "You have lifted an obsession from that poor little girl."

"Oh, children have to have things to believe in, or they're unhappy. More unhappy than we are," she said earnestly. "Don't you think so?"

He came nearer her and motioned her to sit down on the old seat where she had first seen him with Patricia.

"Yes, I do think so," he said, smiling at her. "But I think we have to believe in things, too."

"But I didn't know you did," Helen said a little hesitantly.

"I didn't quite know it myself," Ethan

Smooth as Silk...

This *NEW* Monel Metal Thor treats your fine things gently

Your dainty underthings—your fine table linen—your most precious things deserve the protection that only a Monel Metal Washer can give.

At right, photograph of the Monel Metal Thor De Luxe Agitator Washer manufactured and distributed by Hurley Machine Co., Chicago, Ill.

YOU'VE always wanted a washer like this! You've always wanted an improved machine that would treat your finest garments with infinite care . . . a trustworthy servant waiting to work faithfully for a lifetime.

This Monel Metal Thor De Luxe Washer marks a far-reaching improvement in modern washing machines. Lustrous Monel Metal surfaces . . . forever free from roughness or surface imperfections that might harm delicate threads . . . silvery Monel Metal that can never stain or spot the wash . . . make the New Thor appeal to anyone who appreciates lasting beauty . . . lifetime protection . . . utmost quality.

Monel Metal, you know, is the solid Nickel-copper alloy that will not rust. It stays bright and clean—always. It has no coating to chip, crack or wear off. It resists the corrosive action of soaps and washing compounds. Its steel-like strength withstands years of hard use . . . Monel Metal is a lifetime metal.

Right now, make an appointment with yourself to go to your dealer and see the beautiful new Monel Metal Washer. If you would like to receive additional information about Monel Metal washing machines, write today.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
73 WALL STREET . . . . NEW YORK, N. Y.

Monel Metal is a technically controlled Nickel-copper alloy of high Nickel content. It is mined, smelted, refined, rolled and marketed solely by The International Nickel Company. The name "Monel Metal" is a registered trade mark.

MONEL METAL
MODERN AS TOMORROW

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
73 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me further information about Monel Metal washing machines and other household equipment.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

Occupation ____________________

G. H. 5-30

Do you know that this tomato sauce is made *especially for cooking uses*

In handy size tins—just a cup to the can
(Shown slightly reduced)

So often good cooks say:

"Tomatoes are such a help in cooking! If I could only use their flavor more often — without the bother of straining tomatoes or making up a special sauce!"

But once they learn about Del Monte Tomato Sauce—you never hear them say it again.

Del Monte Tomato Sauce is a tomato sauce *especially prepared* for cooking uses. It is not a *table* condiment. It is different in consistency, seasoning and flavor from catsup, chili sauce, or any tomato product you now use. Blended according to a special Del Monte recipe — developed over many years in Del Monte kitchens. It brings you the full, rich goodness of ripe tomatoes—ready for use whenever you want to add tomato flavor.

Used in cooking, it gives an entirely new and distinctive zest to everyday standbys — stews, gravies, hash, meat loaf, vegetables, macaroni or egg dishes. It takes leftovers and less expensive cuts of meat and literally makes them new dishes. Even poultry, fish and the finest cuts of meat have a different appeal, prepared with this handy cooking sauce.

But really, you need to use Del Monte Tomato Sauce yourself to even begin to appreciate its convenience! And its economy! Just 8 ounces—a cupful—to a can. Enough, but not too much, for the average recipe.

Why not have your grocer send half a dozen cans today? Once you know its convenience, you'll make it a regular, handy staple on your pantry shelf.

You'll appreciate this book

You don't really need a recipe to use Del Monte Tomato Sauce. But you're sure to appreciate the many *unusual* tomato recipes we've collected in our new book, "Del Monte Tomato Sauce Recipes." May we send it to you—free? Just address Department 244, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

DEL MONTE ★
TOMATO *for cooking* SAUCE

told her, leaning back against the bench, crossing one knickered knee over the other, and smiling at her. "It seems to have somehow just happened."

Helen leaned back in her corner, feeling happy and relaxed. "Why, I feel like that, too," she said. "It must have happened. It's your mother, with me, and this wonderful old place, and the sense of safeness and shelter and reality it gives, I think. I haven't had anything like it since my own mother died."

"That is what it is with you?" he said, smiling a little, with what Helen had come to call to herself his Cavalier smile; wise, and yet a little wistful, and sweet.

"Yes, I think so. I seem to myself very happy and comforted all of a sudden." She looked at him with frank, friendly eyes. "What is it with you? It can't be Kingsway or your mother, because you always had them."

He looked at her, still smiling.

"I don't think I can tell you. Not yet, at any rate. I'm not so analytical as if I were a girl! I'll try to have a reason for you by next week."

He was laughing at her, teasing her a little, but affectionately! Helen felt warm and excited and happy. She had made him stop feeling that she was horrid!

"I don't know whether I showed it—" he said suddenly, echoing her thought. "I am rather an impetuous person—but I thought you were one of these—"

"I know," said Helen lightly. "You needn't tell me. It was written all over your *dreadful,* beautiful manners! You thought I was one of those horrid flappers out of a modern book, because I went to so many parties—or why was it?"

"I don't know why. It wasn't the parties entirely. But I know better now. How much better, I don't think you know."

"Oh, you really like me and give me benefits of doubts now," she said joyously.

"I think I may say that much! And you do me?" He bent to her, smiling, but his eyes earnest.

"Of *course,* I do."

FOR a fleeting moment there passed across her mind the vision of Ethan as she had judged him, that day he had come to tell her he was going away—the wild day when Tommy had first let her know certainly that he wanted to marry her. How different things were now—Tommy a story-book person with the book shut and its story dimmed; and that Ethan Kingsway, grand seigneur of the village, who had seemed to her a little cold, a little hardened, a little over-arrogant even, maybe — that Ethan turned into this friend! She looked at him, leaning back with his fencer's grace against the seat; the clear-cut, fair face which had seemed so arrogant, so chilled, the manner which had been so detached, turned to warm knownness and pleasure in her.

"I'm glad Patricia eavesdropped," she said impulsively.

His teeth flashed in a swift laughter. "So am I. We ought to put a fence of commemoration around that hideous hole she's gouged in my two-hundred-year-old turf."

"With a little nut tree inside!"

When she had said it, Helen colored up. She'd spoken impulsively. But would Ethan think she was flirting with him? She remembered very well what this tree they sat under commemorated, and she could have gone through Patricia's hole in the turf. What she did do was to get up from the bench, saying,

"It's getting cold, and I promised your mother to look something up in the library."

"Just as we were getting to be good friends!" he said.

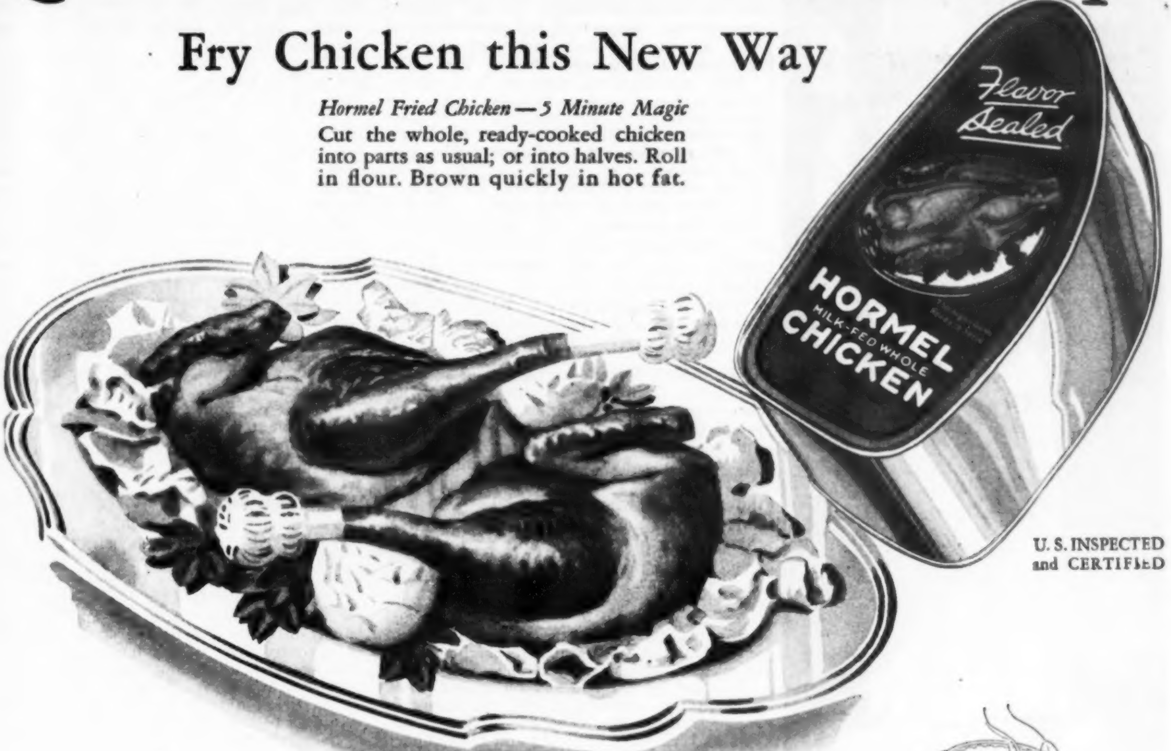
She smiled at him over her shoulder and vanished into the maze.

Helen was a little tired from all her

QUICKER than Steak or Chops

Fry Chicken this New Way

Hormel Fried Chicken — 5 Minute Magic
Cut the whole, ready-cooked chicken into parts as usual; or into halves. Roll in flour. Brown quickly in hot fat.



U. S. INSPECTED
and CERTIFIED

THIS is the new — quick — *easy* way to enjoy a chicken dinner. No planning ahead necessary. An hour of kitchen labor saved!

Hormel Chicken is cooked, ready for instant use, just as it comes to you. All you do is heat and brown it.

Tasty, juicy chicken! For it is cooked a *new* way — Flavor-Sealed. That means cooked after being sealed in its package. None of the flavors and juices can escape, as in ordinary cooking.

Every Hormel Chicken is a selected milk-fed chicken. Plucked and cleaned perfectly. Inspected and certified to be healthy and wholesome by U. S. Government inspectors. Then sealed in its package and cooked immediately. The whole chicken — not cut up nor boned, with all the white meat, dark meat and natural juices.

At all leading food stores. Whole Chicken or Halves—2 to 4½ lbs., net weight. Sealed and U. S. Certified. Keep a package on hand for instant use. Geo. A. Hormel & Co. Austin, Minnesota.

Jelled Juices—These contain the very essence of the chicken, obtainable in no other way. Marvelous for soups and gravies.

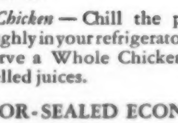
Cold Chicken — Chill the package thoroughly in your refrigerator. Open and serve a Whole Chicken in its own jelled juices.

***FLAVOR-SEALED ECONOMY**

In Flavor-Sealed Chicken you do not pay for head, feet, viscera — about 1/4 the weight of chicken as usually bought. There is almost no cooking shrinkage in Flavor-Sealed Chicken, compared to a shrinkage of about 1/3 the weight in home cooked chicken.

Only Hormel Foods are Flavor-Sealed

Included are Chicken (Whole and Half), Ham (Whole and Half), Spiced Ham, Pork Tongue and Luncheon Meat.

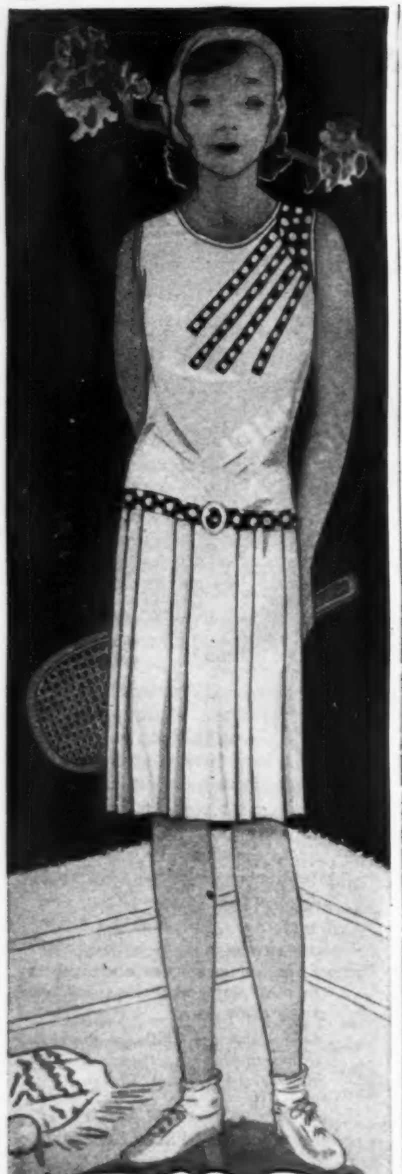


★

HORMEL* *Flavor Sealed* CHICKEN

READY COOKED—MILK FED

WHOLE OR HALVES



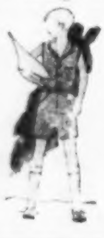
Jack Tar Togs

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

Each of the sprightly new Jack Tar Feature Styles for Spring was designed and made with as much thoughtful care as though it were an "only child". Perhaps that explains why Jack Tar Feature Styles each year are America's fashion favorites for girls and boys.

Dealers everywhere are joining in a nation-wide Jack Tar demonstration. See the new Feature Styles—and ask for the illustrated folder of girls' and boys' models.

The STROUSE-BAER CO.
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.



running with Patricia, and she always loved the library. She had never seen anything like it before, anywhere. It was raftered and paneled, and carved and painted shields were set into the dark, old wood over the bookcases that nearly covered the walls.

Only one portrait hung in it, a black-browed, Revolutionary Kingsway who by his blue-and-buff had apparently for once gone the country's way instead of the king's. It was between the windows, on the only wall unoccupied by the tall, dark bookcases. A low window-seat was under each window, and there Helen curled herself, as she had learned to do often of late. She tipped back her bright head against the window-casing, taking into her lap Browne's "Religio Medici," from the low case under Master Everard Kingsway's picture. She found Mrs. Kingsway's lost quotation and went on reading, for its beautiful words fascinated her.

PRESENTLY she was staring out into the garden, still brave with late-growing chrysanthemums and tall, bronze bushes, contemplating the curious fact that she really did not want Tommy back at all—and all this time she had thought seh did! For the underneath Tommy—the Tommy you thought about when he was gone—somehow didn't exist. You couldn't think of any real things about him to remember affectionately—no small consideratenesses, no kindnesses, no sweet things, no tender things. Oh, was she being bitter or unfair, that she could only think of animal high spirits masking casual selfishness; violent love-making that thought only of himself, never of her; laughter when he pleased and sulks when he pleased?. . .

No, she did not feel any bitterness. Only a meditative surprise, as—by the standards of her own life, the standards of Ada Kingsway and her son, of all fair and kind-minded people—she judged him. She gave a long, relaxed sigh.

"It must have been just charm, after all—glamour! Perhaps it would come back if I saw him again. I certainly hope not."

She dropped her eyes again to the book in her lap, bound in dark leather and heavily tooled in time-dulled gilt.

A step outside and the sound of the opening library door made her look up—Ethan came in.

"We weren't through talking," he said.

"You sound nearly as fond of talking as Marietta," said Helen.

"You'd have to put your mind on it to equal Marietta," he said lightly.

"She lives for it. Tell me, Ethan—I won't tell—isn't she a hereditary serf?"

He laughed, too, sitting down on the window-seat by her.

"If I have your word of honor—" he began. "But I know your word's good. Yes, Marietta's people *were* Kingsway tenants in England before the days of Cromwell. And good tenants, too. And they did come over with that stubborn and romantic ancestor of mine who put much more money into such things as these—" he gestured to the armorial bearings—"than a sensible man would. And don't ask me who the rest were, because some of them would as lief they weren't!"

"Stubborn and romantic," mused Helen, looking at him. "Or forceful and idealistic?" She looked at him a little mischievously.

Yes—all of that. This Kingsway and that one were all those things. The little amused smile he wore now as he looked at her was a mask for simplicity and idealism, just as the deceptive gentleness in the clear gray eyes bent on her covered a stubborn will—and the long, slim hand with its signet-ring, lying lax on the rough, gray tweed on his knee, could lift an inert girl and carry her.

He shook his head a little impatiently. She knew he guessed her meaning.

"Stubborn and romantic—and foolishly unmodern," he said a little sternly.

She wondered if Nina had used those words to him. She hastened to try to make him forget them. She so wanted him to be happy. She was happy because they had been kind to her.

"Ethan," she said, beginning something she had wanted to say to him for a long time, "I think I ought to tell you how much you've helped me. Oh, not just having me here and paying me an absurd price for taming Patricia, but long before that. When—when things were hardest for me. Seeing the wonderful way you carried on through your trouble—knowing that every body admired you, and thought you were wonderful—even if Nina had been unkind to you. And I thought, 'If he can be brave, and even gay, with that hurting him, and look after civic things, and help everybody who needs it, why, I can—' "

He interrupted her, springing from his seat beside her, and standing over her, and speaking with what seemed to her a curious intensity.

"Helen, do you mean to say that you have thought that I was such a warped and abnormal person as to have kept on with a twenty-one-year-old boy's infatuation for ten years?"

She leaned back, breath-taken. "But every one in Kingsway has thought so."

She looked at him, dismayed.

His face turned blackly angry for a moment. "So I've been a village legend!"

Then suddenly he saw the humor of it. He dropped down beside her and began to laugh softly, finally ending in a paroxysm of uncontrollable, boyish laughter.

Helen looked at him sorrowfully for a moment then began to laugh, too, in spite of herself. Suddenly he was her friend and comrade, as they laughed together.

"I admit that the experience with Nina made me feel that women weren't to be trusted for awhile. I had to work hard; for some time it was touch-and-go whether I'd have no money or be well-to-do. That takes a man's mind pretty well. And after that—well, I liked my freedom."

"But you treated me as if you couldn't trust *any* girls," she said.

"You said you'd forgiven me! I can't forgive myself. I treated you as if you were Nina's cousin; I thought you were like her. I was stupid—that's all." He bent over her. "You must forgive me, Helen. You must know that I've learned what you are—"

"Helen, Helen," Patricia's sweet, high voice called her. "Supper's ready. You're having supper with me at Marietta's house."

He straightened himself and spoke earnestly. "You do believe me?"

Helen shrank back a little. "Yes, Ethan—yes!"

HELEN made Patricia ready to go to the titling party at Doris' with her heart beating with excitement. It was the first time she had seen the group, except for an occasional encounter in the street, with Patricia or occasionally Marietta by her side, since it had all happened.

She dressed with more care than usual. She had a little new dress, a soft, ivory-satin evening frock, short-waisted, full-skirted, ankle-length, quaint and charming. She had bought the satin and made it herself in some of the time she always seemed to have such quantities of now; made it with Patricia looking on and helping run seams excitedly whenever Helen let her. Patricia's valiantly set, uneven stitches, over-and-overing the selvage inside, were all down two breadths, and Helen smiled, thinking of them.

She had bought red, high-heeled shoes to wear with all the whiteness. It was a little too much dressing for a party where half the girls would come in long-sleeved frocks, but Helen felt she needed all the courage her loveliest dress would give her.

She stared at the Helen in the long, shabby mirror Marietta had inherited from the big house, and saw that they could not say she was worn and unhappy because of Tommy. Indeed, as she leaned to the glass, the girl she saw there was more lovely and alive than she had ever been. What Doris called her "conqueringness" was back. And she felt alive. The golden-brown eyes, the darkly-gold curls, the slim, graceful lines of her body, all were charged with more than the vitality she had had before it all happened. If only—well, she'd cross that bridge when she came to it—going home by herself, while they all remembered how Tommy used to march her consciously off.

Patricia, bless her loyal, fierce little heart, would be a comfort! Would it be so dreadful, she wondered, to keep Patricia till she herself went home, instead of having Andrew come for her at nine in the car, as they had arranged? . . . No, she mustn't be a coward.

As the two—Patricia dancing with all the excitement Helen was trying not to show—came down the steps of the gate-house, they saw the car waiting for them, but it was not Andrew who was at the wheel. That soft hat and that loose, gray English overcoat were Ethan's.

He stepped from the car and came to meet her, his eyes dancing. There was a conqueringness about Ethan, too, to-night!

"I'm taking you," he said, "and I'll come for you. We mustn't tire poor old Andrew."

Helen turned to him with frank delight. One of the great comforts about Ethan Kingsway was that she didn't have to pretend with him. That first day, when she had, in her frenzy and illness, cried out to him and reproached men for what Tommy had done, made a sort of little island of understanding sometimes where they were together—and now that he trusted her. . . .

"Oh, Ethan, you don't know how happy it will make me," she said like a child. "I'd hated so seeing the crowd alone, and—and especially leaving alone."

"You brave child!" he said in a voice she had never heard him use before, except to his mother or the little girl. "You shan't have to go through it alone."

"And you'll make a great fuss over me?" Helen demanded naively.

He laughed lightly, as the car started. "I'll try, hard as it is!"

HE WAS so merciful—he was so protecting. Because he understood what it was like. He took her to the Milliken house. He greeted Doris, who was overcome by seeing him to the point of giving a small squeak instead of a polite greeting, and whose terror made her aunt give her a frown and sail forward with a greeting, as Helen said naughtily afterward, like a mayor's speech of welcome. He stood there, courteous and a little aloof, suddenly becoming the Ethan Helen had been afraid of, though his thoughts, had Helen known it, were a little wistful, as he saw younger men calling out to Helen, grouping about her, as with a contemporary, and greeting himself with the respect they would give a much older man.

"What time shall I come for you, Helen?" he asked.

She smiled up at him with frank gratitude.

"Would twelve be too late?"

"Twelve sounds virtuously early!"

He made his adieux to Miss Louise, who gave him in earnest the respect as the social head of the village which Helen had teased him over; and was gone. He would rather have stayed.

Helen, slim and princess-like in her soft white satin frock, forgot to be anything but excited with delight at being back with her crowd again. Having seen Patricia safely making friends—in what, it must be confessed, was a rather possessive way—with Doris' little cousin Lucy, she swept the crowd around her.

"We have to run those pictures first," she said. "Somebody watch the time."

All her old executive capacity at work, she had the complicated affair of lighting, setting, running, arranging, in full blast shortly. As she was everywhere, the satin frock pinned up under a smock and forgotten in the necessity of driving her helpers through it all, it occurred to her dimly, yet with a little shock of surprise to be thought over later, that it must have been she, not Tommy, who really ran things. Why, she knew how to do everything. Only she could do it herself now, instead of having to make Tommy feel he was doing it while she really was back of Tommy. She laughed at herself secretly. She'd scarcely known it was that way. Hadn't she been an idiot!

IT WAS halfway through one of the scenes where Doris was prominent that they found at one and the same time that they had to have a retake, and that Doris had vanished from the scene of action, contrary to her habit of being tremulously alert for any moment when any one might want her, as if for fear of being scolded.

"Doris—where's Doris?" Jim Martin, who played opposite her, demanded.

"Run the next sequence and I'll go hunt her. I'm not in it, and the rest of you are. Anybody else may be needed," Helen commanded, and made her way out of the darkened room between the boys and girls on cushions all over the floor; catching a glimpse of Patricia in the hall with plump, little, Dutch-bobbed, dark Lucy, evidently being told all the child-gossip of the town by the rapt attitude of the two.

Doris was not in any of the rooms Helen explored. Could she have gone out for a breath of the cold, crisp night air, the room being overheated with all the people and the necessity of closed windows and doors? Helen threw her long red coat around her and slipped out the side door, not unwilling to breathe the outdoor coolness herself.

Doris was nowhere to be seen. Helen, more for her own pleasure than on searching bent, strolled around the side of the house where the late chrysanthemums grew thickly. Beyond them was a group of high burning bush, and she thought she saw some one beside this in the shadow. She came closer, her heart beating a little fast, and saw that it was Doris. An edge of the heavy, gold brocade of Doris' new evening wrap glinted in a stray pencil of light from the nearest street light. Doris' smooth, light-brown head bent toward something—no, somebody! And Doris' terrified, little soprano voice saying:

"Oh, darling, no, I couldn't—I couldn't! Oh, darling, I love you, but I'm afraid!"

And the murmur of a lower voice, a man's, protesting, pleading.

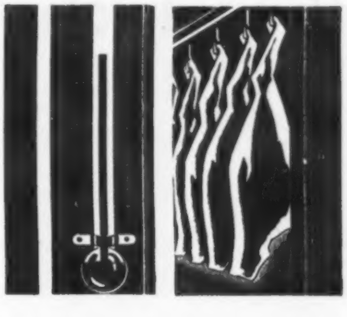
Helen's coat caught on a twig, and the twig snapped.

Doris, lifting her head, uttered a stifled scream of "Oh, they've seen us! You'll have to go!" and was gone herself, scuttering off like a frightened, small animal.

Helen went nearer to face the man, angry at him for daring to do this sort of thing with any one so small, so helpless, as Doris, and came close to the tragic, Shelleyan young face, the well-known, forward-stooped shoulders and shabby, brown overcoat—what *did* Ronny do with his money?—of her cousin's step-son, Ronald Higginson.

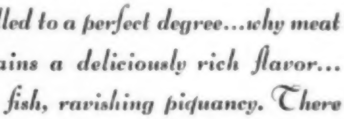
Ronny and Helen had known each other since her first visit to her cousin Nina, when Helen was seventeen and Ronny fifteen; an

THIS YEAR...IT'S EUROPE



IT IS THIS

...on White Star...Red Star... and Atlantic Transport ships that accounts immeasurably for the delectable delicacies of their cuisine. An awe-inspiring refrigerating plant...kept at an unvaried, scientific temperature...opened but twice a day ...jealously guarded, scientifically inspected at frequent intervals during the voyage. That's why the fruit is chilled to a perfect degree...why meat retains a deliciously rich flavor... the fish, ravishing piquancy. There are any number of just such obscure things that contribute to making ship life an adventure in the art of living. And, smooth sailing...express schedules maintained by effortless speed...are additional delights to voyagers. No matter what your travel budget there is an accommodation via I.M.M. that will fit it. Write for the booklet "And So She Sailed For Europe." You will find it interesting and informative.



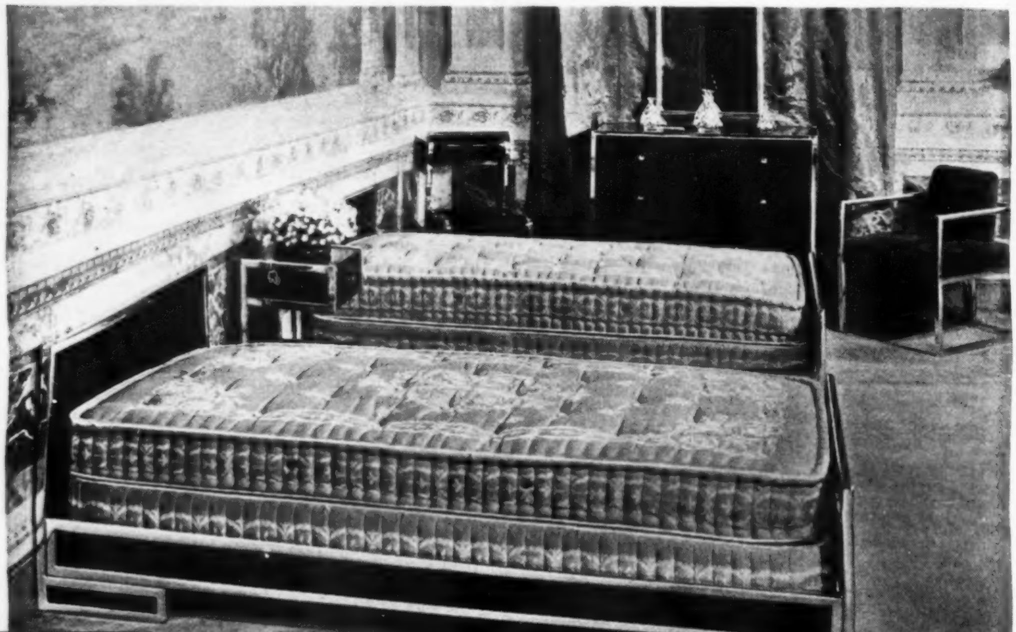
WHITE STAR LINE • RED STAR LINE
• ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE •
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

30 Principal Offices in the U.S. and Canada. Main Office. No. 1 Broadway, New York City. Authorized agents everywhere.

IMM

the duchess of sermoneta

has taken back from America to her ancient Roman palace the "extraordinarily comfortable" beautyrest mattresses which she discovered in our "amazing country"



Fot. Vasari Roma

vittoria colonna, duchessa di sermoneta, is a member of the famous italian family whose records go back to the year 900

- "An achievement in comfort typical of your amazing country." So says Vittoria Colonna, Duchess of Sermoneta, descendant of one of the most aristocratic families of Italy. She refers to the Simmons Beautyrest Mattress on which she slept in the home of friends during her stay in America. "I must send some of these wonderful mattresses and springs home," the Duchess said. And there they are today, these most modern of mattresses—in one of the most ancient palaces of Rome! The Duchess' experience is also that of thousands of Americans who learn, in the homes of friends, of this new type of mattress with its heart of tiny, resilient coils. Now the Simmons Company have produced a second inner coil mattress, the new Deepsleep, at a price that millions can afford.

- The Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Ace Box Spring to match, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75. The new Deepsleep Mattress, $23.00. Beds, $10 to $60. Beds and furniture above part of a nine-piece modern suite in metal. Rocky Mountain Region and West slightly higher. Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

Simmons

beds · springs · mattresses and BERKEY & GAY furniture

Copyright 1930, The Simmons Company

awkward enigmatic boy who read poetry and occasionally burst into flares of passionate, protesting Socialistic talk; whom Nina tried to turn into her own idea of a conventional little gentleman, and, failing utterly, left entirely alone. Ronny, hunched over some deep book, tossing his mop of curly hair out of his eyes. Ronny, refusing sugar in his coffee because there were starving Armenians. Ronny, just as Armenians became fashionable, coming home with a vase he had bought with enough money to keep his coffee sugared a couple of years, because it was a lovely shape. Ronny, hanging round you one minute passionately, flinging away the next because you hadn't given him something you didn't know he wanted. Ronny, always hungry for something spiritual that nobody knew how to give—and finally finding it in scared, little Doris Milliken!

Helen had always been fond of him, though she felt for him occasionally the annoyance naturally obliging people do feel for moody and impatient ones who go their way and won't ever oblige or explain.

"Ronny," she said with an elder-sisterly firmness, "what on earth were you trying to make Doris do?"

"Oh, it's only you, Helen," he said with relief, coming forward into the pencil of light from the shutter.

He looked thinner even than usual, more pallid and sunken-eyed. He spoke with a dispirited frankness. "I was trying to get Doris to run away with me, and she's scared because I'm broke."

"Oh, Ronny dear—" Helen's irritation with him changed to affection in a moment at the sight of his young tiredness and unhappiness—"what is all the trouble about, and what's happened to your allowance?"

"I thought you knew. Nina cut it off by cable unless I'd explain, and I won't."

He spoke sullenly. Helen knew it all so well! Nina being cool and hard and logical, and handling over-sensitive Ronny without gloves; and Ronny resentfully shutting up like a clam.

"Would you tell me what, dear?"

"The same old Helen, always trying to mother people out of their troubles! As though you hadn't enough of your own! I was seen in town by the Dean—it would be!—under 'circumstances they would wish me to explain.' And I was due at an examination, and—that's all I'd tell the Angel Gabriel or you or a United States marshal. And Nina has spread it all over town that I'm a disgraced wretch, and every one's down on me."

She did not take all he said seriously. Ronny was given to having a chip on his shoulder.

A FLASH of dazzling, white light from somebody's car suddenly drew them both clear against the blackness of the shrubbery, then left them in the dark again, just as Ronny bent and kissed her in his accustomed, rough brotherly fashion.

"Gosh, that put my eyes out," he said. "See here, don't tell anybody I was here to see Doris. It would get me into a mess and her, too. A worse one, I mean. I promised not to tell on her; don't you tell on me. You'd be giving Doris away, poor kid, and you'd better not be seen with me yourself. I'm an outcast."

Helen sighed. "Of course, I promise. Miss Louisa wouldn't do anything. She rules Doris to death, but she loves her. Doris just has a talent for being frightened, the way you have, Ronny, for being a mule!"

He laughed at that a little unwillingly and was gone in the dark before she could ask anything further. She sighed and made her way up the path along the side of the house to the front, made one step up on the low-set porch, and saw a dark shape standing there. . . .

If you could SEE the dirt that collects on a window shade . . .

. . . you'd want one you could S-C-R-U-B!

HOW often are your windows washed? Every two weeks probably. How often are your draperies taken down and washed? Every six months perhaps. How often are your shades cleaned? Be truthful.

The fact is that many people just let their shades go on accumulating dirt. Others, more particular, use a dustcloth occasionally or a damp sponge. But neither method is good enough. Dirt gets right into the fabric. The only way to clean a shade is to SCRUB with a brush, soap and hot water. And since shades made the ordinary way go to pieces as soon as you scrub them, the logical thing to do is to insist on genuine du Pont Tontine shades.

The New and Improved Tontine shades recently developed by du Pont are impregnated with the same basic substance as that used in the famous du Pont Duco. They will not fade, crack, pinhole or fray. Sun or rain will not hurt them and—because you can SCRUB them—they will look spotless and new for years. You can get them in a wide range of lovely colors or figured designs, plain or corded effects, to match any room. And for complete satisfaction, ask your dealer to mount them on Tontine Guaranteed Rollers.

SPECIAL OFFER

A sample Tontine Shade for $1.00

We want you to see that everything we say about du Pont Tontine is true. Send us the coupon below with a dollar bill, checking which color you prefer. We will send you a shade specially made up to your measurements. When you get it, test it. Deliberately smear dirt on it—then scrub with a brush, soap and hot water. Its beauty will be instantly restored. Only one shade (not exceeding 40" wide) can be sent to any one home at this special price. The regular retail price, depending on length, width, etc., at the authorized Tontine dealer's in your city, is from $1.75 up.

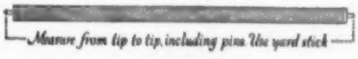
DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TONTINE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE *WASHABLE* WINDOW SHADE

Consult the classified business directory in the back of your telephone book for the name and address of the authorized Tontine dealer in your city.

Follow these details



Measure width of shade you wish to replace with the Tontine test shade. Measure tip to tip, including metal pins at ends of roller (see diagram above). Measure also length of shade unrolled. Specify which color is wanted: White, Cream, Ecru or Green. Fill out coupon fully. Pin $1.00 to coupon.

(This offer closes July 1st, 1930)

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc.
100 Du Pont Avenue, Newburgh, N. Y. G H 5-30
Canadian subscribers enclose $1.50 and address coupon:
Canadian Industries Limited, Fabrikoid Division, New Toronto, Ontario, Can.

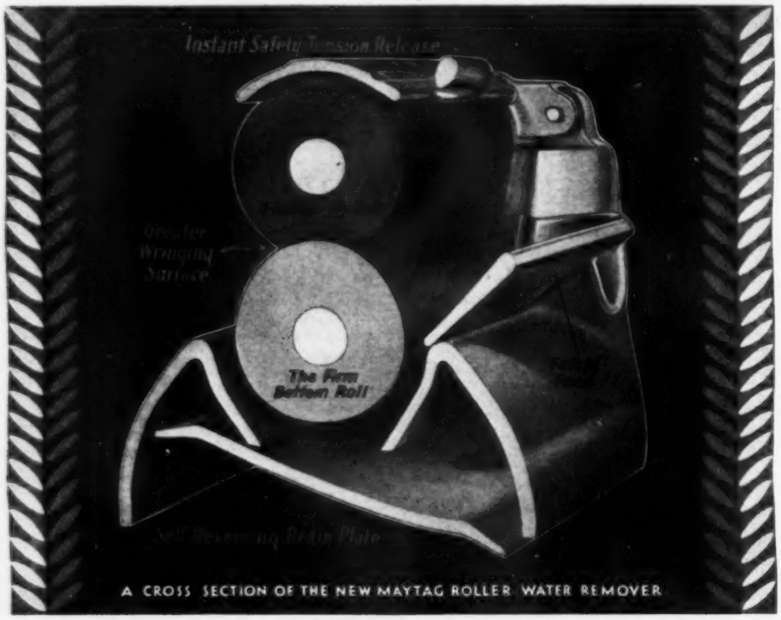
Herewith $1.00 pinned to coupon. Please send me complete Tontine shade. . . . . .inches wide, tip to tip (cannot exceed 40 inches), and. . . . . .inches long (shade unrolled).

White ☐ Cream ☐ Ecru ☐ Green ☐

Name . . . .

Address . . . .

Only the NEW MAYTAG *
has this
NEW Roller Water Remover



A CROSS SECTION OF THE NEW MAYTAG ROLLER WATER REMOVER

THE NEW roller water remover was developed by Maytag at a cost of more than $290,000. The enclosed, positive-action, automatic drain always shunts the water directly into the tub from which the clothes are wrung . . . without spilling or splashing . . . without attention from the operator.

The NEW Maytag roller water remover effects thorough pressure cleansing. The flexible top roll hugs the hard bottom roll, removing the water evenly from all parts of the garment, yet so gentle is the action that it presses no hard-to-iron wrinkles into the clothes. Buttons, snaps and ornaments are spared.

Your nearest dealer will let you try a NEW Maytag without obligation. If it doesn't sell itself, don't keep it. Divided payments you'll never miss.

THE MAYTAG COMPANY,
Newton, Iowa
Founded 1893
THE MAYTAG COMPANY, Ltd.,
Winnipeg

A postcard request brings an interesting booklet—"Better Methods of Home Laundering"

Maytag
ALUMINUM WASHER

All the King's Horses

It was only Ethan, leaning against the side of the door and lazily smoking a cigarette: Ethan—and everything turned happy and sheltered and unworried again.

"Oh, were you waiting for me?" she said gladly. "They weren't through when I came out. Come in."

But his voice, when he answered, was the old, cool, clipped, half-scornful voice of that Ethan she had nearly forgotten. The Ethan who used to watch her with that annoyed admiration that had stung so; the Ethan who didn't quite trust any one named Heather any more.

"Thank you, Helen, I'll wait here. My headlight—interrupted you?"

She was the old sickened, frightened Helen again. All the shelter and delight and comradeship dropped away. Everything in the world vanished. She had to keep her word to Ronny.

"Did you see who it was?" she asked, going straight to the point.

"Why should I? I have no right—" His voice was icy still.

"I want to tell you. But I promised not. It was somebody else's lover. Oh, please, don't distrust me."

His face softened. "Everybody kisses everybody nowadays; I forgot that. All right, Helen."

She was about to cry out that she wasn't one of the girls who kissed everybody casually. She was nearly as old-fashioned about that as Ethan. But she must not. If she did, she would betray Ronny.

"And you're beautiful— My heavens, you're beautiful!" He spoke passionately of a sudden, not like the controlled Ethan she knew. "Beautiful and young and gay and easy to kiss. . . ."

HE BENT suddenly. His arms were like steel around her soft body; he had thrown them around her beneath her coat, against the softness of the satin. She had never known a hold could be as unbreakable as this.

She made one faint protest. "Oh, Ethan, not that way—oh, Ethan, you must believe in me—"

But he only held her closer and bent down to her lips in the darkness. She remembered flashingly what his mother had said proudly, "The Kingsways are velvet for a little way—yes—then steel—and then fire!" And as Ethan's hard, close kisses fell on her lips, she knew what Ada Kingsway had meant. The light love she had known was nothing to the intensity of this; it held her to Ethan Kingsway as she had never been bound to any one in the world. For behind the flame that crept through her at his hold stood belief in him, faith in him; and he kissed her half in passion, half in anger . . . Oh, no, no, that wasn't true, it couldn't be true. Her faith in him said she must not believe even that—and then she remembered nothing for the moment but his arms, at once passionate and sheltering. . . .

"I love you—you love me—" he said, and swept her closer.

He laughed a little, triumphantly, as she tried to draw away.

And then, as she stood, half-drawn from his arm, for a second time that night, light fell all about her. The front door was flung wide, and a group of men and girls stood there. Helen tried to hide her face. But he held her hand with his; and as she glanced up at him, she saw that he faced the group with a face flushed still, but with his usual courteous control; even proud, even debonair, even smiling.

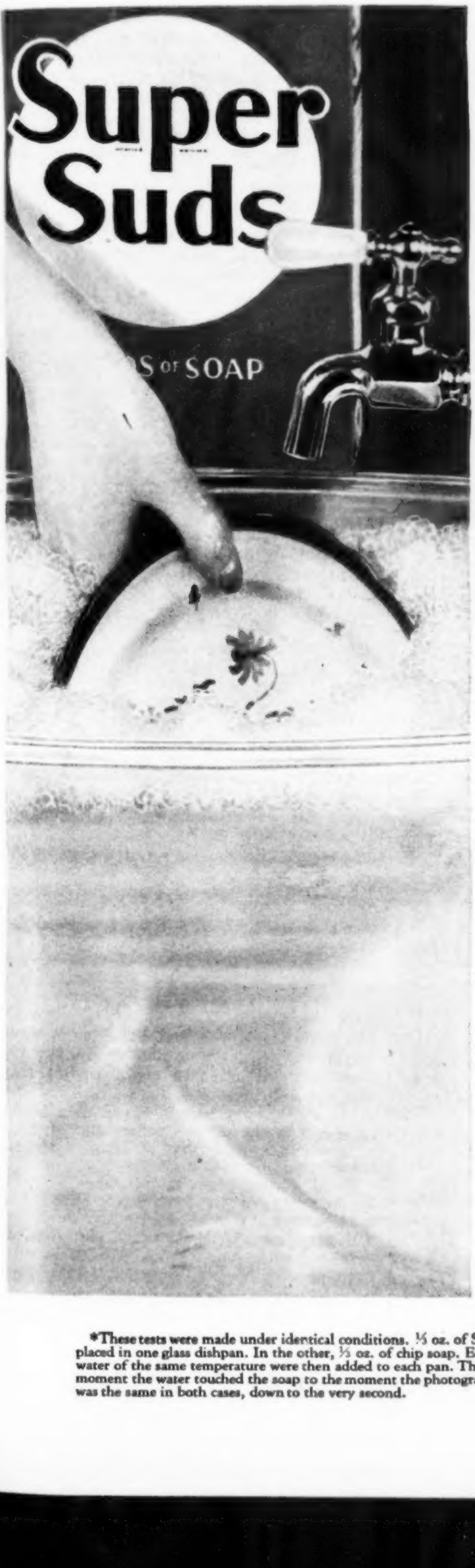
"It's rather an informal announcement we're making them, isn't it, Helen?" he said. "I hope you don't mind!"

(*To be continued*)

Look through glass dishpans

These actual color photographs prove Super Suds gives *instant lasting* suds

See how this new bead soap floods the water with suds clear down to the bottom of the pan—cuts dishwashing time in half



←At Left** **Bead soap in action

Note in this photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout the water. No particles of undissolved soap. Every bead has dissolved instantly.

Slow-dissolving chips** **At Right→

This photograph shows old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap. Look at the undissolved chips—floating around through the almost soapless water.

HERE are the first photographs ever made of dishwashing soaps at work. They show you how soaps act *below* the surface of the water. Down where the dishes are really washed. Notice (on the right) the gummy bunches of flakes that can't keep dishwater from getting greasy, can't give you their full cleansing power, because they're only half-dissolved. While every bead of Super Suds has dissolved instantly . . . flooding every drop of water with rich, creamy, lasting suds.

Far faster than chip soap

Now see (at the left) how Super Suds' instant and complete dissolving saves your time. (1) *Saves waiting for suds.* (2) *Washes dishes clean faster.* (3) *Saves dishwiping.* Every trace of soap disappears in one hot rinse. Dishes *drain* shining dry.

Totally new form of soap

Super Suds washes dishes faster, easier—because it's an utterly different *form* of soap. It's tiny, hollow "beads," made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. The walls of each bead are 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake ever made. Hence they dissolve instantly—completely. This speed soap costs but 10c a box. Order from your grocer.

rdinary
Chips

***These tests were made under identical conditions. ⅓ oz. of Super Suds were placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ⅓ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.**

Super Suds 10¢

"RIVOLI". . .
Paris in April . . . slanting roof-tops of tile . . . flowers in the gardens of the Tuileries . . . provide the colorful theme for this COLONIAL CRETONNE.

Put your home in *summer dress!*

"FRESHENING-UP-TIME" is fun . . . if you use your imagination and COLONIAL DRAPERY FABRICS. Priced moderately, these smart fabrics are inexpensive means of creating charming, new interiors. Leading department stores everywhere are showing them now:

. . . cool, glazed *chintzes* . . . ready to transform that old arm-chair or dull sofa into a piece of new delight . . . and *rough weaves of part-linen*, printed in colors, *guaranteed sun-fast and washable* . . . all particularly adaptable for draperies.

*Your questions on decorating will be gladly answered by Miss Marcia Meadows. Send coupon below for recommendations—*FREE

COLONIAL
DRAPERY
FABRICS

Exclusive Products of MARSHALL FIELD & Co., *Wholesale*, Chicago-New York

Miss Marcia Meadows, Marshall Field & Company, *Wholesale*, Box 1182, Chicago GH-5

Please suggest *(without charge)* decorative treatment for my living room ☐, dining room ☐, bedroom ☐, sunroom ☐. Size....... The ceiling is high ☐, low ☐. The woodwork is light ☐, dark ☐, natural wood ☐, painted ☐. There are.........windows. They are single ☐, grouped ☐, bay ☐, casement ☐, opening in ☐, opening out ☐, small ☐, large ☐, ordinary ☐. The room is light ☐, dark ☐. The exposure is north ☐, sunny ☐. I wish to completely redecorate ☐ or simply replace draperies ☐.

Also please send FREE booklet picturing various designs of COLONIAL DRAPERY FABRICS.

My name..

Street...............................**City**...............................

Love Is Like That

(*Continued from page 67*)

The girl paled; she hung out of the window. Above her a belching column of smoke sent bright wreaths of sparks toward the tindery old roofs.

"You'd better call the firemen," admitted Carol in a scared voice.

The basso began passionately to communicate directions to a small boy, when a thunderous knocking broke out on the girl's door.

"Let me in!" roared a terrible voice.

The door flew open, and Mr. Pettigrew, stern and washed, strode by the girl contemptuously. He fell upon the Franklin, behind whose red teeth the fire whistled. He pulled out the damper and turned off the draft. Then with about six swift motions he had disjointed the stove-pipe, poured some water on the flames, and clapped a stopper on the smoking flue. Outside a shout of triumph broke out.

"You got 'em leecked!" hosannaed the basso.

The Roman holiday began to disperse with grateful backward glances for a morning's pleasure.

Mr. Pettigrew wiped his hands on a piece of valuable old batik. He said grimly, "This wouldn't have happened if you hadn't been so bone selfish!"

The girl gasped helplessly, "Of all the ner—" when Rip discovered Mr. Pettigrew and came leaping upon him with yapping barks of delight.

Mr. Pettigrew reached out one long arm and caught Rip by the back of the neck. There was a sudden mêlée of flying arms and pistoning legs, then Rip found himself outside on the sun-deck and Mr. Pettigrew inside, pushing the shock of tow-colored hair up out of his embittered blue eyes. He said sharply:

"I had some popovers in the oven when you chose to start your—er—conflagration. I s'pose they're ruined by now!"

The girl said pathetically: "The gas is turned off down here. I didn't have any dinner last night."

Mr. Pettigrew bent his head in surrender. "Oh, all right, all right! I suppose I can give you some breakfast!"

He stopped on his way to the door in his dirty tennis shoes. "But you might at least ask me to have it down here where it's warm!"

Carol nodded nervously. "Oh, of course!" She tried to curl her bare feet under her robe. Mr. Pettigrew hadn't noticed them.

"I'll be down in ten minutes," he announced sternly. "Don't touch the stove!"

HE CAME in, chewing his tongue to maintain his balance, with a big tray on which a percolator bubbled and covered earthen dishes sizzled! He lowered his steaming burden on to a small table the girl had drawn into an eastern window. Under it Mrs. Angelotti's garden of petunias and spice pinks sent up a smoke of perfume. The sun was coming through the morning fog and fell in dazzling patches through the green curtains on the small, bright table. The girl sniffed ecstatically.

Mr. Pettigrew grinned. He made a lordly gesture over the table. "There ain't a thing a woman can do that a man can't do better!"

Carol opened her mouth angrily, then her hungry eyes swept the table. She closed her red lips and swallowed. Mr. Pettigrew had gone over to the stove. He seized it by the shoulders and shook it back masterfully into place. He pounded in the pipe and threw in some pieces of box and a lump of coal. Tamed, the Franklin began to purr along sweetly.

They sat down cozily to crisp wafers of broiled bacon, golden popovers satisfyingly gummy inside, and coffee that must have

"I never heard it knock like that before!"

She always just asked for "oil"

The wrong oil won't cause trouble at once. You cannot see its harmful effects on your motor as, for example, you can see the effects of a strong soap powder on a printed chiffon frock.

But suddenly one day the engine starts knocking. Or you may notice that your car takes the hills less easily. Or the car goes to the garage more frequently to have valves ground or carbon removed . . . These are some of the troubles you risk when you buy just "any oil."

But how do you choose the *right* oil?

It is true that oil is something which you must, to a certain extent, buy on trust. Isn't it wise, then, to look first for an oil which has won widespread confidence? Here one oil stands above all others—Mobiloil. If you should travel around the world, you would find that Mobiloil is the leading motor oil on every continent.

Then, too, you can consult the opinions of unprejudiced authorities . . . car manufacturers, for example—they too want their cars to run smoothly, free from troubles . . . Here again Mobiloil leads. *No other oil comes even a close second to Mobiloil in the recommendations of car manufacturers.*

And then your important *personal* question—"Is Mobiloil right for my car?"

Mobiloil engineers furnish an answer to this question in the Mobiloil chart. These engineers have studied every type of automobile engine ever made. As a result, the Mobiloil chart is the most *widely approved* guide to the correct oil which any woman can find.

You can check your car on this chart at your dealer's. A glance shows you the specific grade of Mobiloil for your particular engine. And with this information you can buy correct lubrication as accurately as though you were a skilled engineer.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

NOW she will ask for

Mobiloil

Ask here
for
GARGOYLE
Mobiloil

The Skin Should be Soothed

LESSON NUMBER THREE—*In previous lessons, Miss Arden has described the first two steps in her famous treatment — Cleansing and Toning. The next step is* SOOTHING. *(Extra copies of earlier lessons may be obtained on request.)*

A SENSITIVE skin should have frequent applications of rich cream to keep it from early fading and wrinkling. *Any skin must be regularly soothed and softened to offset the evils of steam heat, windy weather and uncertain spring temperatures.*

The best time for applying cream is at night. First cleanse and tone according to my earlier instructions. Then, when your skin is thoroughly awakened and receptive, cream should be patted on. My Velva Cream is a preparation of great delicacy that is most gratifying to the sensitiveness of a fine dry skin.

Using the cushion tips of the fingers pat on the cream with definite upward strokes, beginning at point of chin and working upward to the ear, the corner of the eye, the temple, with rhythmic, lifting pats. Smooth extra cream just under the chin where a "crêpey" look must be guarded against.

Then dip your fingers in Muscle Oil and pat this directly on lines, on forehead, neck or cheeks to smooth and give flexibility to dry or furrowed skin.

If this treatment is taken the last thing at night, a little of the cream should be left on, especially around the eyes where first fine lines are sure to gather. If you have managed to squeeze in a half hour before dinner for your "patting" you will remove the cream at the end of ten minutes of brisk work with Cleansing Tissues; following that, pat with Skin Tonic to take away any possible greasy look, and then be ready for your make-up. Last month I explained the correct and convenient way of applying tonic or astringent with an Arden Patter, which should be part of your regular dressing table equipment.

Another treatment which you must not fail to try when you wish to look unusually lovely for an evening engagement, is the Anti-Wrinkle Treatment. This cream has been specially prepared to produce quick results and you will be thrilled with the real beauty of your skin, if you use it according to directions.

WINDHARPS

Do you know those little harps that draw music from the wind? They are so sensitive that the lightest breeze will draw from them a chord.

Suffering and ecstasy and despair belong most wholly to the sensitives. It is they who carry the treasure, it is they whom life should nourish and protect, for it is because of them that man rises from clay to potter. Strike out the great people of history and we would still be tattooing our skins and calling it painting

And yet we starve the sensitive ones among us and develop a comfortable philosophy about them, that continued contact with this practical unsensitive world brings out the best in them.

Among all the charming friends you have, who is the one that is most satisfying? The most sensitive— not that pathetic supersensitiveness that is so close to egotism it can scarcely be distinguished from it, but the kind of responsiveness that can slip most swiftly and deeply into your mind and see the thing as you see it, that can touch your wound so gently that there is healing in the touch, that sees without peering, that knows without being told, the kind of delightful person who draws music from the wind.

PREPARATIONS REQUIRED IN THIS LESSON

ARDENA VELVA CREAM
A delicate cream that smooths and refines without fattening . . . $1, $2, $3, $6.

VENETIAN MUSCLE OIL
A penetrating oil rich in the elements which stimulate flabby muscles . $1, $2.50, $4.

VENETIAN ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM
Specially adapted for a quick treatment before going out at night . . . $2, $3.50.

ARDEN VENETIAN PATTER
Round and flat, with unique flexibility of handle for accurate patting strokes . . $5.

ELIZABETH ARDEN ★
NEW YORK: 691 FIFTH AVENUE
PARIS · LONDON · BERLIN · MADRID · ROME · BIARRITZ · CANNES
CHICAGO - PHILADELPHIA - WASHINGTON - DETROIT - BOSTON - ATLANTIC CITY - SAN FRANCISCO - LOS ANGELES

In Canada Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are obtainable at no increase in price.
Canadian Wholesale Distributors: Elizabeth Arden of Canada Ltd., 207 Queens Quay, Toronto, Canada

© Elizabeth Arden, 1930

dripped, celestial dew, from an angel's wings. The girl contributed green bowls of sliced peaches and a jar of honeyed quince. They ate silently. Mr. Pettigrew's brown face began to look almost kind. He leaned back in his cushioned basket chair.

"So you're an architect, hey? And what do they let little girls like you build?" Mr. Pettigrew's raillery creaked from disuse.

The girl returned his gaze blandly. She had slipped on a dress of lemon-yellow linen; a leaf-green tie closed it snugly about her creamy throat. Every separate filament of her black hair was touched with red from the sun. She murmured deprecatingly,

"Oh, just—just houses—and things."

"Of course!" Mr. Pettigrew was off. "Women always deal in the unnecessary and the unimportant."

"Indeed!" breathed the girl whose plans for the new Del Valle Terminal had caused Mr. Arkright to whistle in private and certain of the younger partners to regard her darkly as she sat at her high stool.

Mr. Pettigrew proceeded. "Women! Decorative but obviously inefficient. Look at you, now. Doubtless you think a house—a *home*"—Mr. Pettigrew's tone would have raised blisters on Portland cement—"is the bulwark of the nation, a little bit of heaven! Bah!"

The girl helped herself bountifully to golden quince. She queried,

"It's your idea, is it, that it's just—just a millstone about the neck of progress?"

Mr. Pettigrew smacked a fist into an open hand. "Exactly! But women have built up a superstition about it. They are like Indian natives who leave out propitiatory offerings to a man-eating tiger. *Man*-eating is right! Why the home swallows a man alive! It gets him in its sticky coils—"

MR. PETTIGREW ran his fingers through his upright hair and ceased his zoological metaphors. "Not," he declaimed less heatedly, "that men are wholly without blame. They have been infected by the general feminine hysteria. But there are a few of us—I, for instance—who are loosening ourselves from ancient bonds. I have trained myself to be independent of women. I can cook—" he waved a proud hand over the devastated table. "I can mend my own clothes, I can launder my own shirts if the need arises, and I have cut away from my life as many of the enervating superfluities as possible."

The girl looked at him with large eyes. She said in an awed tone,

"What a marvelous husband you're going to make!"

Mr. Pettigrew banged on the arm of his chair. "Marriage!" he shouted. "It's the last sink of decadence! You know what the name of my book is? It's 'Marriage, The Moloch of The Ages!' "

"My goodness!" applauded the girl, her mouth full of the last popover. "I'll bet your mother thinks you're sweet!"

"My mother," said Mr. Pettigrew stiffly, "died when I was born. I was brought up by my Uncle Adam, a bachelor."

"Oh!" the girl's contrite tone hung in the warm room like the tone of a bell. "I'm sorry."

"You needn't be. I regard it as one of the greatest blessings of my life that I wasn't reared under the emasculating influence of women. Bad as my Uncle Adam was, there were still—"

"Oh," interrupted the girl rudely, "so there was something wrong with Uncle Adam, too?"

"He was—he is—an illusionist," stated Mr. Pettigrew firmly. "He had—and still has—er—ideas. I wouldn't go so far as to say he is touched. He brought me up, or I'd be inclined to state that he's simply a romantic old fool."

"I'd be inclined to think that would

clinch it," murmured the girl impertinently and choked over a bit of melting popover.

Rip began to beat on the French doors. Mr. Pettigrew reached over and opened them: the dog bounded in. There was a tantalizing smell of bacon in the air. Mr. Pettigrew absently picked up the green platter and set it down on the floor by his chair.

"It just occurs to me," said Mr. Pettigrew thoughtfully, "that you might be able to help me out of a little difficulty that's been bothering me lately."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the girl.

She seized the coffee-pot and squeezed it anxiously. Mr. Pettigrew pushed her the cream jug and looked at her with narrowed eyes.

"My Uncle Adam wants to build a house," he informed her acridly.

"Most people do," agreed the girl. "At least once. It's like having a baby and writing a book."

She fished absorbedly in the glass dish for the last bit of translucent peach. The young man's electric-blue gaze raked down her guileless face icily.

"He's been trying to get *me* to build it for him, over in Sausalito. He owns a whole hillside over there. But I can't be bothered. It's occurred to me you might tell me of some good firm of architects who'd take the whole thing off my hands. Take complete charge—leave me in peace."

"I see."

The girl regarded him gravely out of her enormous black eyes. One slim, golden hand crept up and fumbled with her soft, green tie.

"Where is your uncle now?"

"In Europe," the blond young man told her bitterly. "In southern Sweden. He went there because he'd heard the knees of the fisher girls were the most beautiful in all Europe."

The girl nodded compassionately. "Don't let that bother you. My aunt Anne's gone to Capri, because when the guides take you into the Blue Grotto, they throw you up over their shoulders and you feel just like a Sabine woman."

Mr. Pettigrew snorted. "Well, do you or do you not know of some one who'd take over the whole silly business? I've twenty thousand dollars for it, and it's got to be done before winter."

The girl hooked the flat heels of her small brogues over the rung of her chair. "You don't know what Uncle Adam wants for his money, do you?"

"Do I?" Mr. Pettigrew looked at her shamefacedly. "You ought to see the letters he's been nagging me with for the last six months!"

"Let me!" demanded the girl.

AN HOUR later she raised bemused eyes and tapped one of Uncle Adam's scrawled sheets with a small, brown thumb.

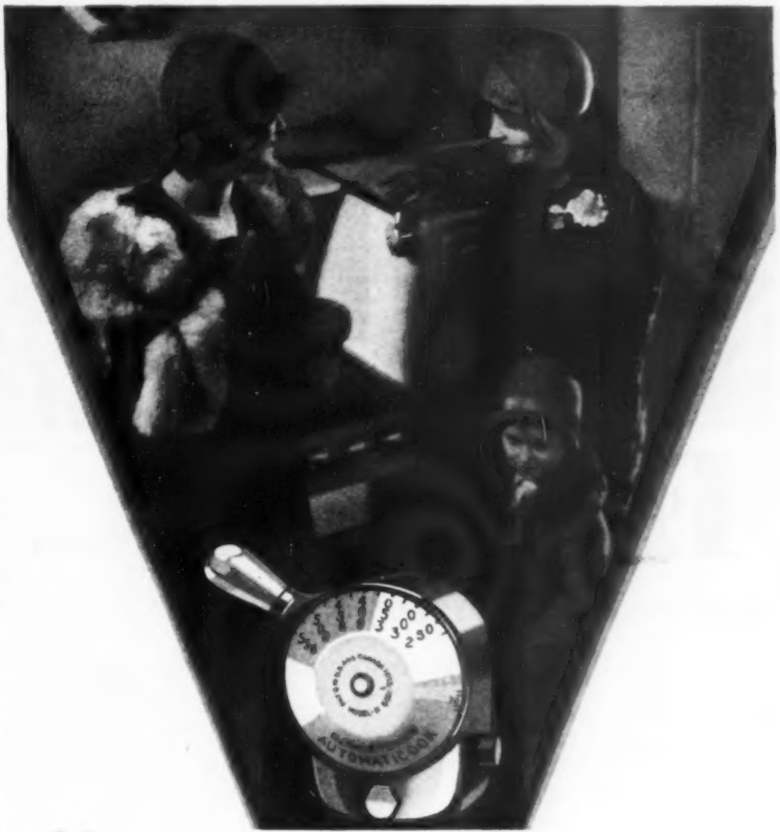
"You don't deserve him," she told his unimpressed nephew. Her golden-rose face was faintly flushed. "For a man to have sense enough to want a living-room 'brown with old wood, a sleepy nest, with a balcony from which a scarlet-shawled Infanta might lean and sing gently of *golondrinas* and *rosas vagas;* and it must be filled with sunshine and the murmur of trees on the roof . . .'"

"He's an old blitherer," broke in Uncle Adam's sole relative coarsely. "Well, who'll build it—under my stipulations, mind you?"

The girl tucked in the corners of her red mouth and considered. "There's murgatroydmurgatroydandmurgatroyd, there's beechisonandgunner, there's frankjennings, and," she added fairly, "there's SHELDON, ARKRIGHT AND BONE."

"Huh? You said it so—what was that last one?"

"YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW EASY IT MAKES COOKING.."



YOU only have to prepare the food and slip it into the oven. Set the AutomatiCook, light the gas—then go out till meal time.

Bread, meats, game, fowl—even whole meals can be cooked with the AutomatiCook. Come home after an afternoon of shopping, bridge or the matinee. Open the oven. Your dinner's waiting for you; juicy, hot, done to a turn!

The new AutomatiCook is so set and checked that it is accurate always. This great oven heat control is entirely automatic in operation, and so never fails. Home economics bureaus recommend it highly.

You can't buy the AutomatiCook separately, but be sure that *your* new gas range is AutomatiCook equipped. More than 100 leading makes of gas ranges are—and it would pay you to select one of these. For . . . you've no idea how easy it makes cooking—until you actually try the AutomatiCook, yourself.

AutomatiCook BOOK

The AutomatiCook Book tells you how and what to cook — very complete — attractively illustrated. Send 25cents today for your copy

ROBERTSHAW THERMOSTAT COMPANY
Youngwood, Pa.

ROBERTSHAW ★
TRADE MARK
AutomatiCook

Daily food and drink stain and dull the natural whiteness of teeth

EACH DAY *this restores natural white brilliance of teeth*

. . . daily dulled by food and drink

DOUBLE POLISHING (*not scouring!*) MAKES THIS SAFE MODERN TOOTH PASTE DIFFERENT FROM ANY YOU HAVE KNOWN

NEVER before have you been able to give your teeth this unique twofold brightening, every day!

Daily food and drink leave deposits. Starches, for instance, stick like glue. Coffee and fruits stain.

That's why DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste has been made *not only to cleanse but to polish your teeth each time you brush them.*

Two exceedingly fine polishing agents were developed for DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. Working together they do what one alone could not do. They are much softer than tooth enamel, and cannot scratch or scour. But gently polish away all deposits and stains—restoring the smooth *natural* brilliance.

In addition, DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste contains purest vegetable cleansers. *Everything a dentifrice can safely do is provided by* DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. *It acts quickly.* The flavor is refreshing, delightful.

At your favorite store get DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. Extra large 25c tube—or the double-quantity 40c tube. Guaranteed by the makers of famous DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes. *Already the most sensational success in dentifrice history!*

This safe double polishing will give back the natural brightness of your teeth, quickly. (*Twenty brushings sent free on request.*) THE WESTERN COMPANY, Chicago, Toronto, New York.

Dr. West's★ TOOTH PASTE

For another surprise use a DR. WEST'S *Toothbrush!*

Dr. West's
TOOTH PASTE
Dr. West's
TOOTH PASTE
TRADE MARK
CLEANS TEETH BETTER
WECO

© 1930, W. B. M. Co.

Love Is Like That

"Sheldon, Arkright and Bone," repeated the girl obligingly. "They are an old firm, and they'll give you good service."

"All right." Mr. Pettigrew disposed of the matter summarily. "Give me their address. I can't waste any more time on this sort of thing. I've important work to get done."

The girl didn't meet his eye as she handed him the scrap of paper. She bent to gather up the dishes upon his large tray. It brought her so near him that Mr. Pettigrew drew back a little. The room seemed suddenly filled with the scent of spice pinks and roses, the young man thought confusedly. He sneezed and rallied his wavering severity.

"Mind you," he warned, "Uncle Adam'll want this well built, well planned. No women architects!"

The girl retorted warmly, stacking up the plates, "If a woman did do it, the closets wouldn't be put in by ear and the sink arranged as if all cooks had accordion-plaited spines!"

Mr. Pettigrew backed for the door with his tray. He looked at the girl gravely over his dishes.

"Well, good-by. Perhaps we'll see each other again sometime. It's possible, living in the same house this way."

"I'm afraid it is," agreed the girl solemnly.

The door closed on his brown sweater that must have doubled in its off-time as typewriter-duster and shoe-polisher.

There was a peculiar expression on the girl's face. She opened her bright lips above which a dimple seemed to wink, and uttered one syllable, "Ha!"

ON MONDAY afternoon Carol returned home early. The Lane was golden with light; the sway-backed gables leaned toward her companionably. It had been an exhausting day spent with the widow of a movie magnate who wanted a sprawling villa done in Hollywood Renaissance. She came to her own step and stopped.

Half a dozen lumps of coal lay there, a pair of old shoes, a book, sticks of kindling. She ran up the stairs and opened the door to her flat. It was ominously quiet; the sundeck was empty as a gourd. She raced up the stairs and knocked on the door of Number Three.

Mr. Pettigrew, in a white shirt open over his brown neck, flung it open and scowled at her. Behind him a bare brown room, dominated by a desk, let in the light through curtainless windows. Mr. Pettigrew, destined by heaven for success in matrimony, gave her no chance to speak but, being in the wrong, leaped first.

"I suppose you've come about that miserable dog of yours," he snarled. "Well, he's gone at last! It took me all of an hour to drive him away from the front door."

The girl opened her mouth.

Mr. Pettigrow said swiftly: "What right did you have to go away and leave no key? He sat down there on your porch and howled till I thought I'd lose my mind. I had to boost him up the trellis to get him out."

The girl gaped and said, "I—"

Mr. Pettigrew, his cock's-comb of hair standing straight up, rode on like Juggernaut: "He tried to lie down here and lick my ankles. When I drove him out, he sat on the front steps and barked!"

The girl got her breath. She broke in belligerently: "Well, you can jolly well go out and hunt him up! He got away once before, and it took me four hours to find him. He'd got into a fresh asphalt street and it had got stiff on him!"

Mr. Pettigrew frowned and glanced back at his desk annoyedly. "Well, all right," he conceded. "You be out at the end of the Lane. I'll get my car."

Only one hot cereal—Quaker Farina has this vital, health-building power of sunshine

Quaker Farina is known to every mother . . it's the creamy inner part of the wheat

IF you were asked what one hot cereal is the standard hot cereal for children, your answer would surely be "Farina." For when you first start feeding baby solid food, the first cereal the doctor advises is Farina. And children like this creamy wheat breakfast food so well, and it is so good for them, that they cling to it through later years.

A new health quality

Now the smooth white granules of *Quaker Farina* have an added health quality . . . invisible, but effective . . . that makes it vastly more important than ever before that you specify *Quaker Farina* in buying.

By means of certain powerful rays like those of sunlight, there is *stored in Quaker Farina* the vitamin health effect that is found in the ultraviolet rays of the sun.

Laboratory experiments show that in this healthful "sun" vitamin effect, one dish of this famous heart-of-the-wheat hot breakfast food is equal to 20 minutes' exposure to noonday summer sun or to 3 hours of winter sunshine!

Acclaimed by nutritionists

The patented special process by which *Quaker Farina* acquires this unique health quality is called by nutritionists the most important food discovery of the age. For they see now the way for every mother to help her child have stronger, sturdier limbs . . . sound, even white teeth; to protect him against the many ills that are due to lack of sunshine.

The Steenbock Process of Irradiation, which processes the "sun" vitamin into *Quaker Farina,* was discovered at the University of Wisconsin. Its reliability has been proved by countless tests extending over a four-year period.

Start at once to give your children this vital new health protection. You'll find *Quaker Farina* containing the "sun" vitamin at your grocer's. No change in taste. No change in price.

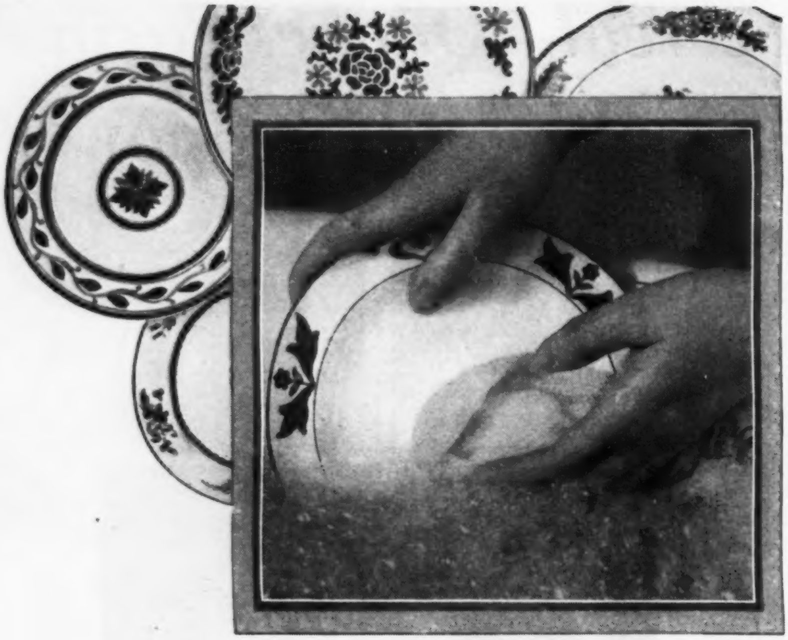
QUAKER
IRRADIATED
SUNSHINE VITAMIN
FARINA
HEART OF THE WHEAT
The Quaker Oats Company
CHICAGO, U.S.A.

WARNINGS: Don't be confused. The mere fact that grain is grown in the sunlight does not give cereals the "sun" vitamin. The husk keeps out the invisible rays from the heart of the grain.

Only two cereals, *Quaker Farina* and *Muffets* (the new whole-wheat biscuit), are guaranteed to have the "sun" vitamin stored there by ultraviolet rays. The Quaker Oats Company has been granted the sole right to irradiate cereals by the Steenbock method.

Quaker Farina*

The Heart-of-the-Wheat Hot Breakfast Food



Vogue for Color in Dishes demands Modern Dishwashing

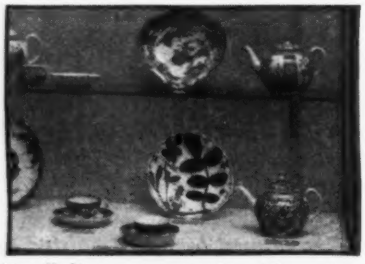
By Ruth Washburn Jordan, *Home Economics Expert*

IT'S color everywhere—from fragile imported china to the gay cups and saucers at the "five and ten!"

And best of all, the salespeople tell you, these lovely new tints are easy to care for.

As one of the foremost experts on china, F. J. Cuthbertson, President of the famous Wm. H. Plummer Co., said: "We have always warned against harsh, strong soaps for the new china. But Lux is perfectly safe!"

The gentle Lux suds that modern home-makers everywhere have adopted to save the beauty of fine things also save the delicate colors of these new dishes—work the same magic with dishes as with fine fabrics.



For all china—museum antiques (shown above) and 10¢-store pieces alike

And washing dishes the modern way in bubbling, sparkling Lux saves your hands, too—keeps them smooth and white as the hands of leisure.

The bland, gentle Lux suds guard the precious beauty oils of the skin, while ordinary, coarse soaps dry up these oils and leave the skin red and wrinkled.

Yet Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!

LUX in the Dishpan keeps your hands lovely for less than 1¢ a day

LUX
For all fine laundering

Love Is Like That

A few moments later Mr. Pettigrew flung open a thick, enameled door in a shining, resplendent object. "Get in," he invited.

Carol slipped into a leathery nest, and the young man, closing his brown fingers lovingly over the mahogany wheel, stepped with his dirty tennis shoe on a polished gadget, and they slipped away from there as sweetly and imperceptibly as the change from five dollars.

Carol Trent glanced about her. Mr. Pettigrew's stern theories seemed to have suffered a collapse when it came to his car. The roadster was Italian and fitted with every accessory known to Eighteen Payment Row. Mr. Pettigrew felt her silent rebuke. He said defensively:

"An automobile is one of the modern necessities. The pressure of time—"

The girl cocked up her irreverent nose under her flaring hat. "Too-toodle-de-oo!" she fluted derisively in imitation of Mr. Pettigrew's reeded horn.

Mr. Pettigrew reddened and drove swiftly through sunlit streets where there was no sign of either irate citizenry or ruined property, sure proof Rip had not passed that way.

THEY found him at last on the beach. He came carousing toward them from an Italian cheese-rolling game, which he had broken up by persistently chasing the cheese. Mr. Pettigrew boosted him into the rumble and sank back over the wheel, drowned in depression. Across the bay the purple hills of Marin loomed, with Sausalito nestled in oaks at their foot.

"It's just as I've said," groaned Mr. Pettigrew. "A vicious quicksand. You no sooner have anything to do with a home than—I saw those architects this morning, and they said they'd build the house without bothering me. But now they want a legal description of the property, and I've got to go over there to get it. I've wasted nearly a whole day," he finished gloomily, "on a house. I might as well finish it up now, I suppose." He blew his nose fiercely.

Carol sat up straight and laid one small paw on the wiry arm of the morose young man at her side.

"I can't let you go on with it till I tell you—I work for that firm."

"Hey?"

He surveyed her with polar-blue gaze. Then his glance traveled down to the narrow hand that rested on his sleeve. Mr. Pettigrew smiled suddenly. It was, like all unusual phenomena of nature, impressive for its rarity.

"Well, don't you worry about that. I chose the firm myself. Besides, I rather liked that young Arkright. Anyway," added Mr. Pettigrew, "you won't have anything to do with the plans. Probably never see 'em.

"I might," insisted the girl honestly.

Mr. Pettigrew shook his head amusedly. He had all the male's hearty respect for twenty thousand dollars, no matter how foolishly it is invested.

"No, no! Don't bother your head about that. I know you weren't trying to—entrap me."

The girl snatched her hand from his arm, her face scarlet. She glared up at him, but Mr. Pettigrew was observing his arm with some surprise, as if it had astonished him by behaving in a way hitherto unknown to him. He gave the girl a curious glance, but Carol had retired into the aloofness of a somewhat brummagem virtue.

She remained silent as they crossed the bay and until Mr. Pettigrew had transacted his business at the town hall. He came out, fussing . . .

"Now I got to go up there and see if the line stakes are still in," he fumed. "That's the way it is. 'Give, give,' said the daughter of the horse leech!"

THE FAMOUS *Racquet Club of Washington, D.C.* *Gives this Baked Ham a regular place on its Cold Buffet* - - - - -

NOWHERE will you find more delicious foods than at the cold buffets of these great clubs! Tray upon tray of the most marvelous hors d'oeuvres . . . magnificent cold cuts in tempting array . . . gorgeous aspic dishes . . . lobster and crab dressed up to suit a king's taste!

The recipe for Baked Sugar Boned Ham, shown on this page, is from Albert, chef of the famous Racquet Club, Washington, D. C. You will notice that he specifies French's Prepared Mustard in preparing this delicious and popular dish, and recommends serving it with this same mustard.

French's Prepared Mustard has a rarer, finer flavor than ordinary mustards . . . That's because its choice ingredients are "creamed" in the blending. This "creaming" brings out all the goodness from each ingredient and creates a *new, perfect* flavor and smooth velvety texture!

Try French's for yourself . . . on baked ham, in hors d'oeuvres, stuffed eggs . . . on sandwiches . . . add it to white sauce and to your salad dressings. Order a jar from your grocer today!

(RECIPE FROM CHEF OF THE RACQUET CLUB, WASHINGTON, D. C.)

Baked Sugar Boned Ham **Have ham boned and tied in shape. Cover with cold water and bring slowly to a boil. Then add 1 onion cut in small pieces, 6 cloves, 1 bay leaf, juice of ½ lemon, 2 tablespoons vinegar, and boil gently until tender. Remove from kettle. Cool. Remove skin. Brush entire surface with French's Prepared Mustard, then spread with 1½ cups brown sugar mixed with ½ cup of soft bread crumbs. Insert cloves about an inch apart all over top and sides of ham. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) until nicely browned. Serve with French's Prepared Mustard.**

IT'S FRENCH'S
FRENCH'S
MUSTARD

FREE: *Mail this coupon for this month's set of free recipe cards.*
The R. T. FRENCH COMPANY,
52 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City ______________ *State*

★

FRENCH'S PREPARED MUSTARD

it's "creamed"

What *other* electric refrigerator gives you 4 *services in one?*

each fully automatic and independent of the other

●

BEARING in mind the finality of your investment in an electric refrigerator, it is important that you study it from the standpoint of tomorrow's needs as well as today's necessities.

In designing the new Super-Automatic Kelvinators, Kelvinator engineers have built with an eye to the future.

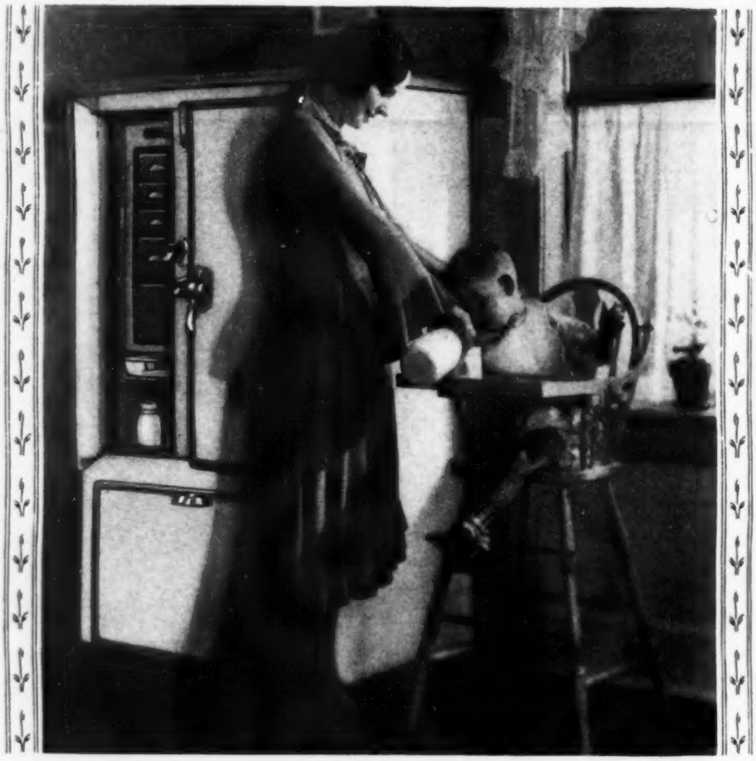
They saw immense strides being made in the development of methods for shipping frozen fruits, meats, fish—*fresh* from packer to consumer.

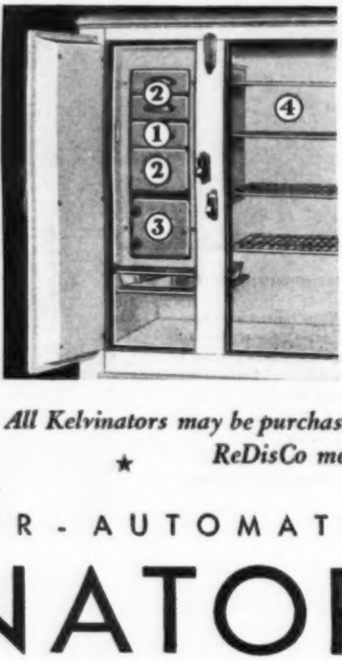
They saw the need for keeping such foods in the home at very low temperatures until used. So they built into the De Luxe Kelvinator models of today, a separate cold storage compartment with below-freezing temperature.

But Kelvinator engineers have gone further than this in anticipating refrigerating requirements of the future. They have made each of the *four functions* of an electric refrigerator completely automatic and independent of the other.

They have originated Iso-Thermic Tubes, giving for the first time *fully automatic fast freezing* of ice cubes and desserts. They have retained the normal speed of freezing ice and desserts in separate compartments. And they have held the food compartments at safe, scientific temperatures—uniformly below 50 degrees.

See the new Super-Automatic Kelvinators today and note the wide margin by which they increase Kelvinator's reputation for reliable, wholly automatic service.





NEW AND EXCLUSIVE KELVINATOR FEATURES

① Iso-Thermic compartment, automatically freezing ice cubes and desserts at twice the usual speed.

② Spacious freezing compartments for ordinary freezing of ice and desserts. Far greater ice capacity.

③ Cold Storage compartment, with below-freezing temperature for keeping meats, fish, frozen fruits or extra ice cubes.

④ Super-Automatic Refrigeration—food compartments held always at uniform cold below 50 degrees.

Kelvinator Corporation, 14251 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan

Kelvinator of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario
Kelvinator Limited, London, England

All Kelvinators may be purchased on easy terms through Kelvinator's ReDisCo monthly budget plan.

★

THE NEW SUPER-AUTOMATIC

KELVINATOR

Kelvinator Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Please mail me free folder describing the new Super-Automatic Kelvinators

Name____________________

Address____________________

Love Is Like That

"The home," opined the girl speciously, "is just another Moloch."

Mr. Pettigrew regarded her suspiciously and began to swing them up the curving roads on the hill till they came out at last upon a warm shelf covered with five oaks and sheltered from the wind by a band of eucalyptus. Below, the world fell away into blueness, tiny red roofs, and the faint, far towers of a magical city. Mr. Pettigrew tramped off, and Rip followed him.

The girl was still standing in the deep grass when they came back.

"I just imagined it," she said in a low tone. "I think I want to go home."

Mr. Pettigrew sniffed minimizingly. He had cockle-burrs in his socks, and his face was red. He looked at the mystery of the coming evening.

"Just the hypocritical, sentimental setting for a ho—"

The girl quelled him with a glance.

Back in her little living-room again, she took off her hat and stood silent a moment in the middle of the floor. Then she raised her head.

"Just let me build this one house," she prayed, "exactly as I want it, and I promise to spend the rest of my life on good plumbing and hardwood floors!"

IT WAS the tacit arrangement, after that, for Carol to retrieve Rip each evening from the durance of Mr. Pettigrew's bedroom. Then there came a night when he was lying under the big desk, and behind the wastebasket was a pile of well-chewed bones. Mr. Pettigrew rose with hurried innocence, a smear of ink across his bold nose.

"My Uncle Adam cabled today. He wants his house done by the first of September. You'll have to tell 'em."

A panicky look ran across the girl's creamy face. "What's he want to come home so soon for?" she demanded indignantly.

Mr. Pettigrew's lip curled. "He says he's exhausted the romantic possibilities of Europe and he wants to try now the retrospective but unrepentant delights of thin gruel and list shoes. It's the twenty-eighth of July now, and they've got to have it done. Why, that old philander would think nothing of coming right in here and staying with me!"

"The very idea!" interjected the girl faintly. "Well, if it isn't done, Uncle Adam can come and stay with me!"

She retired with Rip down the stairs.

She managed to avoid Mr. Pettigrew for two weeks thereafter. She grew a little thinner, and her golden cheeks took on a worried pallor. But he cornered her one morning in the hall. She had on a new green hat that fitted about her face like a calyx. It gave her courage. Mr. Pettigrew backed her into a recess and shook his milk bottle in her face.

"How about it now?" he demanded imperiously. "Is that house goin' to be done, or ain't it? I can't get any satisfaction out of that architect's office."

"Seems to me," said the girl impudently, "you're taking a good deal of interest in a hou—home— Aren't you afraid of touching pitch, or is that the reason you don't go over to see it?"

"It ain't funny," snarled Mr. Pettigrew. "And your friends, the architects, won't think it is either! I put a penalty clause in that contract, and if it ain't done by September tenth, they lose one hundred dollars a day!"

The girl paled. She had not bothered to read the contract when she persuaded Mr. Arkright to turn the job over to her lock, stock, and barrel. She said angrily:

"You better get out your black-snake, Simon Legree!" and tried to brush by him.

Quite by accident, both his arms came down about her.

She grew like a weed but didn't fill out...

—until we found that Cocomalt could make her strong and sturdy

"MY DAUGHTER Patricia was tall for her years—but so painfully thin we couldn't help worrying. Even the other children noticed it and called her 'Skinny' at school.

"Then a neighbor gave me a sample of Cocomalt. Patricia liked it so well I started giving it to her every day. In a few weeks she began to lose that 'weedy' look and started building up. Today she is so strong and well developed that every one speaks of it."

Vitamin D builds health

The actual experience related by this mother has many parallels. She is not the first to be worried because her children grew too fast without filling out. Doctors say it is a danger signal that should never be ignored.

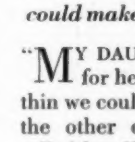
When children fail to build up, it is an indication their systems are begging for *extra* tissue-building proteins, carbohydrates and minerals. Cocomalt not only provides these in concentrated form, together with malt enzymes which help digest other foods in the stomach, but it also contains Vitamin D—that mysterious element which makes summer sunshine so potent in preventing rickets and so effective in building strong bones and sturdy bodies.

Cocomalt is not a medicine; it is a delicious, chocolate flavor food drink every youngster loves.

Trial package free—use coupon

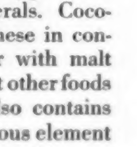
Cocomalt comes in powder form. Packed in three sizes: ½ lb., 30c; 1 lb., 50c; and the economical 5 lb. family size. Easy to prepare; simply add it to milk—hot or cold.

Try Cocomalt without cost. Mail this coupon today for a generous trial package, free.



Cocomalt ★

DELICIOUS HOT OR COLD



ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

R. B. DAVIS CO., Dept. 35, Hoboken, New Jersey
Please send me, free, a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

Name..................

Address..................

City.................. *State*..................

Open stock,
10" dinner plates; $120 doz.;
after dinner coffee, $100 doz.;
cream soups, $190 doz.

The Lovely
"DUCHESS of SUTHERLAND" Service

THERE is something about the lovely "Duchess of Sutherland" Service that is charmingly reminiscent of soft candle lights, silks, satins, merry laughter, gala gatherings. The charm of personality has a curious way of attaching itself to material things—especially to things that seem to be a tangible expression of grace and loveliness.

Duchess of Sutherland was a favorite in both British and Continental Society. She entertained Royalty. Her hospitality was as regal as her guests. She commanded that renowned craftsman, Spode, to make for her a special *Sutherland* Service—expressive of her individuality, and worthy of her table and the brilliant company which met there.

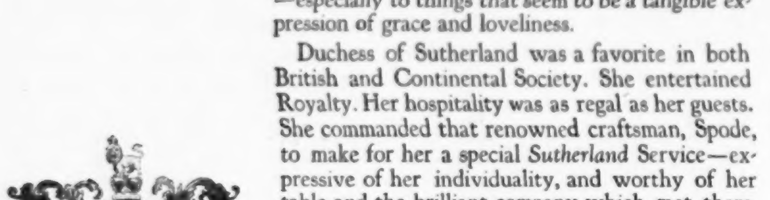
Spode, with his genius thus challenged, sought inspiration in the beautiful hand wrought designs of the great Georgian Period, as then fashioned by the London Silversmiths. He created for Duchess of Sutherland a replica of these same charming "silver shapes," but in his exquisite Bone Porcelain. Deftly, too, he wove an oak leaf from the Sutherland Coat of Arms into a royal blue and gold border. The *Sutherland Service* thus became an artistic triumph, and a perpetual monument to the creative skill of Spode's genius.

A Spode Service becomes a cherished possession. With each succeeding generation, it passes into the category of family heirlooms. The years add to its sentimental and intrinsic value. The store privileged to sell Spode is a good store to know. May we tell you the name of the Spode dealer nearest you?

By appointment to His Majesty, The King and to H. R. H. The Prince of Wales.

◆

COPELAND & THOMPSON, Inc.
206 Fifth Avenue,
New York City



SPODE

Trentham Hall on River Trent, England. Seat of Duke and Duchess of Sutherland.

Love Is Like That

Mr. Pettigrew made an important discovery in the field of electrodynamics. Something fluid and tingling sped from the girl's small body through his chest and out to his fingers. The milk bottle dropped from them nervelessly. He stared down at her, aghast and bewildered.

"L-let me go," she quavered and slipped away.

Mr. Pettigrew stared after her, a slightly stupid look upon his aquiline face, as if he'd been struck a cowardly blow from behind. He climbed back slowly to his rooms and sat down at his desk. For a long time he stared vacantly at the sheets of written paper. Then a hollow groan came from his lips; he buried his face in his hands and shivered.

THERE was no more speech between them then till the afternoon of the twenty-fifth of August, when Carol knew that the house would not be done. She had done her best, but they had been too many for her. There was the town building inspector who would not give her a clear ticket till she had let her heating contract to his nephew and her plastering to his son-in-law. There was Mrs. Bottner-Greyley who tried to enforce an old right-of-way across Uncle Adam's front yard for a path to lead her cow to pasture. There was the seeming conspiracy against speed among the lank, cheerful carpenters who called her "Carol" from the first week on and constantly warned her against falling from scaffolds and getting into paint.

She went home and took a brisk cold shower. Then she pulled on a heartening, *gold-chiffon house-gown and dabbed triple gardenia on her small ears about which the* dark hair fluffed like smoke. At last she trailed to the telephone and called Mr. Pettigrew's number. She could hear his rubber soles thump as he went to answer it.

"Would you bring Rip down and come for a cup of tea in fifteen minutes?" she asked in a small voice.

"What's 'at?" bawled Mr. Pettigrew. "Tea! What for?"

"To see if you've got any better manners than a savage," she retorted, goaded beyond endurance.

Mr. Pettigrew belonged, she surmised, to that great group of males who regard tea as the one humorous meal of the day and who drink five cups after they have coyly succumbed to its effeminacy. She hung up the phone and went to the kitchen, where she made sandwiches thin as parchment and delectably spicy.

Mr. Pettigrew pounded down the stairs, accompanied by Rip's sprawling patter. Carol opened the door, smiling like a small grand duchess. The young man, who had made the concession of running the comb through his hair and washing his hands, looked at her with widening eyes. She led him in small gold slippers toward the crackling Franklin and a downy chair. Mr. Pettigrew accepted a cup of jasmine tea and began to exude what for him was radiant good-nature. He took a couple of *paté* sandwiches.

"Finished my book today," he exulted. "Now I've only got to decide what publisher I'll let have it."

He dropped a fourth lump of sugar into his cup and crowed: "I'm going off on a long trip next month, too. To get material for my next book. It's going to be a sort of sequel, 'The Family, The White Man's Burden.'"

The girl bent her black head. She felt weak with relief. "Then you won't be here when Uncle Adam comes?"

"Oh, sure!" Mr. Pettigrew laughed embarrassedly. "You see, much as I disapprove of him, I'm kind of fond of the old coot!"

Love Is Like That

"Oh!"

"Yes," admitted Mr. Pettigrew expansively, reaching for the honey sandwiches. "Besides, he's been in the Balkans, and I want to talk to him about race suicide among the Magyars."

"Then you'll certainly need him right here," insinuated the girl hopefully.

Mr. Pettigrew's brow darkened a moment, then he smiled. "Well," he conceded tolerantly, "I could let him stay a day or two, till he could get moved."

"W-wouldn't you find it easier to p-pump him about the Balkans if he were right here—for a long—longer time, I mean?"

Mr. Pettigrew gave her a suspicious glance from under his bushy eyebrows.

"Say, what you trying to give me?" he demanded slangily. Then, in dawning rage, "Sa-ay, you tryin' to tell me that house isn't goin' to be done?"

He read it in her face; there was no need for her to speak. Mr. Pettigrew bounced out of his chair and waltzed across the room with a kicking-outward motion to his feet common to balky horses and spoiled small boys.

"You told me they were a reputable firm! You said they'd get it done! That's what I get for takin' a woman's word about anything! But I did think Arkright was a fella of some integrity!"

The girl, huddled in a small, orange-colored heap in her deep chair, whispered courageously: "Don't blame him. It wasn't his fault. You can blame me, if you want to!"

Mr. Pettigrew rounded on her. He squalled:

"*You! You—an important thing like that!*"

The girl hopped out of her chair; she flew at him like a bright, angry bird.

"Yes, I!" she shouted in Mr. Pettigrew's face. "And a darn good job it'll be when it's done, too!"

MR. PETTIGREW made a fumbling, astonished gesture and stepped back a pace. The girl followed him, her mouth open. Suddenly the old door leaped under a knock. A burly young Italian stepped into the room, smiling sheepishly. In one ham-like hand he held a sheaf of flimsy envelopes.

"Lissen, Missis," began Mike, the janitor, ingratiatingly. "I donno how it happen, these got lost. She moost come the oth' day. My ol' lady, she stick 'em behime clock an' fergit to tell me!"

He smote his mighty thigh at the monstrous humor of it. Then he perceived Mr. Pettigrew transfixed against a window.

"H'lo, Mist' Pettigrew! I do' know you here. Doggone, one here for you, too!"

He retired, shaking with amusement. The girl ripped hers open with one cold hand. She read it and touched her dry lips with a vibrating wisp of turquoise chiffon. Mr. Pettigrew startled her with the roar of a mortally-wounded bull.

"He's coming home," he hollered. "Uncle Adam! He's got the nerve to say he's coming to stay with me whether his house is done or not!"

Carol Trent marched up and shook her fist under his nose. "Stop it, you big baby! You weren't smacked enough when you were little, that's what! S-suppose your Aunt Anne had just wired she wasn't coming home till spring and left you with an awful dog like R-Rip!"

"Eh!" breathed Mr. Pettigrew, shocked out of his own troubles.

The girl went on forlornly, "And then to have your old Uncle Adam come and take my house—that's got a rose-brick terrace and a fireplace you can roll a pine tree into!"

"Eh?" said Mr. Pettigrew again in stupefaction.

The girl wiped her face with her chiffon

Fur Experts call them
THE MATCHLESS 4000

YOU WILL RECOGNIZE A
FROMM PEDIGREED SILVER FOX
...BY THE TINY MEDALLION...

TWENTY-ONE years ago the Fromm brothers commenced breeding silver foxes in a snow-swept clearing in northern Wisconsin. The result of all the years of painstaking, scientific effort is evident in their present crop. The full-furred, silky, perfectly marked beauty of these pedigreed pelts has won for them acclaim among fur experts as The Matchless 4,000. For there are only 4,000 of these perfect pelts available this year.

Every genuine Fromm Pedigreed Silver Fox bears a Medallion, attached to the pelt at the furring ranch. Be sure this Medallion is intact on the scarf you buy. You remove it—and return it to Fromm Bros. for pedigree certificate, a transcript from stud book, describing the scarf you have purchased.

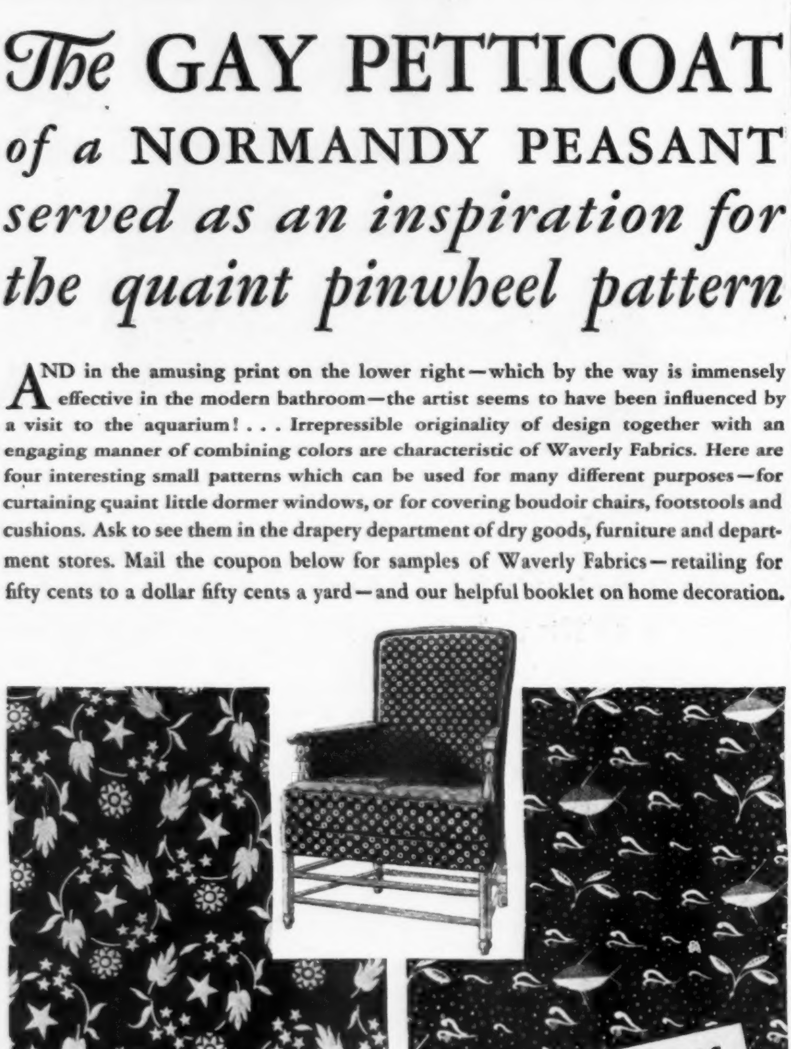
THIS COUPON BRINGS YOU A FASCINATING BOOKLET ON THE STORY OF FROMM. SEND THE COUPON . . . NOW . . . FOR THIS INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE BOOKLET.

FROMM BROS · HAMBURG · WIS.

FROMM BROS., Hamburg, Wis.
Gentlemen : G.H.5-30
Send me booklet on Fromm Pedigreed Silver Foxes. This entails no obligation on my part.
Name ....
Address ....
....

The GAY PETTICOAT *of a* NORMANDY PEASANT *served as an inspiration for the quaint pinwheel pattern*

AND in the amusing print on the lower right—which by the way is immensely effective in the modern bathroom—the artist seems to have been influenced by a visit to the aquarium! . . . Irrepressible originality of design together with an engaging manner of combining colors are characteristic of Waverly Fabrics. Here are four interesting small patterns which can be used for many different purposes—for curtaining quaint little dormer windows, or for covering boudoir chairs, footstools and cushions. Ask to see them in the drapery department of dry goods, furniture and department stores. Mail the coupon below for samples of Waverly Fabrics—retailing for fifty cents to a dollar fifty cents a yard—and our helpful booklet on home decoration.



Waverly Fabrics
A SCHUMACHER UNIT

WAVERLY FABRICS, Dept. G5
60 West 40th St., N. Y. C.
Please send me your booklet on home decoration and samples of Waverly Fabrics. I am enclosing ten cents to cover mailing costs.
Name ____________________
Address __________________

Love Is Like That

sleeve and sniveled: "It's got copper luster tiles in the hallway and a sheet-glass shower, and I planted blue ageratum and rose phlox around the windows!"

Mr. Pettigrew drew a long breath. He put out a tentative hand and touched her silky head. "Well, never mind, you can build another!"

She raised her flushed face. "I can not!" she snapped. "You—you big silly, don't you know a woman never builds a house like that but once in her life?"

Mr. Pettigrew looked dizzy, as if, like Chicken Little, his sky was falling. He tried to sound like the Grand Cham of Tartary, but his voice was humble and unbelieving.

"You—you don't mean—"

He stopped and took a step toward her; his eyes were blazing, but she could not meet them.

"Look here!" he tried to roar feebly.

She raised her eyes slowly.

"Oh!" cried Mr. Pettigrew masterfully. "I'll—I'll make that old romanticist give us that house, if it's the last thing I do! He—he owes us a good wedding present."

"Wedding present!" gasped the girl. "What about Moloch?"

Mr. Pettigrew finished the distance between them.

"Moloch must be fed!" he chanted, and swept her up against the old brown sweater.

Your Voice Gives You Away

(*Continued from page 41*)

too pronounced an effort to be correct, but usually she utters them in a thin and restricted tone.

Cultivated speech is a combination of rich, vibrant, melodious tone and the correctly enunciated word. Both are essential. With few of us are they natural gifts, but happily they can be acquired. We can train our voices as we train our bodies, by exercise and proper attention, and correct our speech as we correct our table manners, by noting prevalent faults.

The beautiful voice of the actor is the result of years of training. Henry Irving overcame a serious speech impediment. Benjamin Franklin freed himself of a provincial dialect and was distinguished even in courts of Europe for his cultivated speech.

Imitation plays the largest part in determining how we talk. We speak like those among whom we were born and with whom we associate. The best schooling is habitual contact with those who speak correctly. A pleasant voice is contagious; so is an unpleasant one. A similar manner of speaking runs through a family, a community, an entire section.

The child born in the shadow of the Harvard campus will speak with a Cambridge accent; in the Middle West he will burr his R's; in the cotton country he will blur them. Nor will he depart from these habits until he has definitely come under a new influence, or until he himself makes a conscious effort to change them.

And how loath we all are to change our speech! Few habits are more deeply ingrained than speech peculiarities. We cling to them as we cling to family traditions; they are the last thing we choose to renounce, even though we know they are incorrect, perhaps frankly unpleasant.

How the Southerner loves his drawl; how the New Englander prides himself on his precise speech; how the Middle Westerner likes his vigorous R's!

Rarely are we even conscious of a provincial dialect. When it is brought to our attention, we are immediately on the defensive.

"But it's natural for me to talk that way! If I spoke differently, I should seem affected."

Man is never so prone to follow the herd as in his linguistic habits. It is not an affectation to improve our dress, to groom our mental

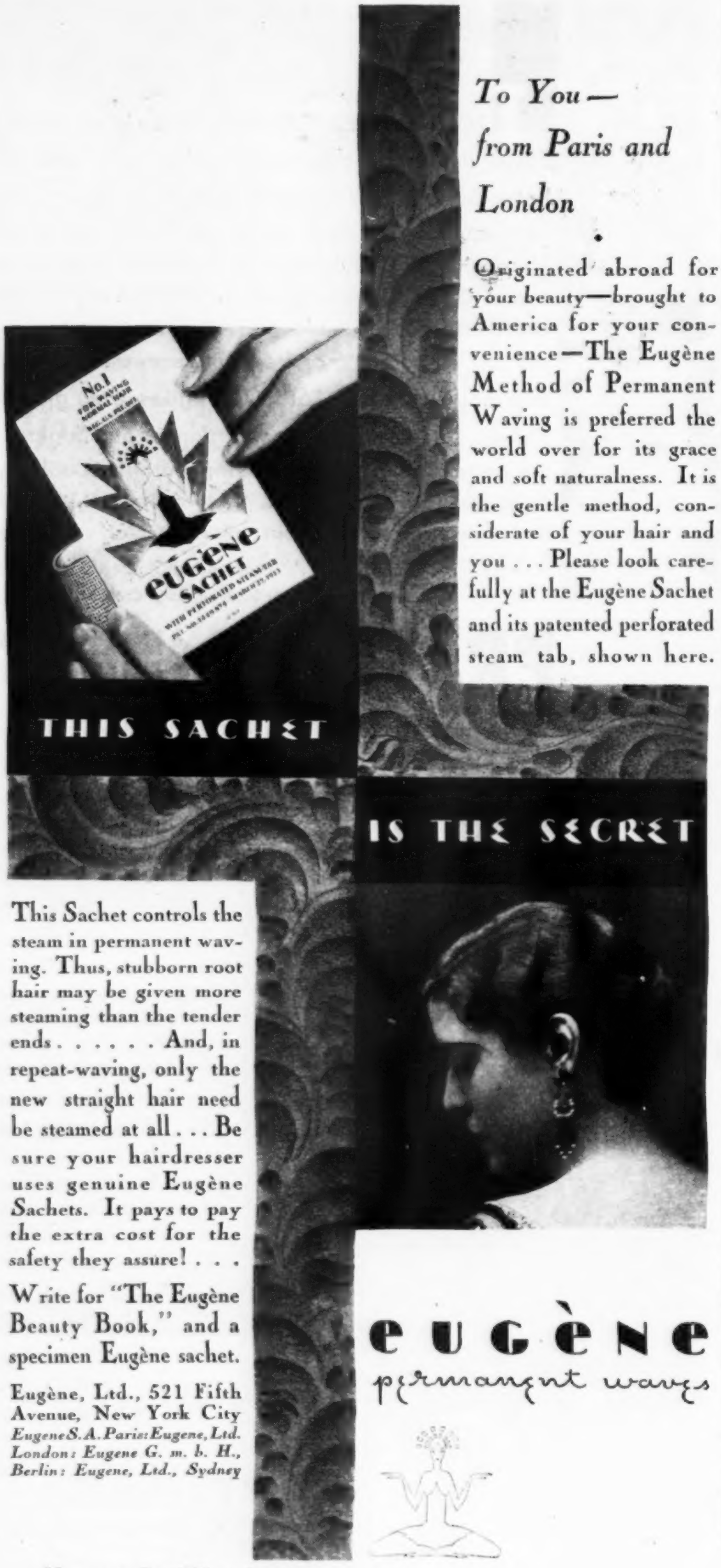
TROUBLE-FREE FLOORS that are beautiful too! Floors that stand dancing, tramping, water and the boisterous play of thoughtless children. Floors that free you of work and worry. Such are floors finished with "61" Quick Drying Varnish .... dry in 4 hours! Durable and long lasting. And the cost is little. A dry mop or soap and water, when they need cleaning .... no polishing or frequent renewal. On furniture and woodwork "61" QDV gives even greater service. It makes linoleum wear longer and brightens the pattern. "61" Quick Drying Varnish is sold by paint and hardware dealers, in Clear Gloss, Dull Finish and transparent woodstain colors. Color card free.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 79 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y.
In Canada, 21 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario

PRATT & LAMBERT
VARNISH
PRODUCTS

"Save the surface and you save all"
LEONARD
"61"
QUICK DRYING VARNISH dries in 4 hours
PRATT & LAMBERT "61" QUICK DRYING VARNISH CLEAR GLOSS

Drawn by R. L. Leonard. Copyright 1930, P&L



To You—from Paris and London

◆

Originated abroad for your beauty—brought to America for your convenience—The Eugène Method of Permanent Waving is preferred the world over for its grace and soft naturalness. It is the gentle method, considerate of your hair and you . . . Please look carefully at the Eugène Sachet and its patented perforated steam tab, shown here.

THIS SACHET IS THE SECRET

This Sachet controls the steam in permanent waving. Thus, stubborn root hair may be given more steaming than the tender ends . . . . . . And, in repeat-waving, only the new straight hair need be steamed at all . . . Be sure your hairdresser uses genuine Eugène Sachets. It pays to pay the extra cost for the safety they assure! . . .

Write for "The Eugène Beauty Book," and a specimen Eugène sachet.

Eugène, Ltd., 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City
EugeneS.A. Paris: Eugene, Ltd. London: Eugene G. m. b. H., Berlin: Eugene, Ltd., Sydney

eugène
permanent waves

Your Voice Gives You Away

faculties, but to perfect our speech is putting on airs. We must talk like the rest of the crowd.

But if the speech of the crowd is incorrect, nasal, harsh, or slovenly, the intelligent individual will have the courage to break away, even though by so doing he risks being "different." Correct speech is not sectional; it should adhere to universal standards in intonation, accent, and enunciation.

Recently three hundred educators of these United States met in Washington for a conference. One of the outstanding facts of the meeting was the similarity of their speech. It was peculiar to no one section. The representative from California talked like the one from New England; the president of the Texas college like the educator from Chicago. All followed one correct standard of speech.

And by *correct* we mean nothing more than *pleasant*. It is the consensus of educated opinion that vowels are more agreeable when they are well rounded, not flattened or drawled. Few vowels have been more mutilated than the poor harassed A in *dance*. It is not *dănce* as in Dan, nor *dawnce* as in *dawn;* it is the golden mean between these two extremes—a sound which so few Americans know that no printed word will illustrate it. Similarly, words are more intelligible when consonants are clear-cut and finished. *Round* is a complete, significant word; *roun'* is a desecration. *Feb'uary* can never take the place of *February* on our calendar.

It is true that many of us play fast and loose with our beautiful mother tongue. We mumble our words, mouth them, strangle them, swallow them until the American language has sometimes been called "unenunciated English." Still worse, we haven't cared. We have remained deaf and indifferent to all such criticism.

Now suddenly the radio and the "talkies" are making America hear her own voice. Our speech faults are falling on our ears in all their shrieking discords, amplified by the microphone and the mechanism of the talking movies.

Out of the loud speaker into the home come voices of every description, harsh and shrill, soft and well-modulated, cultured and common, pleasant and unpleasant. We pick and choose among them, listen to first this one, then that, and if it does not please us we turn the dial and blot it out. The longer we listen to the radio, the more discriminating grows the ear. The great American public is becoming voice-critical.

The Radio's Influence

Broadcasting experts claim that the radio should be a school of American speech in which every listener is a potential pupil. Gone are the days when any "good talker" could get across on the air. Qualifications for the announcer are daily growing more rigid. In the big stations he must be a college man, a model of pronunciation and diction. One slip in his speech brings him hundreds of fan letters criticizing his error; therefore in self-protection he carries his pocket dictionary with him. Unconsciously the public is growing more and more demanding.

And what of the talking movies? The rush of voice teachers to Hollywood is paralleled only by the rush of the '49-ers for gold. Leading picture companies have established their own voice schools on the premises. The movie star has dropped beauty culture for voice culture; her speech must be as good as her looks.

This has meant a cruel weeding out of Hollywood favorites and the fall of many an idol. Many a far-famed screen heroine who was the darling of the fans while she moved a phantom creature in a phantom world, toppled from her pedestal the moment she opened her beautiful mouth. A thin voice, stilted, uncultured speech, entirely destroyed the illusion. No longer is she their dream lady, but just any pretty little girl.

Breakfast-Skimping Did It!

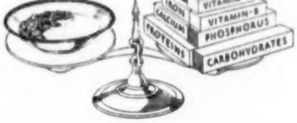
BREAKFAST-SKIMPING spoils many a day! When you find you grow tired too easily — when nerves give way too readily—stop and think back to breakfast. *Did you have enough to eat?*

"Enough" doesn't necessarily mean a large quantity of food. Few people in these hurried, modern times eat a large breakfast. And there is no reason why they should.

A small breakfast can give you plenty of nourishment if you choose the right kind of food. Food that supplies the varied elements your body needs to replenish its energy and vigor after the night's long fast.

That's why Grape-Nuts, a delicious food made from wheat and malted barley, has become so popular on millions of American breakfast tables. In the tempting golden kernels of Grape-Nuts—nut-like in flavor, deliciously malt-sugar-tinged—are vital food elements the body *must* have for health and strength.

Grape-Nuts Makes the Small Breakfast *Safe!*



A single serving of Grape-Nuts with cream provides more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal. Add Grape-Nuts to your breakfast.

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

Grape-Nuts supplies carbohydrates for energy; proteins for muscle and body-building; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; vitamin-B, builder of appetite . . . And Grape-Nuts is one of the easiest foods in the world to digest!

Then, too, Grape-Nuts, by its tempting, irresistible crispness makes you chew thoroughly and gives to teeth and gums the natural exercise needed for health and beauty.

Your grocer sells Grape-Nuts—a product of General Foods Corporation. Buy it from him today, for breakfast tomorrow. Or mail the coupon below for the free trial offer.

Grape-Nuts*

"THERE'S A REASON"

G.—G. H. 5-30

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me free, a trial package of Grape-Nuts and two booklets—"Happier Days from Better Breakfasts," and "Civilized Teeth and How to Prevent Them."

*Name*________________________

*Street*________________________

*City*______________ State________

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address GENERAL FOODS, LIMITED,
Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

42,819+ Dentists have written for THE BITE TEST

+ *audited figures as of Feb. 2, 1930*

FREE Bite Test prescribes the type of brush which fits *your* dental curve

UNLESS you know whether your dental curve is **U**, **U**, or **V**, you can expect trouble with your molars (back teeth).

Fifty per cent of all dental distress starts there. Because the very brush, which cleans straight front-teeth perfectly, may only half-reach and half-clean the curved back-teeth. To insure healthy molars, you must have the correct-type brush, scientifically designed for your individual dental curve.

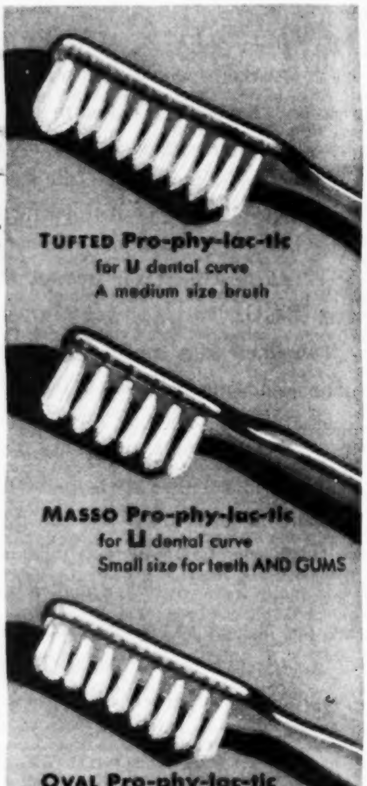
Now, without the bother and cost of molds and plaster casts, there is a 30-second way to find out which curve is yours. A scientific way developed by Pro-phy-lac-tic, tooth brush authorities for over forty-two years. It is the new way approved by dentists; 42,819 of them have written us for it.

Step into the store of any modern-minded druggist, who realizes that *one* shape of brush cannot possibly fit *three* different dental curves, and you will see the green Pro-phy-lac-tic display cabinet. Take from it one of the free folders. Bite into the sanitary dental wax. Or send the coupon below for enough Bite Tests for your family, and take the test at home.

Scientifically, you determine your dental curve. Automatically, it selects for you the correct shape of tooth brush to reach and clean thoroughly every surface of every tooth.

All three types of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes are today's finest productions of the brush maker's art. The fruit of forty-two years' experience is apparent in the shape, spacing, and unusual resilience of the quality bristle; in the gleaming handles, in the ever-anchored tufts.

Each brush is sterilized, and reaches you untouched by hands, in the clean yellow cartons. In all colors and hardnesses, 50c. Youth's brush, 35c. Baby size, 25c. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.

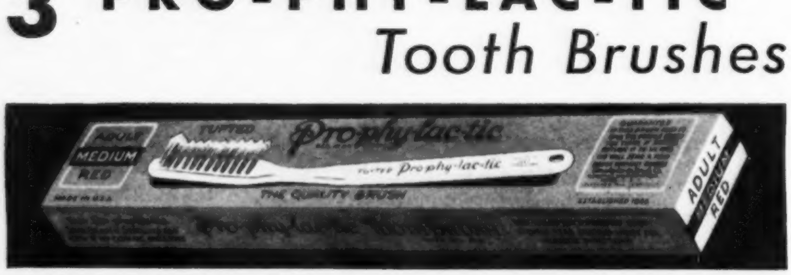


TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic
for **U** dental curve
A medium size brush

MASSO Pro-phy-lac-tic
for **U** dental curve
Small size for teeth AND GUMS

OVAL Pro-phy-lac-tic
for **V** dental curve
Small, for rotary brushing

3 PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC *Tooth Brushes*



Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company
Florence, Mass. Dept. (G.M.)

Gentlemen: Without obligation, please send me free Bite Tests for . . . people.

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

Your Voice Gives You Away

If the critical layman in the audience who condemns her to obscurity could hear his own voice come out of the screen, he might suffer the selfsame jolt and take to voice culture with the selfsame speed. Therefore it is unfortunate that we can not one and all be subjected to that acid test. It would be a healthy object lesson.

Yet even indirectly this influence will make itself felt. The radio and the talking movie are two great mechanical teachers in that they are making America voice-conscious and speech-critical. Is it too optimistic to hope that they may in time bring about the voice millennium, the golden age of speech, when every American will be a pleasant-voiced individual and the American language a thing of beauty and a credit to him who masters it?

Pleasant Books

(*Continued from page 84*)

love. She feels that in him she may yet find happiness. So although she is much older than he, they become engaged. The young doctor falls in love with a rich, beautiful young girl, Cynthia. And then the boy Eric and Cynthia meet and fall desperately in love, and Janet and the doctor are left again to each other. The tragedy of their lives is balanced by the happiness of the two young people. The drama is balanced by the realities of the setting. It is deftly done. The connection of Cynthia's mother, a dope fiend, with an adventurer-gigolo, and the suicide of the young flapper whom Cynthia's father has ruined bring in the darker passions without which no book seems to attain popularity to-day. The young doctor's preoccupation with the causes of the illnesses and crimes, the hidden cities of the mind, offers opportunity to strike the fashion of the hour—psychoanalysis. The connection of the four central figures with the War gives opportunity to discuss the younger generation. But somehow one puts down the book with a sense that there is lacking that note which would give the experiences of these people universal significance, which makes one say with a deep sigh, "Ah, here is life." I can not feel that these young people so possessed the author that he felt he must tell their story, but rather that a story must be told and he sought his ingredients.

In all fairness I should now take up a book that is just as interesting as the books I have mentioned and has in addition this something more. And alas! I have not found one this month. There are perhaps reasons why this story-telling faculty and the something more so seldom go together, but to discuss them would take a whole article by itself. Let me instead take "The Great Meadow" by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (Viking, $2.50) which, although I can not promise that its drama will so absorb the reader's attention, is to me a much greater book than any I have mentioned.

Diony Hall was a young girl in the valley of western Virginia, who married Berk Jarvis and went with him over the mountains to Kentuck (Indian for Meadow Lands). There she lived in the frontier fort, was almost scalped by an Indian, left with her child while Berk went off to fight Indians, enduring the privations and performing the hard labor required of these pioneer women, giving up her husband for dead, marrying as she needs must in that land for protection, and solving her Enoch Arden problem when it was put to her with the wisdom of instinct. We do not merely meet Diony. We live inside her skin. And so through her experiences we learn all that can be said about and for marriage. In that environment the paramount issue was self-preservation. The facts on which the institution of marriage are based had to be squarely faced, facts that we moderns too easily forget. "How could I live in a wilderness without a man to hunt the game for me and make the

Use Powder

Cleans Teeth as Nothing Else Can

For Cleaner, Whiter Teeth . . . do as your dentist does, when he cleans your teeth—use POWDER

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Science has found nothing to take its place.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dull Teeth Become White

For over SIXTY YEARS, dentists everywhere, have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

No Glycerine—No Grit

Being an ALL POWDER dentifrice, Dr. Lyon's contains no glycerine. It does not soften the gums. It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Neutralizes Acids

In addition to cleansing, it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than a liquid such as Milk of Magnesia.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

Lasts Longer—Costs Less

Once you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient, but it costs . . . only half as much . . . to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

In use over 60 years

Now! *Real* Macaroni that cooks in 5 *Minutes!*

A New Quaker Food Creation That Takes the Pot-Watching and Burning Out of Macaroni Cooking

Accept full-size Package FREE

Note Coupon

QUAKER OATS COMPANY experts have developed a marvelous, new-type macaroni for you.

It is made with milk instead of water. And cooks in 5 minutes instead of the 20 minutes ordinary macaroni takes.

You put it in boiling water. Then let boil but 5 minutes. As fast almost as boiling eggs! No more pot-watching. *No more burnt macaroni.* Won't you please accept a full-size package free to try? Just present coupon below to your grocer.

Get This Real
"TUDOR PLATE"
SPOON
For trying this new food creation

If, when accepting the free package of *Quaker* QUICK *Macaroni*, you will buy an additional package at 10c, and send the two labels to us, we will send you the charming Mary Stuart Design teaspoon—made by *Oneida Community and Guaranteed 25 years*—postpaid, Free. This solely to get a fair trial in your home of this new food convenience.

A U. S. Patented Food Invention

We made this new creation of 4 parts finest Durum wheat and 1 part of whole milk. Ordinary macaroni is made with water. And takes 20 minutes, as you know, to cook.

That milk, too, brings you a finer macaroni. A far more tender, more enticing macaroni.

Years were spent perfecting it. Protected by U. S. Patent, there is no other macaroni like it. Please remember this.

5 Minutes—That's All

Five minutes cooks it perfectly. Which is as it should be. For strength-giving macaroni should be often on your table. Quicker now for a macaroni meal than making sandwiches for the family. You cook it while the coffee cooks. This is something you will like.

10-Cent Package Free

Go today to your grocery. Present coupon below. Get a full-size package of Quaker Quick Milk Macaroni free to try. Try its quick cooking.

Note its amazing tenderness. See what a royal dish macaroni has been made. Clip the coupon now before you forget.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Good for Full-Size 10¢ Package—Present to Any Grocer

To get full-size package of Quaker QUICK Macaroni, simply sign this coupon and present to your grocer. He will give you a full-size package FREE.

Note to Retail Grocers: The Quaker Oats Co. hereby promises to pay you 10c for each 8-oz. package on presentation of this coupon to the Quaker Oats Co., 80 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill. It must be duly signed by the housewife who receives the free package. And only one package to a family. No payment will be made to coupon brokers.

Your Name..................................
Address..................................
G. H—May
City..............................*State*..........
Your Grocer's Name..........................

Quaker Quick Macaroni★

fields? A woman alone in a wilderness is a curious thing." Romantic love appeared, as in fact it is, a great gift of God to humans to make beautiful what would otherwise be unendurable. It was not to be played or trifled with. And these truths are revealed against a background of a nation in the making. Yet all that is told speaks out to us as it might from a painting, without a word of explanation or dissertation. And what is told was true a thousand years ago and will be true a thousand years hence. If Miss Roberts had in mind a theme, it was that man's ability to subdue his environment and create a society is a marvelous thing to behold. We put down the book with a new appreciation of his courage, his imagination, his wisdom.

Not that we are offered an idealistic picture of these pioneers. They are shown exactly as they were, with hates and jealousies and personal weaknesses that another author might have focused on to show that man failing to be an angel is little better than the beasts. But Miss Roberts, with the clarifying vision of the artist, makes us see them in such proportion that we are reminded, "To know all is to forgive all." Such a depth of understanding few of us can reach. That is why we are so refreshed when a writer has it. For he can then bring to us that something more whose lack I have been deprecating in the story tellers.

Miss Roberts, however, I feel sure, did not start with a theme. She started with her characters. And living in them, knowing them, feeling them, what she found there produced the theme. That is why, doubtless, we feel it truth instead of propaganda. It must not be thought that because of its importance it is difficult reading. On the contrary it is a beautiful love story written in the singing prose of which she is a master.

A Novel of Character

In "Ella" by Elisabeth Wilkins Thomas (Viking, $2.50), too, the author gets inside her character. Her understanding is so deep that a reader is almost compelled to think she must be writing of her own childhood and girlhood. Yet she has that magical gift which so relates it to the universal that the reader feels she is reliving her own childhood and girlhood although understanding it as she never did before. There is little story interest, but we are carried on by our interest in Ella. We love her so, and yearn so over her, that we want to know all that she felt and lived. Everything is shown as Ella felt and realized it. There is no outside view of anything, no interruption by bystanders. We meet her as "a tiny old woman" of five and leave her after a great sorrow, a young woman, sitting in her uncle's house, thinking back upon the way she has come. And so lovely looks the world to her, so sensitive is she to all beauty and feeling, that after reading about her the world must always be to us more beautiful and human beings more wonderful. "Lovely" is the only word to apply to the beautiful prose; "exquisite," to the conception of the author. Yet I must warn readers that it is a book for those who also have the seeing eye and the understanding heart and are thus more interested in the heart than the mind, in the eye than the hand, in understanding than action.

"The Flight of the Heron" by D. K. Broster (Coward-McCann, $2.50) is still another book in which the author gets inside his characters and thus reveals to us that something more we had not realized before. What he reveals is the Highland Scot, his love of his own rugged countryside, his loyalty to family and clan. And by the word "reveal" I mean that he makes us understand it in all its depth, intensity, and beauty. We know why the Scots were never conquered. We know why they stand to-day for honesty and thrift and sturdiness the world over. We see, too, how in an almost barbarian age man subdued himself by the formulation of a code based upon ideals of honor that took precedence of life. Yet this is first of all a story of action. All this is shown to us by incident and plot. Charles Edward has come to Scotland to claim his English throne from the Hanoverian George II by the help of the Scottish Jacobites. The Highland Chieftain Ewen Cameron left bride and home to follow him. In the English army was a Captain Keith Windham. He became Ewen's prisoner. Thereafter during this short rebellion these two men met six times. Each time the life of one or the other was in jeopardy and each time one saved the other. How they did so makes a tale of love and chivalry that has few equals among the historical novels for swift interest and dramatic action. I read it in the midst of a heavy sorrow, yet it held me to the end. It has the romantic flavor of Sir Walter Scott's best without the dragging descriptions. It is, in fact, far more story than history. For the history merely furnishes the occasion for the story, and the historical characters appear only when necessary to the plot, which deals with a Scottish and an English man of honor. As a novel of escape it is superlative. In addition, it creates real men and women as well as yielding us that something more. All in all it is one of the finest books I have read in months.

A Wholesome Romance

So few are the men who can combine story-telling, character creation, and distinguished writing that anything Frank Swinnerton writes appeals to a wide public, including as it does those who read for any one of these qualities. For this reason the publication of his "The Young Idea" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) will be welcomed on its first appearance in this country, even though it was published in England in 1910, when the young idea was different from the young idea of to-day. Yet for that very reason it should serve to illustrate one of the points I have been making—namely, that if a book deals with real people it will have something true for all times. For in spite of references to the social "isms" of the hour which interested the four young people whose loves and adjustments furnish the story, their personal problems are just the same as those of young people to-day. And so how they reacted to them and solved them has interest for us. There is, however, a placidity, a quietness about these people, and a serenity of presentation that undoubtedly date the story. For that reason, I think, the book is soothing. It makes us feel as if we had stepped out of our hurly-burly world into a sort of pleasant dream world. There are, as always with Swinnerton's books, two sisters and this time a brother. They live in the suburbs of London. Hilda is a clerk. Gladys keeps house. Bertram is a ne'er-do-well for whom the sisters sacrifice themselves. Across the hall from them lives Eric Galbraith with his devoted mother. He does not want to leave her. He can not afford to marry. But he falls in love with Hilda. Bertram runs off with an older woman. Hilda leaves her job because her employer wishes to marry her. Eric sees her unhappiness and therefore declares his love. But Hilda feels he has done so from pity. So there is the misunderstanding which true love seems to demand for its full development. Of course, it all comes right in the end.

"The Young Idea" is far from the best of Mr. Swinnerton's books. One can not wax enthusiastic over it. Yet if one wants to read a wholesome, sweet love story of the romantic type, here is one far better than the average. For no matter how romantic he may be, nor how stiff his phrases, Mr. Swinnerton never forgets that he is dealing with human beings and therefore gives them to us alive.

I have mentioned some books that tantalize us because we feel that authors so gifted should be able to give us in addition to a mere story that something more. I have discussed

Aren't you tired of preparing meals with these "OLD-FASHIONED" TOOLS ?

↑ ↑ ↑ KitchenAid takes the place of all these

In thousands of *modern* homes . . . KitchenAid has banished forever all these "old-fashioned" kitchen utensils . . . preparing food *electrically* . . . and preparing it much better, quicker, and far more economically.

KitchenAid mixes, beats, grinds, chops, stirs, slices, strains, freezes, sieves, creams . . . does *everything* in the preparation of 1095 meals a year. Its three speeds are a great improvement over "whipping", "beating", and "folding-in" by hand. More varied, more delicious recipes find their way into the family menus constantly . . . and recipes always "turn out" the same. There is a new joy in cooking . . . a new and more appetizing savor to foods. There are fewer utensils to wash, too.

KitchenAid is reasonably priced . . . and the nominal payments upon which it may be purchased are small wages indeed for such an efficient, reliable, and versatile servant.

Sign and mail the coupon below . . . it will bring you interesting information about KitchenAid . . . entirely without obligation of course.

The KitchenAid Manufacturing Co.
215 Olive Street Troy, Ohio

Subsidiary of The Hobart Mfg. Co., builders of food preparing equipment for 30 years.

Sales agencies in principal cities — consult telephone directory. Distributing agencies: 173 King Street East, Toronto, Canada; 38 Charterhouse Street, London, E. C. 1, England.

KitchenAid
REG.U.S.PAT.OFF
Electrical Food Preparer for the Home

A Complete Food Preparer, more than a "Mixer", KitchenAid—

Beats
eggs (1 or 10), icings, batters for cakes, waffles, etc.

Whips
cream (little or much)

Mixes
dough for bread, rolls, biscuits, pies and pastries

Strains
fruits for butters, jellies, sauces

Sieves
vegetables for soups and purees; pumpkin, etc.

Slices
potatoes (thick or thin) vegetables, firm fruits

Chops
meats (cooked or raw) nuts, raisins, figs

Freezes
ice cream, sherbets and other frozen dainties

Grinds
coffee and cereals

Shreds and Grates
vegetables, cheese, cocoanut, chocolate, etc.

Extracts
juice from oranges, lemons, grapefruit

Makes
mayonnaise, candies, fruit whips, applesauce (without paring or coring)

Chips Ice
Shreds Cabbage
Mashes Potatoes
Creams Butter

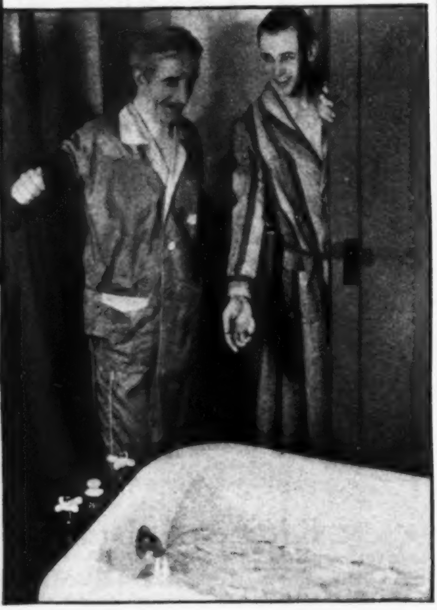
All these things—and many more

The KitchenAid Manufacturing Co., 215 Olive St., Troy, Ohio. (134)
Please send your pamphlet "Extra Help in the Kitchen" to:

Name____________________
Street____________________
City______________ State__________

Is *your morning bath a gamble . . . or a* CERTAINTY ?

"Sorry to hold you up, Dad, but the darned water just won't run fast!"



"Dive in, Dad! That new Copper Tubing sure fills the tub in a hurry!"

NO need to bathe "by appointment" nowadays! Thanks to the new Chase Copper Water Tubing, the evils of a worn-out, rust-clogged water system can be remedied easily and economically.

This modern convenience banishes once and for all the irritation of slow-running water; the damage rusty water does to fine laundry; the bills for pipe repairs that can only be makeshift at best.

With Chase Copper Water Tubing, replacing rust-filled pipe is no longer a "major operation"; no gaping holes in walls, floors and tiling. Chase Tubing calls for only a small opening in the wall . . . perhaps a board or two lifted in the floor. The Tubing is flexible, you see, and your plumber usually runs a long length of it down through the wall . . . bending it when he has to turn corners . . . and using special Chase Copper Water Tube Fittings for the few connections needed. Usually he doesn't even bother to take out the old pipe.

CHASE COPPER WATER TUBING comes in a coil, bends around corners, and is 99.9% pure copper. Chase Copper Water Tube Fittings are marked and guaranteed.

You can easily see how this saves costly time and labor; how it eliminates many of the expensive fittings needed with rigid pipe . . . all savings that help to make the job surprisingly reasonable.

The result is a water system of pure copper . . . that *cannot* rust . . . . that will give you clean, clear water at full pressure as long as your house stands.

Why not call your plumber and ask him about it? He'll be glad to estimate just how little it will cost to modernize your home with Chase Copper Water Tubing and Chase Copper Water Tube Fittings.

New HOUSES. When a new house is being built and open walls make pipe easy to install—use Chase *Alpha* Brass Pipe

CHASE
This mark is stamped on all Chase plumbing products

CHASE COPPER WATER TUBING

A PRODUCT OF CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO.—Incorporated—Waterbury, Conn.

Chase Leaders and Gutters—Chase Bronze Screen Cloth—Chase Plumbing Supplies—Chase Copper and Brass in Sheets, Tubes and Rods for every industrial use.

some books that offer us the something more even though they lack the compelling story interest. I have noted two that combine both the something more and the story-telling interest. But there are books which are so obviously intended only as a story that we can accept them, somehow, merely for the story. This may not seem fair to those of whom we have demanded more than the story. But the reason lies in the theme chosen, the treatment essayed. We know at once, for instance, when we take up a book like T. S. Stribling's "Backwater" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), that he is not essaying character delineation or depiction, he is not trying to solve a problem or throw light in dark places. He is merely striving to occupy our minds for a few hours with the affairs of imaginary people. If he captures our attention so that we forget the outside world and follow through to the end, he has done his work successfully.

A Good Story

"Backwater" is laid in southeastern Arkansas. Jim Murdock returns from college on the same train with his neighbors, Mary Sue Meredith and her brother. Jim's father is a vulgar, common old man who has grown rich from bootlegging. The Merediths are the neighborhood aristocrats. Jim is in love with Mary Sue, and Mary Sue is sorry for Jim because he has been ostracized at school where her brother has been a leader and she a belle. With Jim and Mary Sue is a snobbish school friend who also loves Mary Sue. Thus we have the heroine, the misunderstood, ambitious, stoical hero, and the villain. Jim gets off the train to drive home a herd of cattle his father has bought. There is a sick yearling in the herd, and a quarantine against Texas fever in the county. Jim, who has become interested in bacteriology in the university, decides to run the calf over the boundary, segregate it, and seek to isolate the Texas fever germ. Mary Sue's boy-friend telegraphs the sheriff. When we get so far in the book, we know exactly what kind of story to expect. It will be the old-fashioned melodrama thing. Thereafter we ask only that it furnish thrills. And if we abandon our critical faculties, it does. For Mary Sue is so sorry for Jim that she takes his part, and then it is only a step to loving him. There is a feud over a boundary dispute between Jim's father and hers, and Jim is denied the Merediths' house. But Mary Sue begs him to go to a country dance. There Jim gets into a fight with the villain boy-friend who thrusts his attentions on Mary Sue. And then his father, who has been peddling whisky, is arrested, and Jim goes off with him disgraced. But old Murdock has a pull with the authorities, and it is all one to him if he gets his money. So the neighbors decide to punish him, mob-style. Mary Sue learns of it and goes to warn them. While she is there, the flood rushes over the farm, the levee having been cut to save the town, and she and Old Man Murdock and Jim get away to the town in a boat.

There Mary Sue finds the Merediths established in one of the aristocratic houses. Jim is again thrust outside. Old Murdock takes charge of the negroes who are trying to save the town by buttressing the levee. And finally he saves it himself by swinging rafts against the river side, injuring himself in the effort. Before that, however, the townsmen have begged Old Bill Murdock to furnish liquor to keep up the exhausted negroes. As if it were not enough to make Old Bill into a hero, Squire Meredith is discovered to have been responsible for a bank failure. He had taken money to speculate on cotton. The cashier had been thought responsible. And while the town was under water, the radio boomed out the fact that Squire Meredith had made a fortune on the market. As every one knew that he had not the money to invest, it was obvious immediately and to every one that the cashier had been shielding him. So as the Murdocks' reputation went up, the Merediths' went down. And

Surprises of the Greenwood

(*Continued from page 34*)

softly uttered his lone sweet wailing? Who can tell? And who can say how long the singer treasured those strange minor notes in his heart ere he gave utterance to them on that delicious May morning?

Perhaps the most affecting surprise that I ever experienced in the greenwood was due to the pathetic behavior of a fawn that was found one spring afternoon near a wild copse on the far southern edge of the plantation. We call the place "the Summer Bay," because it is always lustrous with flowers and foliage.

Because the beautiful Virginia deer has been hunted in America ever since the earliest Colonial times, and before that period for countless centuries by the Indians, it is supposed to have an inherent dread of man. Yet while the wild deer soon learns what is his deadliest enemy, it does not appear to me that he inherits this dread. This story will show more plainly what I mean than any argument I could give.

A Trustful Fawn

Certain of my practical friends used to accuse me of aimlessly wandering through the woods. And while it is true that in setting out into the forest alone I could not always explain exactly the goal of my quest, I really was after secrets of the wild, and I seldom returned unrewarded.

On this afternoon in late April—when in the Southern wildwoods the springtime is fully burgeoned and the woods are tenderly dense; when every breath of the swamp and the pineland brings the fragrance of flowers and dew-tasseled bushes—I was walking along through an emerald sea of tall, green broomsedge. I stopped to look for the nest of a black pileated woodpecker that I knew to be in a tall tree-bay in the vicinity, when my attention was attracted to something moving in a savanna two hundred yards off. I soon made out the object to be a doe, and by her self-conscious, secretive attitude I judged her fawn to be not far off. Her wariness had an especially delicate quality which showed that she was less concerned over what might happen to herself than what might happen to her baby. Her care was the concern of love, which in all life everywhere means the abnegation of self. What tinges human life, or any life, with more celestial radiance than mother love? Shining through all clouds, softly glowing in all darkness, it alone should be enough proof—were there no other—of the essentially divine plan of the universe.

The doe came nearer—this shadow-footed forest dweller—and she was coming straight for me. But she evidently had more than customary misgivings. Several times she looked back, listening. Several times she paused, her graceful head held high. She must not lead danger to her darling.

The mother came within about seventy yards of me, until she stood on the bosky margin of the Summer Bay. Then she detected my presence, probably by scent, which is by far the keenest and the most dependable of the wild deer's senses. She snorted in sudden fear, whirled, and took several great leaps away from me, then she paused, looking back over her shoulder. Seldom have I seen a look more full of pathos and yearning.

It had been my purpose to have her lead me to the fawn; but now that she knew me to be near, I felt certain that she would never do that. The strategy of the wild mother is usually to lead the enemy away.

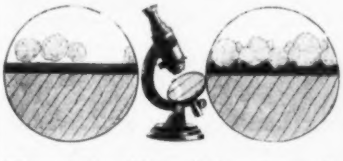
Stepping cautiously forward, I began to look for the inevitable soft bed in the broomsedge on the borders of the Bay, the woodland cradle with its starry-coated baby. Then came my surprise.

The fawn had evidently sensed the approach either of its mother or of me.

free! FULL 25¢ CAN now given to any woman

To demonstrate how Johnson's Liquid Wax keeps dust off furniture

FREE OFFER—To demonstrate the remarkable action of Liquid Wax in preventing dust accumulation on furniture, S. C. Johnson & Son make this unusual offer. Dusting, like many other forms of household drudgery, can now be handled scientifically. Recent tests confirm the fact that Liquid Wax, the new-type furniture polish, eliminates 50% of needless toil. *Note these illustrations:*



Microscopic view of dust on furniture. Compare dry hard surface of Johnson's Wax (left) with oily film (right) which holds dust like flies on fly paper. This explains graphically what chemists found by weighing actual dust accumulation.

To signalize this discovery and demonstrate that dust does not stick to Johnson's Liquid Wax, the interior finishing authorities offer you a 25c can absolutely free. We urge you to use it. Stop laborious dusting. Apply this lustrous "dry" polish on mantels, table-tops, side-boards, and woodwork—and enjoy the hours you save.

Liquid Wax has the same *protective* properties as Johnson's floor wax, famous for nearly forty years. Scratches, rings, heat marks are completely avoided.

For all these practical reasons, please accept a free 25c can—to try. S. C. Johnson & Son, "The Interior Finishing Authorities," Racine, Wisconsin.

In paste or liquid form.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. GH5, Racine, Wisconsin.

Gentlemen: Please send free 25c can (not a sample) of Johnson's Liquid Wax and illustrated booklet, "Reducing the care of floors and furniture."

Name ....
(Please print)

Address ....

City .... State ....

AN OLD BATHROOM IS

EASILY **modernized**

DAILY familiarity with our home surroundings blinds us against seeing faults which stand out glaringly when observed with the eyes of guests. This is especially true of the bathroom, which so often is neglected when the rest of the house is redecorated and new furnishings added. Usually the most conspicuous part of the trouble is a worn-out toilet seat.

This can be remedied—quickly and inexpensively—by replacing the old seat with an immaculate, modern Church Sani-White Toilet Seat. If you prefer color in your bathroom you can select a beautiful Church Colored Toilet Seat from a complete range of beautiful pastel shades and lustrous sea-pearl tints. Then, too, there are attractive Church Bathroom Chairs and Stools to match.

You will be amazed to see what a difference these inexpensive items will make in your bathroom. In ten minutes you can transform it into one that is modern and attractive. It will be a permanent improvement too. Church Seats can be attached to any make of bowl with your regular household tools. Church Seats and Bathroom Chairs will not crack, chip, break, or lose their original lustrous finish. For sale at all good plumbing stores—everywhere—since 1898.

Write for our illustrated folio. It gives you hints on how to make your bathroom look like new and fully describes the large variety of Church Toilet Seats and Bathroom Chairs offered. C. F. Church Manufacturing Company, Dept. G-5, Holyoke, Mass.

CHURCH *sani-***SEATS**

"TOILET SEATS FOR BETTER BATHROOMS"

Surprises of the Greenwood

Twenty yards from me he suddenly stood, stretching himself quaintly. All gleaming he was, with his delicate coat, an exquisite infant of the huge and thoughtful forest, a little Lord Fauntleroy of the ancient, proud House of Nature.

Having relaxed himself from his sleepy stretching, he did not lie down again; he did not turn and flee. On swaying legs, with only his trustful little head showing above the broomgrass, he came trotting straight for me. What delicious confidence! What overmastering gentle trust! What a world this would be if our cousins of the wild would always thus approach us! The fawn just ran up to me, looked at me with a child's great eyes of trust and wonder, and stood against my legs, quiet under the stroking of my hand. If he was disappointed in not getting his dinner, he was too well-bred to show his disappointment. He just stood there gently in winsome security. And I thought of John Webster's exquisite lines:

> "They have most power to hurt us
> whom we love:
> We lay our sleeping lives within their
> arms."

To see a wild deer is always to me a thrilling experience, but I usually count on seeing him in full flight. Far more appealing than a hundred such was this little fawn that had no fear of me. I left it in the sweet greenwood with its devoted mother.

This fawn did nothing but trust me; but I once saw some baby otters that entertained me so completely with their antics that I entirely forgot that I had a home and that I was supposed to be there at dinner time.

Baby Otters at Play

In the strange and beauteous wilderness of the Santee delta there is a curious, sandy hill rising out of the sea of waving reed and marsh. Here grow a few live-oaks, and here in a rude cabin I used to spend a good deal of time, partly because the whole region is marvelously rich in wild life, and partly because it is one of the least accessible places in America to those who do not know the obscure and secret pathways thither. It used to be one of the few places where an observer could count on seeing otters, which, when rightly understood, are among the most intelligent and attractive of all wild things. It does not seem credible that any man who truly knows an otter could ever bear to kill one.

A quiet, reed-hung creek comes meandering up to Tranquillity, wanders lazily by it, and then leisurely winds away through the wild reed country. This was the creek that the otters loved, and it was from the lone hummock in that virgin wilderness that I used to watch them. Of all wild creatures they seem to me the strongest for their size, and certainly the most intelligently playful.

There is the wreck of an ancient wharf at Tranquillity, from which in the old days rice used to be loaded. Now there are but a few stubborn, muddy pilings and cross-logs left, some of the latter flush with the water. On these the otters used to disport themselves, and in the placid waters near these this amusing and appealing happening occurred.

An old mother otter, followed by four little otters about the size of kittens, came out of a little, trickling sluiceway in the marsh and forthwith entered the water with that easy grace than which there is hardly anything in all nature with more finesse. The babies were almost as expert as the mother, though making forgivable chubby errors, as children will. They frolicked together in the water, making slow headway for the old wharf near which I was sitting. At last the mother, who had been lazily drifting, enjoying the play of the youngsters, apparently at some gentle importuning from them turned on her back, in which position her soft, brown-gray stomach was almost awash with the warm tide. Before she was properly "set," the babies climbed on her and began to use her as a diving board for their antics!

She was placid, tolerant, full of love—a happy mother of the wastelands with an understanding heart. They were blissful infants, oblivious to everything save their own joyous excitement. Here was a miniature private Coney Island.

As long as I live, I shall never forget seeing those radiant little nymphs clambering up in childish ecstasy on the mother's soft, warm breast, taking elfin stances, and diving with the abandon of acrobatic artists into the dreamy tide.

Earth's single moments are unique. I did not want to see this scene changed; therefore I stole quietly away, leaving the innocents at their singular and happy pastime.

Alligator Hunt

If this experience of mine with the family of otters was unexpected, no less so was my experience at Witch Pond, a woodland lagoon on our plantation in South Carolina, though here the surprise consisted chiefly in an unanticipated element of danger.

As a boy I used to hunt alligators. They are always a menace to stock, and the presence of even one of these grim marauders in any body of water has the effect of rendering the place haunted and perilous. One day, while gathering wild blue flags near Witch Pond, which is a mystic retired pond in which stand great cypresses, and down to the silent margins of which the sweet thickets of holly and sparkleberry greenly press, I was startled to hear a heavy flounce, then a resounding splash. A moment later, quite near me, I discerned the dim outline of a formidable bull alligator on the surface of the disturbed, black water into which he had thrown himself from an old log which sloped from the shore into the pond itself. His size and the grimness of his mien impressed me greatly; for while such alligators are common in the river, it is unusual to find such an old giant in so comparatively small a place as Witch Pond.

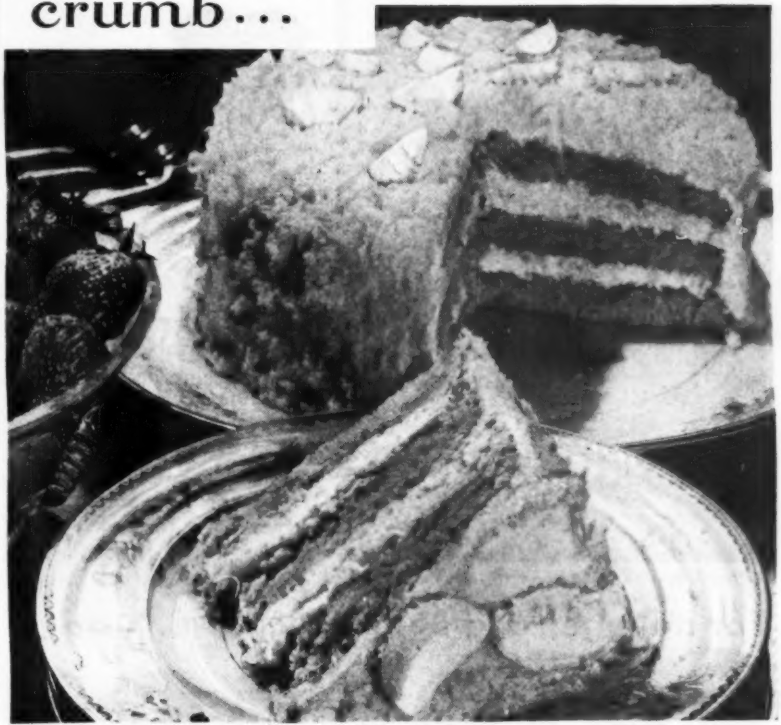
After my initial sight of this bull I tried many times to approach him for the purpose of ridding the plantation of him. But always his keen hearing would detect my coming. He loved to sun himself on that one old log and on almost any warm day could be found there. But at the sound of my footfalls, however stealthy, or at the brushing of soft sweet-gum leaves against my shirt, or the snapping of a dry twig, he was gone. At last I decided to use a higher form of strategy. This was to enter the water at a point remote from the siesta log, and execute the stalk through the water.

This I did, absorbed in the superior craft of my own maneuver. At a great distance the grim raider was observed sprawled in the sunshine on his favorite log. I waded the edge of the pond silently, the water a little over my knees. As I neared my prey, it was necessary for me to go deeper, so that at last, when near enough for a shot at the old brigand, I stood with the wine-colored water up to my waist. Just as I prepared to put my rifle to my shoulder, thinking to give the Witch Pond minataur the surprise of his evil life, some flash of instinct caused me to look back. Then it was my turn to be surprised. For the stalker was stalked!

Not twenty feet behind me, directly on my watery track, was a second alligator, certainly as large as the one against which I had fell designs. There can be no question that he was following me. There are naturalists who claim—despite a good many tragic occurrences to refute their view—that an alligator will not attack a human being. I hold the reverse opinion and would trust

Fresh and Moist

to the last delicious crumb...



COCOANUT MARSHMALLOW LAYER CAKE: Cream ½ cup butter; add 1 cup sugar, a little at a time, beating until light; add beaten yolks of 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. Add 2 cups pastry flour, sifted with ¼ teaspoon salt and 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, alternately with ⅔ cup milk. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Bake in 3 greased 8-inch layer cake pans in moderate oven at 400° F. about 20 minutes. Put together with Cocoanut Marshmallow Filling and Frosting on page 15 in the new Royal Cook Book.

ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
ROYAL
COOK BOOK

★ *Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. Absolutely pure.*

NEW COOK BOOK FREE

It's the Cream of Tartar in Royal that does it!

IT'S a pleasure to be hungry when this cake is being cut. And when you taste its delicate flavor . . . you keep wanting more and more!

But if, by chance, there's some left over—next day it will be just as delicious. For cakes made with Royal keep their freshness as long as a morsel remains.

It's the Cream of Tartar that does it. This precious ingredient improves even the best recipe. Enhances the flavor . . . gives a smoother, more velvety texture.

Remember that Royal is the only nationally distributed Cream of Tartar baking powder.

If you do your own baking, be sure to make your cakes with Royal. Notice what a difference it makes in lightness . . . texture . . . flavor!

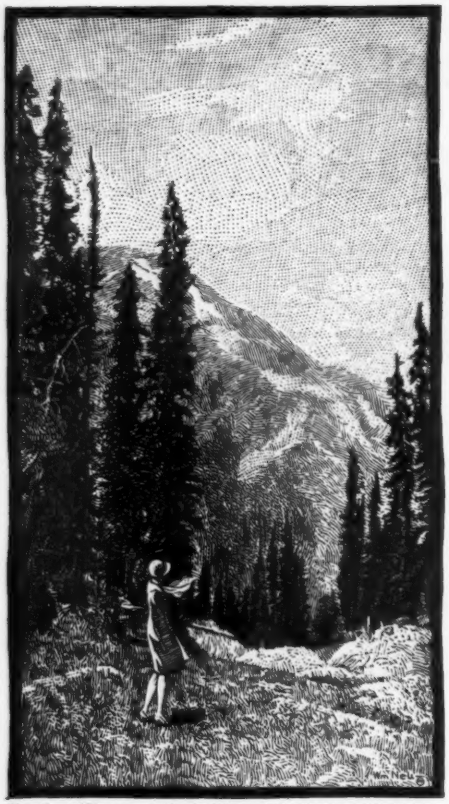
ROYAL BAKING POWDER, Product of Standard Brands Inc.
Dept. 54, 695 Washington St., New York City

Please send my free copy of the new Royal Cook Book containing over 360 recipes.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________ State____________



Berthoud Pass on a Rocky Mountain National Park tour

UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM
THE OVERLAND ROUTE

This Year Make
It a Carefree Vacation
—Go by Train

Take the Union Pacific. Relax in the comfortable lounge cars of de luxe trains, and forget your cares. Union Pacific will get you to your vacationland fresh. It will give you extra days to enjoy the glorious West, and bring you home rested. It serves more of the scenic West than any other railroad.

For a Bigger and Better Vacation, come to

Colorado

Renew your health and charm among the wild flowers . . . clear sparkling sunshine . . . and bracing air of mile-high playgrounds. Only one night en route from Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis or Kansas City. Comfortable lodges and accommodations for you and the children. Six fast trains daily, in season, including the de luxe Columbine. It will cost you no more than an ordinary vacation.

Reduced Rates All Summer to California and Hawaii . . . Colorado . . . Rocky Mountain, Yellowstone-Grand Teton National Parks . . . Pacific Northwest and Alaska . . . Zion, Grand Canyon, Bryce Canyon National Parks . . . Fares are cut almost in half. Write for information. Mail the coupon below.

Ask about all-expense, escorted tours to the West . . . the ideal way to a carefree vacation.

C. J. Collins, General Passenger Agent, Dept. 86
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.

Please send me complete information and booklets.

I am interested in a vacation trip to__________

____

Name.................................Street.................
City.................................State.................
If student state grade.................................

THE OVERLAND ROUTE
UNION PACIFIC

one of these cold-blooded monsters with my life no more confidently than I would commit a pearl necklace to the safe keeping of a bandit. What purpose this one had in stalking me I shall let the reader judge. At any rate I did not tarry to inquire.

Powerful and automatic is the instinct of self-preservation. Perhaps it is especially acute and spontaneous in a bare-footed plantation boy twelve years old. Possibly I should have kept my head better. But I made a tumultuous and surging rush for the shore and safety. Having gained the friendly bank, I looked back. Both alligators had disappeared. But it is doubtful if either one of those sinister malefactors appreciated his escape half so much as I did my own!

A Deceived Wildcat

While the following incident did not happen to me, it did to one of my friends, and in the heart of the greenwood. Assuredly it would be difficult to imagine a more dramatic mutual surprise.

This woodsman had gone early one March morning far back into the beautiful lonely wilderness of Elmwood, a deserted plantation near home. He was hunting wild turkeys, but one's approval or disapproval of his object does not affect the interest of the story. Coming to an old log over which gallberry bushes and sweet-bays had made a graceful, long canopy, he sat down to call, shielded by the greenery. He was too well concealed to be distinguishable by anything approaching. There was just a peep-hole through the bushes in front of him through which he hoped to discern the wild gobbler he would call up.

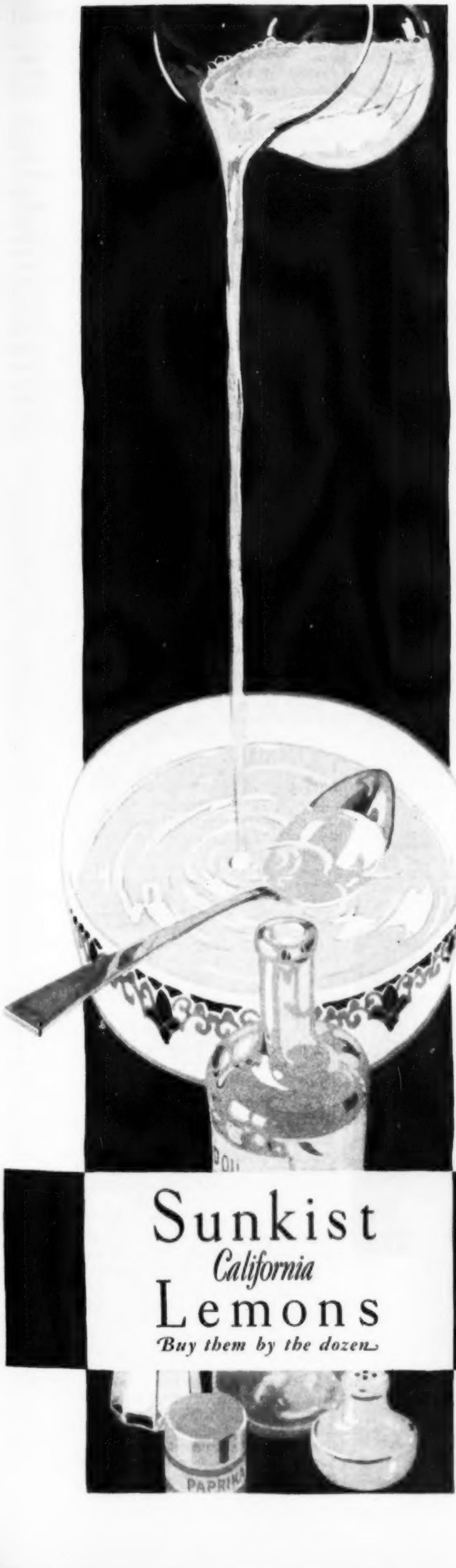
Plaintively, alluringly, he sounded his call. Deep in the moldering heart of the ancient swamp ahead of him he heard an answer. Again he made the flute-notes sound, delicate, feminine, reluctantly seductive. A little breeze whispered in the bushes, making it difficult to detect the step of an approaching turkey. Softly again he called, a world of pleading yet refinement in the tone.

Suddenly behind him a tawny form rose in the wild and savage sprawl of a feline springing on his prey! A great bay-lynx landed on the woodsman's back! Discovering his mistake instantly, the burly cat sprang away snarling in disgust. There was no damage done, and certainly one never need fear that a wildcat will deliberately attack him. This was just a case of mistaken identity.

My friend told me that he took some comfort out of his odd experience, through reflecting that his calling must have been very artistic to have fooled so wary and sagacious a stalker as a wildcat.

A much milder, but to me no less entertaining experience I once had with a ruffed grouse, that prince of the woodland, who ought to have a coat of arms; and if he did, it would bear symbols of silent mountains, of deep rhododendron gorges, of fragrant hillside pines and dogwoods, of all that is a part of nature's wild and lonely beauty, glimmering, luring the heart to dreamland away.

It was in late October, and I was on a sunny slope of a mountain whose sides were clothed with pines, hemlocks, whiteoaks; with here and there dogwoods and sumacs where the hill began gently to merge into the valley. Wild grapes, misty and sweet now that the first frosts had touched them, hung in dreamy clusters from the great vines that festooned many of the lower trees. Here were three favorite foods of the grouse—grapes, sumac berries, and dogwood berries. Moreover I knew this place to be a regular haunt of these proud and beautiful birds. Nor are they hard to observe if one is content to linger, watching and listening. My nature is such that if one crosses my path, the day forthwith becomes a magic day.



Sunkist
California
Lemons
Buy them by the dozen

THE MAKING OF "talked-about" salad dressing

It just isn't human nature not to appreciate kind words said of our "good things to eat." So, why not know how *the best* salad dressings are made, too.

To come right out with it—*use the fresh juice of California Sunkist Lemons* rather than vinegar! In those words you have the inner-secret of many taste-thrilling salad dressings. Tart, piquant Sunkist Lemons give a flavor that is much more delightful. For instance:

French Fruit Dressing: (Makes about ½ cup) 3 tablespoons Sunkist Lemon Juice; 3 tablespoons Sunkist Orange Juice; 4 tablespoons oil; ¼ teaspoon salt; 1 tablespoon sugar. Mix all ingredients thoroughly.

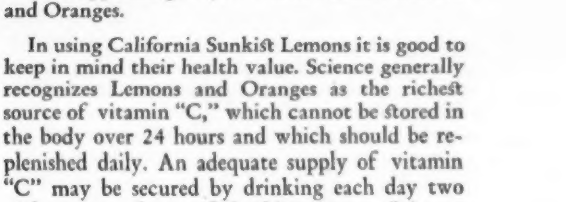
In fact any dressing with which you are familiar is improved by the use of *fresh* California Lemon Juice rather than vinegar—that's all. The "Sunkist Recipe Card File" offered here contains many novel, original recipes, not only for salad dressings but for appetizing ways to serve Sunkist Lemons and Oranges.

In using California Sunkist Lemons it is good to keep in mind their health value. Science generally recognizes Lemons and Oranges as the richest source of vitamin "C," which cannot be stored in the body over 24 hours and which should be replenished daily. An adequate supply of vitamin "C" may be secured by drinking each day two eight-ounce glasses of Sunkist Orange Juice to which has been added the juice of at least half a Sunkist Lemon.

Besides, Sunkist Lemons and Oranges, although acid to the taste, have an alkaline reaction in the body, and are potent correctives and preventives of Acidosis, the prevalent malady caused by our over-indulgence in good and necessary but acid-forming foods.

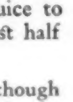
California Sunkist Lemons are fresh in market every day in the year. Look for the name "Sunkist" on the tissue wrapper. "Sunkist" assures dependable quality.

Recipe Card File Box and cards 75c complete; *cards alone,* 10c. For information send coupon for new free catalog of *Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories.*



California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Sec. 305, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, Calif.

Send me FREE, new booklet *Sunkist Recipes for Every Day.* Also send new free catalog of *Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories.*



Name__________ Street__________

City__________ State__________

Gifts for the Bride!

HAMILTON WATCH TIME *in*

exquisite clocks *that never stop going*

IN no June before this rare June could you give her such a lifelong blessing: an electric clock sponsored by the makers of the Hamilton Watch.

And *you* know that in her new home she'll want to know the exact time a hundred and one times a day. For cooking. For meeting the commuters' train. And (later, of course!) for getting the children off to school.

And she will *have* the exact time—*railroad accurate time*—in this amazing new electric clock sponsored by the makers of the watch that times our country's fastest trains.

Kept fully powered by electricity, it *never* need be wound. Storms, blown fuses or unforeseen current irregularities simply do not affect a Hamilton Sangamo. It tells time for hours . . . *even with the current off!*

Why not start her *right?* It's very much the fashion now to be *on time*. And she always *will* be—with a lovely Hamilton-Sangamo as the beauty-center and time-center of her home.

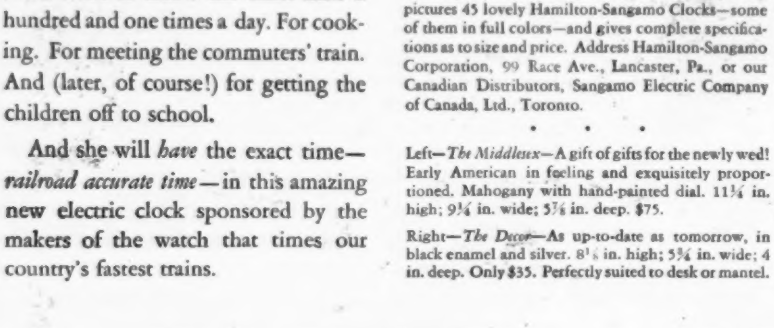
• • •

We have prepared a beautiful little booklet "Telling Time." Won't you let us send it to you? It pictures 45 lovely Hamilton-Sangamo Clocks—some of them in full colors—and gives complete specifications as to size and price. Address Hamilton-Sangamo Corporation, 99 Race Ave., Lancaster, Pa., or our Canadian Distributors, Sangamo Electric Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto.

• • •

Left—*The Middlesex*—A gift of gifts for the newly wed! Early American in feeling and exquisitely proportioned. Mahogany with hand-painted dial. 11¼ in. high; 9¾ in. wide; 5⅞ in. deep. $75.

Right—*The Decor*—As up-to-date as tomorrow, in black enamel and silver. 8⅛ in. high; 5¾ in. wide; 4 in. deep. Only $35. Perfectly suited to desk or mantel.



HAMILTON
SANGAMO
the electrically wound CLOCK *of Railroad Accuracy*

Surprises of the Greenwood

He seems the tone of mountain silence, the voice of hushed seraphic places; the visible grace of the mystery and beauty of the lonely greenwood, the shadowy peace of the sweet pagan forest.

I had been looking for grouse on the ground; for if the observer keeps very still near a grapevine laden with its frosted fruit, he can often see one of these patricians of the wild stepping with native grace and delicacy toward the banquet that nature has spread for him. The first bird I saw, however, was in a dogwood standing between two young white pines. The three trees were all of the same height—about 30 feet; the pines crowded the dogwood. On a limb exactly eight feet from the ground (as I ascertained by a later measurement) sat this cock grouse, silhouetted clearly against the radiant azure of the afternoon sky. Forty yards away at the foot of a big oak I was sitting; and I felt sure that if I moved, the grouse would fly. This was in Pennsylvania, where the few survivors of this once abundant and always superb race are excessively shy and wary.

Stalking Grouse

After watching the fine bird for some time, enjoying his enjoyment of the ruddy berries, I rose and walked negligently toward him—not as if I saw him, but merely as if I meant casually to go in his general direction. He stopped feeding; he drew in all his feathers. He stood up on the limb, his graceful neck and trim head held high. I saw that he saw me. Every moment I expected the soft thunder of his wings. But he did not stir. I have often walked rather near to grouse in trees, but never so close as to this one. At a distance of ten feet from me he held his silent, watchful, and perfect stance. By then it was possible to see the liquid glint of his eyes, and not alone in his strategy was he a rare bird. To my delight I saw that the beautiful ruff of feathers on his neck was chocolate brown instead of the standard black. Then came the climax. Directly under the grouse, on the soft bed of pine needles, I walked and stood. By standing on tiptoe I could almost have touched him!

Here was one of the wisest of birds, within arm's length. He did not stay there because he felt secure, but only because his little campaign of safety-first decided him that to be still was a higher order of discretion than to fly. In general it takes a superior order of intelligence to decide to remain motionless rather than incontinently to flee by foot or wing.

From that poised fugitive I walked quietly away; and not until at least fifty feet had been put between us did he launch his lithe body down the mountain in enigmatic, swift flight, carrying him far through the shielding forest to fragrant security and happy safety.

Whenever I think of surprises of the greenwood, I recall with a thrill the unexpected behavior of the brown-ruffed cock grouse on the solitary hillside overlooking the pleasant wilderness of Blair's Valley.

There must be something in our hearts which profoundly resents sameness. We instinctively crave the different and the diverting. We love children partly because each child's is a natural and a unique creature. We admire genius partly because of its distinct originality. Everything standardized is to some degree vulgarized. There is something in us that yearns against democracy, yet sometimes we tax civilization too heavily with being standardized; for much of nature is orderly, expected, strictly according to a set scheme. But much also is whimsical, mysterious, piquant with the unanticipated. Among my happiest memories are the surprises of the permanent yet ever-changing life of the greenwood.

The Wisdom of Folly

(Continued from page 85)

word "progress"; the best progress, both for the individual and for society, is to go back and follow him.

Among the incomparable short stories called parables, there are two, found only in Luke, which emphasize the difference between money and character. It is interesting, in considering the life and teaching of Jesus, to observe that he consistently refused to be drawn away by any question concerning politics, or finance, or things, from the one and only purpose which brought him into this world: the salvation of man's life and soul by the transformation of his character. In the twelfth chapter of Luke we learn that "one of the company," one who had been listening to his divine eloquence, was no more convinced by it than many in a church audience to-day; for as soon as Jesus had finished speaking, this man went up to him and asked him to command his brother to divide the inheritance. Jesus replied sharply that he did not come into the world to be a probate judge, and told the man to beware of covetousness.

The Master evidently felt that the occasion demanded further emphasis for those standing around who had heard the question and answer. Accordingly he gave them then and there the story of "a certain rich man," who, thanks to his shrewdness and foresight, had prospered abundantly—so much so, in fact, that he had not room for all his goods. He therefore determined to build bigger and better storehouses and complacently looked forward to many years of ever-increasing prosperity.

"But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?

"So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God."

This short and sententious narrative proved the folly of wisdom; it went to show that so-called wise men are sometimes fools.

THE second parable, in the sixteenth chapter of Luke, is not so easy to understand; in fact, no reader or student can be confident that he has completely grasped the exact significance of the summary. It begins like the preceding one, with "a certain rich man," but the story goes on to describe his dishonest steward. Some one informed the rich man that his steward was a crook, and immediately he was called on to exhibit his books. Then the accused man called his master's debtors together and allowed them, by falsifying the accounts, to pay less than they owed, so that "when I am put out of the stewardship, they may receive me into their houses."

Then follow two verses which are not absolutely clear.

"And the lord commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely: for the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.

"And I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations."

The verse would seem to mean that the lord praised the evil steward for his shrewdness, as much as to say, "Well, that was a clever trick!" For men of the world know how to look out for their immediate needs better than the men of God.

But what about the moral added by the teller of the tale? Did he mean to contrast his own opinion—"*I* say unto you"—with the rich man's opinion? Then he would mean: "I tell you to use money, which is a constant temptation, in such a way that, when it is gone or you come to die, you may be received into heaven. The man who used money dishonestly hoped to be admitted into the temporary homes of his friends;

A Softer Bathroom Paper Made, Like Exquisite Rayon, from Pure, Soft Cellulose

Silky Rayon Garments
and Ultra-Soft
"Northern Tissue"
are both made from
Pure Cellulose

THIS new-type bathroom paper will be a revelation to you. Made from the same soft base that produces silky rayon, "Northern Tissue" is incomparably soft, white and absorbent.

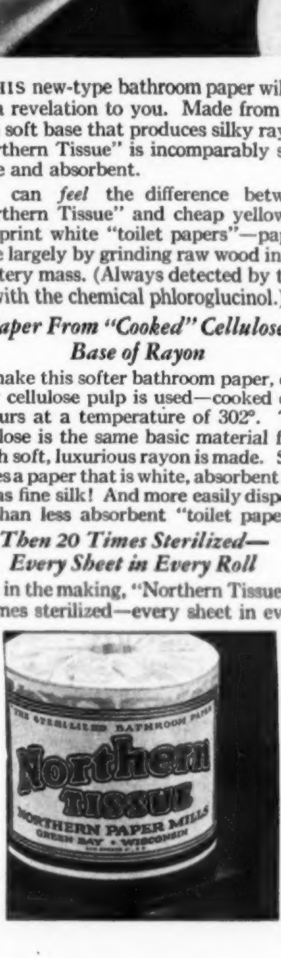
You can *feel* the difference between "Northern Tissue" and cheap yellow or newsprint white "toilet papers"—papers made largely by grinding raw wood into a splintery mass. (Always detected by testing with the chemical phloroglucinol.)

Paper From "Cooked" Cellulose, Base of Rayon

To make this softer bathroom paper, only silky cellulose pulp is used—cooked over 8 hours at a temperature of 302°. This cellulose is the same basic material from which soft, luxurious rayon is made. So it makes a paper that is white, absorbent and soft as fine silk! And more easily disposable than less absorbent "toilet papers."

Then 20 Times Sterilized—Every Sheet in Every Roll

Then in the making, "Northern Tissue" is 20 times sterilized—every sheet in every roll. Emerging as sterile as hospital cotton. Tests by the nationally-known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating or infectious bacteria are thus destroyed.



What 254 Health Commissioners in 45 States Say

Medical science knows that softness and sterility should be demanded in bathroom paper, for menacing disorders are traced to use of harsh or impure papers. Consequently, Health Commissioners in 254 cities and 45 states recently advised: "Use a soft white cellulose paper like 20 times sterilized 'Northern Tissue'—especially where children must be protected." Ask for "Northern Tissue"—10c a roll at any Department, grocery or drug store. Northern Paper Mills, Green Bay, Wis.

©N. P. M., 1930

Fits Built-In Fixtures

NORTHERN TISSUE
With the Blue Core

"Blossom Tints Preferred"
IS THE BRIDE'S
LEISURE FOOTWEAR TIP

For the first breakfast Monte Carlo mules with brilliant kid cross-straps twinkle disarmingly. Wear them smartly with the one-piece pajamas. The White House, San Francisco.

The Bridge slipper in crepe and satin is worn with a satin and lace hostess ensemble. Its coat nips and flares over one-piece pajamas. Mandel Brothers, Chicago.

The "Bow Toe" mule... all of crepe de chine... is new! It matches this negligee that wears a cape and dips to elegance. J. L. Hudson, Detroit.

If you don't see the name on the sole, it's not a Daniel Green slipper.

ALL SMART SHOPS are bursting with eagerness to show you Daniel Green's new leisure slippers for brides. They'll tempt you with glowing crepes, satins, kids ... in colors snatched from a bridesmaid's bouquet ... in styles too numerous to mention in a breath. Prices, $2.50 to $10 a pair.

DANIEL GREEN
Leisure Footwear

THE DANIEL GREEN COMPANY DOLGEVILLE, NEW YORK

but if you use money honestly, you may be admitted into a home that is eternal."

Another interpretation is possible. Jesus was a master of irony. Perhaps the force of his words was something like this: "You follow, if you like, the example of the unjust steward, and see if that brings you into eternal habitations!"

But whether we take the moral in a direct or in an ironical sense, there is no doubt as to Our Lord's main object in telling the story. It was to show that what is regarded by men of the world as wisdom may be in the long run absolute folly. For he added that no servant can serve two masters; ye can not serve—be a slave to—both God and Mammon. The thing to do is to serve God and make Mammon serve you. Devote both yourself and your money to God's service.

In the light of Christ's teaching we must revise our estimates of men commonly praised and admired. An outcast and a degenerate may go into the kingdom of Heaven before the canny man. If there is one adjective more anti-Christian than any other, it is perhaps the word "canny." The dictionary describes it as a "term of commendation of various application." It is certainly a term of commendation; to-day it is nearly synonymous with shrewd, cunning, crafty, and it is applied in a commendatory manner to one who looks out for himself and knows exactly how to do it.

If there is a man who has amassed a fortune by shrewd investments, and is sharp, close, stingy, tight-lipped, and tight-pursed, so that collectors for charities hate to ask him for anything, people say, "Well, he's a canny man; he's no fool"—but Our Lord says that this is exactly the kind of man who is the biggest fool. He is not only disagreeable; he is a fool.

A REPUTATION for honesty is better than a reputation for sharpness and smartness: a reputation for kindness is better yet. As we look out on the world today many things need improvement. But perhaps the best thing you can say of the world at this moment, in comparing it with the world of fifty years ago, is that in business affairs there has been a marked increase in honesty and in courtesy, both Christian virtues. The moral standards in business and professional life are much higher—more nearly Christian—than they were in my youth. In those days a business man was glad to be called sharp; to-day it is actually a better asset to be called honest. I well remember the time when a lawyer was proud of a reputation for winning cases that ought to have been lost; to-day the lawyer who has the most influence with judge and jury is one who has a reputation for incorruptible honesty.

Shopkeepers who could sell purchasers the things they did not want were formerly regarded as approaching the ideal; but I know of a man in a certain city who was the most prosperous of any engaged in that business, because he told the exact truth. A man, coming into the shop to buy a hair tonic, asked the proprietor if it was efficient.

"Look at me," was the answer, as he pointed to his head, entirely bald. "Do you suppose if that stuff was any good, I should be like this?"

The man went away without buying it, but both he and his friends returned to buy other things.

The canny man used to say with a smile, "It is a crime to be *caught*." But suppose he was not caught—he had to live with himself, and what a companion for solitary hours! To live with meanness is to live with poison. As the bank account grew fat, the soul grew lean. And even if others admire a man for shrewdness, they do not choose him as a companion. Many so-called wise men are preparing for themselves an old age of devastating loneliness. I remember one who was learned, who had an international reputation, whose name was often mentioned both in the papers and in conversation. In all private matters he was shrewd, calculating, mean. In his old age, after he had retired from professional activities, no one ever went to see him. Meeting him once by chance, he told me he could not understand why no one ever called on him. He said he was intolerably lonely. His wisdom had turned out to be folly. He had protected himself so long that every one regarded him as self-sufficient. As was said of another.

"He has no enemies, but his friends don't like him."

THERE was a splendid *recklessness* about Jesus which always seemed to his enemies—and sometimes to his friends—as folly. He never had any caution or care for himself. His love of truth was greater than his fear of consequences. I suppose there never was a person in history more absolutely fearless. What people might say, or even what they might do, had no effect either on his speech or on his conduct. Being independent, he had peace in his soul. His divine recklessness, as opposed to the cautious or practical point of view, was shown on an occasion when he was dining at the house of Simon, the leper. While he sat at meat, a woman with a valuable box of ointment came into the dining-room, broke the box, and poured the precious material on his head.

"And there were some that had indignation within themselves, and said, Why was this waste of the ointment made?

"For it might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and have been given to the poor. And they murmured against her.

"And Jesus said, Let her alone; why trouble ye her? She hath wrought a good work on me.

"For ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good: but me ye have not always."

Probably those who at this moment mentioned the poor never gave them anything themselves. Jesus reminded them that if they had the welfare of the poor so much at heart, they could give their money at any moment; there were always poor people at hand and ready to receive it. But here was a spontaneous tribute to the Son of God, from one who did not count the cost, but poured it out in reckless abandon. It was a *beau geste,* and he was not going to see its gracious beauty marred by "wise" criticism.

In the same way, when the rich young man, who was also the wise young man, came to Jesus, and, having everything, as he supposed, in this life, wished to know how he might become certain of the next. Our Lord counseled him to make for once in his life a reckless gesture. Just for once do something on impulse instead of on calculation. Give everything you have to the poor and follow me! Jesus was not thinking of the poor, nor would he have said that every rich man should throw all his wealth to the poor. He was thinking of this particular young man; of how, all his life, by keeping the ten commandments, by being cautious and prudent, he had amassed a fortune. The difficulty was that this fortune, instead of being his servant had become his master. You can not serve God and Mammon.

The best example in English literature of the canny man, is Dickens' Scrooge on the day before Christmas. And the best example of the Christian man is Scrooge on Christmas Day. He had learned the folly of wisdom. The day before Christmas he

You Can't Hide
Bacterial-Mouth
from others

Teeth **Whiter**

Mon.
Tues.
Wed.
3
Shades
Whiter

3 shades **in 3 days**

when this ugly condition is removed

EVEN the most unobservant people notice Bacterial-Mouth and the most forgetful always remember its presence. For there's nothing more offensive to the eye than unwholesome gums and teeth that are stained an ugly yellow, cloudy, marred by decay. This condition is due to germs that sweep into the mouth and defy the ordinary toothpaste. They attack teeth and gums. Kolynos kills these germs and so removes Bacterial-Mouth with remarkable result.

Use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique for 3 days—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Then look at your teeth—fully 3 shades whiter.

In 10 days the improvement will be so marked you will never again say that white teeth are a gift received only by a fortunate few.

Dentists have long advocated the Dry-Brush Technique as the one way to use a dental cream full strength and keep brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly. Kolynos permits this approved technique.

This highly concentrated, double-strength dental cream is unique in action. When it enters the mouth it becomes a surging, antiseptic foam that makes wetting the toothbrush unnecessary.

You can feel Kolynos work. It foams into and cleans out every pit, fissure and crevice.

Germs that cause Bacterial-Mouth and lead to stain, decay and gum diseases are instantly killed. They vanish and the entire mouth is purified. *Kolynos kills 190 million germs in 10 seconds, 424 million in 60 seconds.*

This amazing Kolynos Foam removes food particles that ferment and cause decay . . . neutralizes acids . . . washes away tartar and the unsightly mucoid coating that clouds teeth.

Easily and quickly, it cleans and polishes teeth down to the naked white enamel—without injury. And for 3 hours after each brushing this cleansing, purifying process continues.

So long as you use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique, teeth will remain gleaming white and sound, gums will be firm and healthy.

Buy a tube of Kolynos or mail this coupon for a generous trial tube—*sent free.*

FREE *

KOLYNOS
DENTAL
CREAM

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

The Kolynos Co., Dept. 5-GH-51X
New Haven, Conn.
Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.
Name..
Street & No...................................
City.......................State..............

Illustration shows an example of carved and polished Rock of Ages

As the tapestry of Life is woven, there comes to each of us the urge to personally select an appropriate memorial that will imperishably enshrine our highest ideals and noblest achievements . . . By specifying ROCK OF AGES, one is assured of a tribute in keeping with family ideals and traditions, for this unblemished blue gray granite bears a certificate of guarantee. *How to Choose a Memorial*—a booklet replete with illustrative suggestions will prove helpful and we invite you to send for a free copy.

ROCK OF AGES

THE DISTINCTIVE BARRE GRANITE

ROCK OF AGES CORPORATION . . . . BARRE, VERMONT

Without obligation, please send me your FREE booklet "How To Choose A Memorial"

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________ E 5

Time tells. Vul-Cot has many imitators. Time tells on them;—they cost far more in the end, because they cannot last or retain their appearance as Vul-Cot does. Vul-Cot costs more in "first cost" but least in the "last cost."

So, when you buy Vul-Cot, as when you buy other fine and permanent furniture, its *extra* merits—its true beauty, dignity, and supreme "rightness," cost you nothing at all.

Vul-Cots are easy to decorate; a permanent, worth-while basis on which to expend artistic efforts. Clever women originate their own individual designs. Exclusive interior decorators use them. So can you.

Guest-room, drawing-room, living-room, nursery: bedroom, kitchen and bath—a Vul-Cot to harmonize with each.

Art, stationer and department stores have them. Round, oval, square; beautiful basic tones; ready to use or decorate. Vul-Cot trade-mark on each; not genuine if not there. National Vulcanized Fibre Co., Wilmington, Del. will send "Ideas" for home furnishers and decorators.

For Modern Standards

VUL-COT

Waste Receivers

"Right" Every Way

THE FINEST HOMES AT A SAVING!

Choose the home of your dreams from the 90 modern house designs in Bennett's new book.

Ray H. Bennett Lumber
Company, Inc.
450 Main St.
North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Please send me your new book of 90 homes. FREE only in Ohio, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New England. *Elsewhere $1.00.*

Name . . . .

Street . . . .

City . . . .

County . . . . State . . . .

Am interested in house . . . . . ☐

Am interested in garage . . . . . ☐

The Wisdom of Folly

was the canniest man in London—and nobody liked him.

Even the pessimistic philosopher who wrote the Book of Ecclesiastes understood the wisdom of folly, for he said, "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." In other words, don't calculate if you want to be happy, but give with impulsive recklessness.

Selfish people, in looking out for themselves, may accumulate money and an abundance of things. But they are without personal charm, and it is impossible to exert an influence on others unless one has charm. Madame Rostand explained to a critic, who wished to know why her husband's play, "Cyrano de Bergerac," had so much more popularity than any other contemporary piece, "Because it has charm." Not shrewdness, but beauty and charm, are the qualities that move the world; for they have something that even intellectual grandeur may not have—they have the power of persuasion.

Naturally men must earn their living in order to be free and independent; they must support their wives and families dependent on them. But in getting the means of life, we do not necessarily get life. Getting the means takes perhaps the major part of one's time in a world like this, but it need not take all the time.

Love is greater than wisdom; greater in its influence, greater in its rewards in character.

One of the most accomplished writers of our time, George Santayana, has written,

"O world, thou choosest not the better part!
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart."

We are perhaps accustomed to believe that the fool is ignorant of himself, whereas the wise man knows his power and his limitations. But Saint Paul said,

"Let no man deceive himself. If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise.

"For the wisdom of this world is foolish with God. For it is written, He taketh the wise in their own craftiness.

"And again. The Lord knoweth the thoughts of the wise, that they are vain."

And it was in this same letter to the sophisticated Corinthians that the writer made a statement as startling as any to be found in literature, in which it is suggested that there is a kind of divine folly.

"The foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men."

Punda

(*Continued from page 61*)

little tree at the edge of a scraggy plain. Baby Convict lay on the ground like a bit of crumpled awning. His body was white, striped with irregular lines of black as though some modernistic artist had designed his coat. Not far away the other members of his herd grazed lazily. Some of them nosed the tough grass for tender shoots that lurked near the ground. Others dozed with half-closed eyes. A few of the youngsters made high jinks, kicking up their heels, racing and fighting.

The mother zebra made an odd noise, and several animals sauntered over from the group. They stood about and looked at little Convict. They made barking sounds, seeming to express their opinion about the new member of the family. While this conference was being held, the mother zebra was busy smoothing her baby's coat with her tongue. Young Convict fell asleep.

The Viande Knife illustrated is in Pageant pattern. The teaspoon and tea set are in Charm, the prize winning pattern.

—and you can complete your table ensemble by a stunning tea set, a vegetable dish, a bread tray, etc. matching your flat silver.

Admit Fair Lady

When your lips are delicately touched with the newest shade, when your gown is the latest importation, your hair has just been done by Charles of the Ritz, and is perfection itself . . . admit, Fair Lady, there's a certain thrill . . . a sense of correctness that breeds happiness—contentment. ❡ In this same category falls Holmes & Edwards Inlaid Silverplate. The same thrill. The satisfaction that you are irreproachably « right ». The assurance that no one can question her taste belongs to the hostess whose table is graced with this distinguished Inlaid Silverplate. ❡ May we suggest that you ask us to send you our Table Guide, giving many helpful suggestions for entertainment. ❡ THE HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO., INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, Successor, 105 Seaview Avenue, Bridgeport, Connecticut

International Silver Co. of Can. Ltd., Successor, Toronto, Can.

Behold the Viande (Trade Mark) Knife. Entirely new . . . smart . . . graceful . . . and the most practical thing ever. Teaspoons are $3.75 the half dozen. Viande Knives (patent applied for) with hollow handles and mirror stainless blades $15.00 set of six.

What would happen if a bride should order her dainty bridal slippers with soles of satin—rather than satin tops and leather soles? They wouldn't last long enough for her to walk down the aisle, would they? But silverware has as distinct wear points as bridal slippers. That's just why Holmes & Edwards have blocks of sterling silver inlaid where the wear comes in the most used pieces. A spoon for instance—on the back of the handle and bowl two pieces of solid silver have been cleverly, imperceptibly inlaid before plating and thus the spoon is protected for all time. That's why Holmes & Edwards Inlaid is something more than plate, yet costs you no more.

Solid Silver Inlaid at the Wear Points

Holmes & Edwards Inlaid

©ISC 1930

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Now . . It's easy for you to have

Floors

Your Friends Will Admire

WOULD you like to have lovely waxed floors — just like those in the most modern homes — in a few minutes — for a few cents? It is now possible with this new magic polish — Old English Wax. Whether your floors are old or new, waxed, varnished, shellaced or painted — all can be made twice as beautiful with just one easy polishing.

Old floors look like new and new floors *stay* like new because Old English Wax gives double wear as well as double lustre. Protects floors against scratches, worn spots and children's carelessness. Its rich, gleaming polish lasts for weeks and weeks.

Most high-grade prepared waxes are made by the blending of hard imported (Carnauba) wax and the softer, cheaper domestic waxes. Genuine Old English Wax sells for the same price as most prepared waxes, but it contains twice as much Carnauba wax. That is why it polishes twice as beautiful — wears twice as long — and is most economical. There's only one wax that gives floors a *double* lustre with no extra work. That is Old English Wax. Demand it from your dealer. Try it!

At hardware, paint, drug, grocery, dept. stores. Made by The A. S. Boyle Co., Cin'ti, O., U. S. A. and Windsor, Ont., Can.

Old English Wax

PASTE OR LIQUID POLISH

Restaurant Managers Wanted

THOUSANDS of positions open in restaurants, cafeterias, coffee shops and tea rooms everywhere for trained women as Managers, Assistant Managers, Hostesses, Purchasing Agents, etc. Fascinating work. Splendid salaries. Unlimited opportunities. We train you in your spare time and put you in touch with positions or help you open your own tea room. Age no obstacle. Previous experience unnecessary. Common school training is all you need. FREE Book gives full details. Send for it NOW!

LEWIS TRAINING INSTITUTE

Dept. CG-2491 Washington, D. C.

Baby-Bottle-Kit

Sterilizer and Carrier

Approved by leading authorities as a NECESSITY in preparation and care of food. *Aids busy mothers. Safeguards babies' health.* Serves as sterilizer, mixer and filler. Unequalled for sterile storing of whole day's feedings. Holds oval, round or hexagon bottles. *Pack with ice, carry anywhere.* Price, including 6 oval bottles, rubber corks, funnel and gruel container $5.00. (West of Mississippi, $5.50, Canada and foreign $6.) Money back if not delighted. *Order today or write for 10-day trial offer.*

Therma Products Co., Dept. 5, 1136 Ohio Bldg., Toledo, Ohio

Sterilizing
Filling
Storing
Traveling

BABY IS SAFE!

You can drive without distraction. Baby is secure—comfortable—"sees out" in the COMFY-SAFE Auto Seat. Fits sedans front, rear, and most coach seats. Adjustable all ages to 5 years. Ask your dealer or write us.

Made by makers of "Little Toidey"

COMFY-SAFE AutoSeat

JUVENILE WOOD PRODUCTS Inc.
Box 40, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Punda

When he awoke, his mother gave him some milk to drink and urged him to walk.

Convict was a droll creature when he first got on his feet. His legs were so frail and wobbly that he could hardly stand. They looked like thin, crooked sticks. Mother began to walk slowly, and Convict staggered after her. He grew tired and sank to the ground. Then he got up and walked a little farther. His tiny legs were tired and weak when night chased the sun from the sky, and he snuggled down on the grass again and went to sleep while mother stood over him, watchful.

Deep in the night Convict woke up with a start. A disturbing sound fell upon his ears, and his heart beat fast. The noise was faint, like an echo of thunder strayed far away from the storm. Young as he was, the little zebra felt the menace of that sound. It was the roar of a distant lion. Convict scrambled to his feet. Mother stood still, tense, silent, listening. Slowly the fearsome sound faded away, and the little one returned to slumberland.

While still a tiny baby, Convict knew by instinct to fear the cat family after sunset. Lions, those big, powerful kings of the jungles, are the arch foes of the zebra family. They like the meat of these striped ponies better than that of any other animal. They follow zebra herds in their wanderings and sneak upon them in the darkness to kill.

And the lion is a cunning fellow. He knows the zebras much better than they know him. He knows that his mighty roar can throw them into a panic and send them galloping away to a place where his mate is lying in wait to drag one to its death.

It wasn't long until Convict knew that lions rarely hunt in the daytime and show little desire to disturb grazing animals when the sun is awake on the world. This knowledge nearly cost him his life on one occasion.

When Convict began to grow strong, and nibble away at the jungle grass, his mother took him closer to the herd each day. The little one felt good and enjoyed life. He would jump up and down on his stiff little legs and gallop about in an awkward manner. Soon he developed into a regular little ruffian. He would run away from his mother and mingle with younger members of the herd. One day he got into a free-for-all fight. One of the zebras kicked him in the ribs, and another bit a piece out of his ear. He ran back to his mother as fast as his legs would carry him.

CONVICT was still a youngster when lions drifted into the peaceful retreat of the zebra family. I was hiding in a blind not far from a waterhole, one sunny day when the zebras started down to get a drink. Convict was following his mother, who was in the lead. The animals approached with great caution. They knew that if any members of the cat family were about, they would be waiting near the water and might pounce upon one of the striped ponies and tear him to pieces.

As they neared the waterhole, the mother stopped suddenly. All the other zebras stopped and stood still. Convict couldn't understand, but watched his mother closely. He saw her stare toward the water and followed her gaze. At last his eyes caught something unusual. There was a bush in the grass that had not been there the day before.

The mother zebra was curious. She left the herd and circled toward that bush, her son following close behind.

That bush happened to be the mane of a huge male lion that had traveled far, the night before, with his mate in search of food. The mother zebra had suspected as much, but she wanted to make sure. She was ready to wheel about and dash away at its slightest movement, knowing that she

IT CLEANS

IT WAXES

IT POLISHES

This new cleaning service

..does not stop at the edge of the rug

Right up to the edge of the rug . . . and then on to the hardwood floor beyond . . . the Westinghouse Wax-Vac does a complete cleaning job for you. It gets the deep, ground-in dirt that cuts at your fine floor coverings. It gathers stubborn, clinging surface litter. With its super-suction cleaning power it gives you better cleaning in less time than you can expect from ordinary cleaners.

And then . . . when your rugs and carpets are free from dust . . . your Wax-Vac offers a new and welcome service. For with it you can wax your hardwood floors and linoleums and give them a lasting polish. It is just as easy as cleaning your rugs. It is quick and saves you the slow, back-breaking labor of getting down on your hands and knees to give your floors and linoleums the gleaming polish you like them to have.

Two simple attachments provide this additional convenience. There is a spray that delivers a fine film of wax, evenly, over the floor, and a polisher that attaches to the nozzle of the cleaner. The combined weight of the cleaner and polisher, together with the suction of the machine, seals it firmly to the floor. This easy polishing and drying action gives you a high, lasting finish.

The Sign of a Westinghouse Dealer

A complete cleaning service . . . and it costs you so little.

The Westinghouse Cleaner, with the Wax-Vac outfit, costs only $50.00. The cleaner alone is $37.50. If you wish, you can have your choice of two sets of cleaning attachments at $6.00 and $10.00. Send in the coupon below for a booklet that describes this most convenient household helper.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Domestic Appliance Department
Mansfield Works Mansfield, Ohio

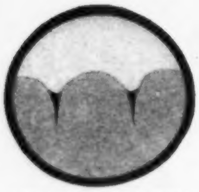
Gentlemen: Please send me your folder, describing the new Westinghouse Cleaner that also waxes and polishes floors. (Write name plainly.)

Name . . . .
Address . . . .
City . . . . State . . . . G. H. 5-30

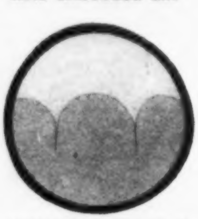
Westinghouse Wax-Vac

cleans..waxes..polishes

"You've never seen anything like the dirt that liquid Ambrosia removes on cotton"



ORDINARY CLEANSING
note embedded dirt



PORE-DEEP CLEANSING
skin is clean, smooth
▼
SKIN MAGNIFIED 50 TIMES

Face to face with a great skin specialist

A LITTLE WORRIED, a little embarrassed, but determined to hear the truth, you are sitting in the examining room of a great dermatologist. A light overhead searches out each tiny wrinkle; a microscope studies the texture of your face. Questions tumble over each other: "What's wrong with my skin? Must I look old?"

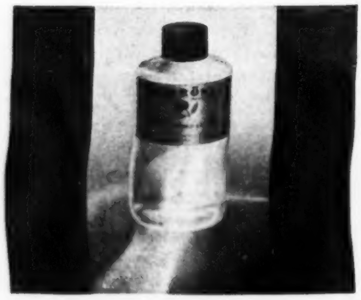
The doctor explains: "To look young you must keep the skin clean. Perhaps you think you've done that but under a microscope I can see dirt in the depths of the pores. It is this dirt that coarsens the skin and dulls the complexion. Dissolve out all the embedded dirt and normal circulation will be restored. Remember: doctors always use liquid solvents to cleanse the skin thoroughly."

Ambrosia, the pore-deep cleanser that carries out the medical principle of liquid cleansing, was created by a French chemist and named by the exquisitely beautiful Empress Eugenie. Until recently it was made in this country only to the private order of notable women. Write now for generous free sample.

Apply Ambrosia on cotton; it penetrates instantly into the pores. You've never seen anything like the dirt it removes on the cotton. Repeat until a fresh pad does not show any soil—now you *know* your face is perfectly clean.

Ambrosia prepares the pores of a dry skin to absorb a softening cream; thus it combats any tendency toward wrinkles. *Safe . . . no caustic alkali, no coarsening wax! Quick, convenient . . . nothing to wipe away. Hinze Ambrosia, Incorporated,* Dept. 5-E, 114 Fifth Ave., New York. Dept. 5-E, 69 York St., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

4 ounces $1.00 ▼ **8 ounces $1.75** ▼ **16 ounces $3.00**



AMBRŌSIA
the pore-deep cleanser

could run much faster than a lion. Apparently she did not realize that Convict was at her heels.

It was only a kindly breeze that saved the mother zebra from losing her life. She was stepping gingerly and alertly toward the bush when a puff of wind carried to her nose the odor of another lion hidden farther back in the grass. She turned and jumped just in time. A snarling, tawny streak shot out of the grass. It was the mate of the lion with the bush-like mane. The lioness leaped too late, and the mother zebra was away, almost trampling the foolish youngster that had followed her to the point of danger.

The rest of the herd took to their heels, as the venturesome leader galloped madly away from the lions. Convict followed his mother for a short distance. Then he stopped, looked toward the lions in a defiant manner, and finally kicked up his heels at them before running away. It was just good luck for Convict that one of those powerful creatures failed to run after him. If one of them had, that bold pause of his would have been fatal. When a lion kills a zebra, he always tries to stick his claws into the zebra's shoulder, then into his neck, which he tries to break.

PEACE for the zebra family ended with the appearance of the lions. The night following the narrow escape at the water-hole was ominous. Ragged, threatening clouds spotted the dim moon, which strove to bore its way through the misty heavens. Sharp, swift breezes played doleful tunes on the trees and grass. Members of the zebra family were nervous and frightened. They dared not sleep.

Suddenly the scent of a hunting lion drifted toward the herd. There was a loud, deafening roar. The zebras were stricken with panic. Away they galloped through the night, hoofs beating a terrified tattoo upon the dying turf. Convict was with them, running with all his strength and power. He was not fast enough to keep up with the others.

It seemed as though the stampede lasted for hours. The little one was near exhaustion when finally he caught up with the herd. The next day he saw a raw gash on his mother's hip. It had been made by the claw of a lion.

The zebra family had little peace. Two nights later the lions stalked them again, and another stampede took place. Convict tried his best to gallop with the herd. He ran for miles. His legs became weak from exertion. He could hardly breathe. But still he ran on and on, until finally, exhausted, he dropped to the ground, so tired that he didn't care what happened, and the herd was far away.

When Convict awoke the next morning his muscles were sore and stiff. He was terribly thirsty. His nerves were numbed by the frightful experience of the night before. In a vague way he realized that he was lost. But like a little boy he hoped that it was only a bad dream. The little zebra was too thirsty and burdened with worry to eat. He had only one desire—to find his mother and the rest of the family.

Convict began his wanderings. All through a hot and miserable day he searched the plains, but was unable to find his family. That night he was afraid to sleep. Fear of the lion had stamped itself on his brain. He kept away from trees and bushes and sought the clearest paths he could find. Even rustling of the grass in the breeze made him tremble.

For days Convict roamed about, lonesome and weary. He began to grow thin. His strength was ebbing away. One day he tried to join a herd of kongoni, but was chased away. Again he made friendly advances to some young topis. An angry mother started

So that babies
may grow strong and sound...

Humane men, intent on easing the responsibilities of motherhood, design and construct the Lloyd carriage. They endow each smart conveyance of Lloyd manufacture with a special immunity from jars and jolts. And informed mothers, appreciative of this thoughtfulness, respond by giving the "shock-proofed" Lloyd carriage an approval that is extraordinary. Colorful loom woven bodies of enduring fibre are reinforced with invisible steel wire in every upright strand. Upholsteries are soft and luxurious. Resilient springs are oil-tempered. And balloon tires, in colors—an exclusive Lloyd innovation—add an extra distinction. At dealers everywhere.

PATENT PROCESS
Lloyd LOOM Products
BABY CARRIAGES & FURNITURE
Menominee, Michigan.
ORILLIA, ONTARIO, CANADA

3 Days Without an Appetite

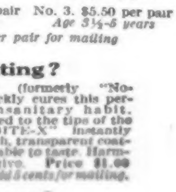
One of the First Signs of a Clogged System

When your appetite goes back on you and you have no more desire for work or play than you have for food, it usually means that your body is in need of a good "housecleaning." Even though you have a daily movement it is still possible for you to be constipated. Sometimes the bowel action is not complete enough and a portion of the waste matter is retained for days in the body. Then, headaches, dull feeling and lack of appetite.

Ask your doctor and he will tell you that when a physic is needed there is nothing better than Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil. It is pure, fresh castor oil, full-strength, simply with the castor oil taste and odor removed. It moves the bowel gently but *thoroughly*, leaving no residue as do ordinary laxatives. It does the work without upsetting the stomach or causing nausea or other bad after-effects. And in addition to its physic action it exercises a healing effect upon the mucous membrane of the bowel, which is desirable after a thorough purging. No ordinary drug or physic combines these important effects. And children take Kellogg's willingly. At all good druggists.

★Kellogg's is never sold in bulk but always in the *refinery-sealed* bottle. The bottle always bears the full Kellogg's label and comes in a carton equally plainly marked. Accept nothing else to be sure it is the genuine Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil. Walter Janvier Inc., 121 Varick St., New York, N. Y. [Advertisement]

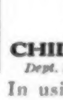
Thumb-Sucking?



JACKSON'S THUMB GUARDS will cure thumb-sucking quickly and permanently. (Also adapted for fingers.)

STERLING SILVER. SAFE. SANITARY

No. 0. $4.00 per pair *Age 6 to 11 mos.*
No. 2. $5.00 per pair *Age 2½-3½ years*
No. 1. $4.50 per pair *Age 1-2½ years*
No. 3. $5.50 per pair *Age 3½-5 years*
Add 5c per pair for mailing



Nail-Biting?

"BITE-X" (formerly "No-Byte") quickly cures this persistent unsanitary habit. When applied to the tips of the fingers, "BITE-X" instantly forms a tough, transparent coating, unpalatable to taste. Harmless. Effective. Price $1.00 per bottle. *Add 5 cents for mailing.*

Shampoos?

SHAMPOO SHIELD is made of heavy flexible, transparent material, bound at the top and sides with rubber sponge, making the Shield water-tight when in position.

The Shield is adjustable—will fit grown-ups as well as children.
Price $1.75
Add 5 cents for mailing.

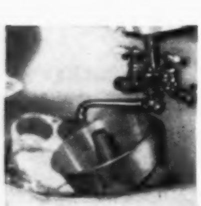
All above articles approved by Child Specialists. Satisfaction Guaranteed by

CHILD WELFARE GUILD, Inc.
Dept. 28. 265 Church St., New Haven, Conn.

Special Offer Renewed
OLD WITCH

It's not too late!

Try this Amazing Ammonia Discovery *at our expense!*



Users say one bottle of Old Witch is worth three of old-fashioned ammonia. Cleans faster, easier, better.

Pots and pans, tile and enamel, windows, floors, glassware . . . Old Witch gets things bright and clean in half the time, with half the work.

Put a little in your cleaning water. Gently wash the dirt away. Don't rub. Don't scrub. Old Witch does the hard work. And it leaves hands soft and smooth.

THEY'VE taken the first step toward scrubless cleaning . . . the thousands of women who took advantage of our free offer last month.

There's still time for you to join them. Go to your grocer before May 30. Deposit the price of a quart bottle. He'll give you an extra bottle, a regular 11-ounce bottle, *free.* Use the free bottle. Then, if you don't think Old Witch is the finest ammonia you've ever had in the house, return the quart bottle and he'll return the deposit.

But once try Old Witch, and you won't want your money back. For Old Witch ends hard rubbing and scrubbing. Saves your time and strength.

A liquid, it begins to clean at once. No stirring, no waiting while a powder slowly dissolves. Can't scratch. Deodorizes as it cleans; yet leaves no unpleasant odor of its own. No muss to clean up afterward. And it keeps hands satin-smooth!

If your grocer does not yet stock Old Witch, just mail the coupon.

FREE *cleaning recipe booklet!*

The Old Witch Co., Inc., Dept. G-2, Chanin Bldg., New York
I want to try Old Witch at your expense but I have not been able to obtain it in my community. Please tell me where I can get it. Send me the free booklet, "109 Cleaning Recipes," by Alice Chapin, famous authority on household science.

Name..................... Street.....................

City..................... State.....................

Old Witch
MILKY-WHITE
AMMONIA DISCOVERY

after him, and he ran as fast as he could. Convict was in despair. If only he could find his mother or some other of the zebra family! On he wandered, now and then browsing half-heartedly on the grass; sipping a mouthful of water from a stagnant pool. Convict was in the depth of despair and loneliness when I saw him drifting over a baking plain one day. It was during the hot season, and the earth was covered with an unseen blanket of thick, heavy heat. A boiling sun rode high in a clear, blistering sky. Grass on the plains shriveled. Leaves of the trees were turning brown and drooping. Rivers turned into ditches of dried mud.

I was resting in the scant shade of a burnt-up tree when Convict came into view. We saw each other at the same instant, and a feeling of sympathy for the poor little animal filled my heart. He stopped as though paralyzed with fear. His ears became erect, and his nostrils were distended. Flesh on his shoulders quivered ever so slightly. One foot was poised in the air. Dust from the baked grassland powdered the beautiful coat God gave him. He was so thin that his ribs made shadows in the sunlight. He looked sick and weary.

I made a gesture of sympathy toward the forlorn little zebra. He reared on his hind legs with something of the same fighting spirit that characterized his appearance when first we met. Then he turned and galloped away, leaving a cloud of dust in his wake.

THE little zebra was sick and tired when he finally reached a place where the grass was green and tender. His despair gave him courage to approach a ridge of trees. He reached a river. The water was clean and sweet. Convict drank deeply. He slept.

On awakening he crossed the stream and walked to the edge of a clump of trees on the other side of the water. There, on the plain, he saw a group of animals that looked something like the members of his own family. These creatures were colored a great deal like other zebras Convict had known. They were larger than any of his friends, however, and their stripes were narrower. They did not bark like his relatives, but made queer, throaty noises.

Convict was timid, but he wandered slowly toward some of the younger of these strange zebras. They were friendly and seemed curious about him. The stranger was grateful for their kindness. There were no lions about and these zebras seemed contented. They permitted Convict to wander about with them. He ate more grass and drank plenty of water. Gradually his strength came back.

Then one day a strange thing happened. Convict, hearing a familiar bark, looked around and saw, not far away, three zebras that looked just like his old playmates. He ran over to them, delighted. They were the remnants of his former herd, which had been broken and scattered by lions that pursued them.

The little zebras lived with their big cousins for weeks in peace and contentment. But then the lions came again. One night there was a stampede. Convict and the other little zebras became separated from the big fellows, but they escaped with their lives. From that time on they kept to themselves and formed a herd of their own. Convict became a strong, keen, fighting animal and the head of the family.

Martin and I were taking pictures of some zebras at a waterhole one day when the boss of the crowd made a bluff toward us. He stopped with his head poised defiantly. I noticed that he had a torn right ear. Then he turned and galloped away, the rest of the herd with him. I am sure that that brave zebra was Convict, the little outlaw I once had tried to capture.

Back Pay on Mothers' Day

(Continued from page 29)

Chicago, Ethel's mother and sister down for four days.

"Oh! Ethel's mother was here, was she?"

"For four days." Bob tries to make it sound like four minutes.

"Wasn't she here a few weeks ago, too?"

"In September."

"In October. I remember . . ."

And Mama probably winds up the dreary ten minutes with something like: "I'm alone so much, dear. No friends here, you know—not in a hotel of this type. They're all stupid old women! I say it's like an old ladies' home. And my knee keeps me from getting out, bad days. I sent you my doctor bill—I told him frankly that I couldn't pay it. Of course, it's hard for me, for I remember when your father . . ."

"Whew!" gasps Bob, gaining the clear, sweet air of the street at last, filling his lungs, walking fast, glad to be headed back to loving, laughing Ethel, and her spirited mother, and her pretty sister—glad to have done his duty.

Well, he owes it to his mother, of course. But how has she paid that little bill that she has owed him for all the thirty years of his life?

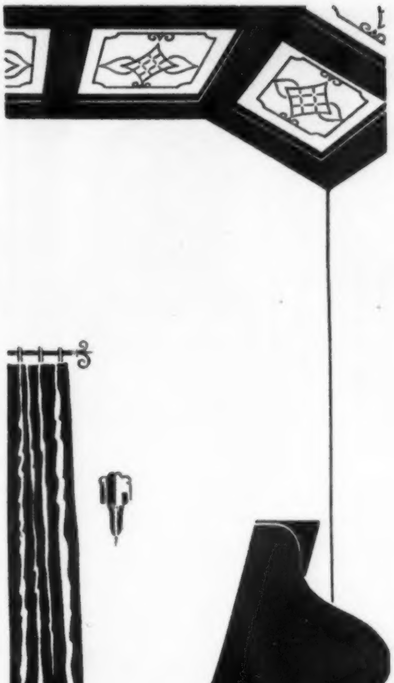
IN THE first place, young women do not have children because of any lofty biological idea of contributing to the race, or any occult hope of giving a soul that is drifting out in space the chance for human birth. Some girls love children so much that they marry with the deliberate hope of having them, and others—without having thought much about it one way or another—are genuinely delighted when, a few months or a few years after marriage, the marconigram arrives, and the happy preparations for the great event begin, and the happy announcements and the new hopes and dreams are really under way. Then there is another large class of women who do not want children, and do not fundamentally care for them, but who concede the bearing of one or two for some secondary reason, and are amazed to find that a passionate rush of love and interest comes with the baby and thus puts them in the class of the sentimental mothers after all.

But any one who could seriously contend, at this point, that young mothers are a heroic race of martyrs, entering into this business so that the men and women of the future shall have a chance at existence, would be laughed out of court. Men love children, women love children, children make marriage more real and lasting, children make home home; the husband and wife who are childless are pitied—and rightly.

When the baby once has safely arrived, he pays his way as no famed traveler in all history ever was able to reward his hosts. His mother lies in a state of weak and happy ecstasy, reveling in his first hours. His father tiptoes into the room with eyes unashamedly full of happy tears. The baby's whole circle welcomes him, rejoices, adores.

No matter here over which Mother can reasonably make herself an injured and self-sacrificing victim, at least.

If she is a wise, gay, friendly mother, who does not take herself too seriously, she then has ten or twelve or fifteen years of joy before her. She has her babies, sunny-headed in high-chairs at the breakfast table, relaxed and sweet and drowsy in evening firelight. The house rings with enchanting voices; the halls echo with running feet. The ordinary man and woman find themselves miraculously entrusted with the guidance of a solemn, little affectionate boy, always busy with sandpile or train and tracks—with an exquisite armful of feminine sweetness and sauciness and beauty that to the neighborhood is only "the little Baker girl."



Santa Monica's proudest homes are beautified with BERRYCRAFT finishes

Santa Monica, city of beautiful California homes, recognizes the outstanding quality of Berry Brothers' products. Here important commissions are executed by Adolph Selinger, interior decorator. "My clients who rate beauty and durability above first cost always prefer Berrycraft finishes," says Mr. Selinger. "The name 'Berry Brothers' is well and favorably known to Santa Monicans." Let professional judgment be your guide. Select finishing materials that give lasting satisfaction. Keep floors and woodwork beautiful with Liquid Granite, the million-step-test varnish. On porch or basement floors use Lionoil Floor Enamel—sold at the price of paint. For enduring color on woodwork, furniture, etc., apply Berrycraft Quick-Drying Enamel. For exteriors use Berrycraft House Paint—a revolutionary new product containing Lionoil. These, and other long-wearing Berrycraft finishes cost no more than inferior quality. Insist on these durable Berrycraft products when you finish your home or anything in it.

BERRY BROTHERS INC.

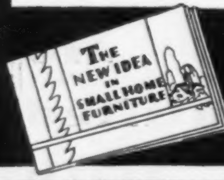
Varnishes - Enamels - Lacquers - Paints

DETROIT, MICH. - - - WALKERVILLE, ONT.

A MARIETTA DINETTE

The PATRICIAN

Ask your furniture dealer to show you this charming Marietta Dinette. As its name implies, a truly ***patrician*** suite of dining furniture properly proportioned for the small home or apartment. Made of beautiful Everlasting Oak, trimmed with Australian Lacewood and Birdseye Maple. Table has outlets for three electric utensils; extension top, one-operation folding, disappearing leaf. Send post card for free copy of "The New Idea in Small Home Furniture" showing other Marietta Dinettes and Breakfast Furniture. Address Marietta Chair Company, Marietta, Ohio.



THE NEW IDEA IN SMALL HOME FURNITURE

Marietta

Quality furniture for the small home

12 Doz. $3.00
6 Doz. $2.00
JOSEPH LYONS
9 Doz. $2.50
3 Doz. $1.50

Cash's Names

for Marking All Clothing

To prevent loss of laundry, to save arguments as to ownership, to positively identify both clothing and owner, there is nothing like CASH'S NAMES. Woven with fast color thread on fine cambric tape. CASH'S NAMES are neat, permanent, economical. *Order from your dealer or write.*

Trial Offer

Send 10c for one dozen of your own first name woven in fast thread on fine cambric tape.

J.&J. Cash Inc.

110th St., So. Norwalk, Conn.
or 6404 So. Gramercy Place,
Los Angeles, Cal. or
10 Gray Street, Belleville, Ont.

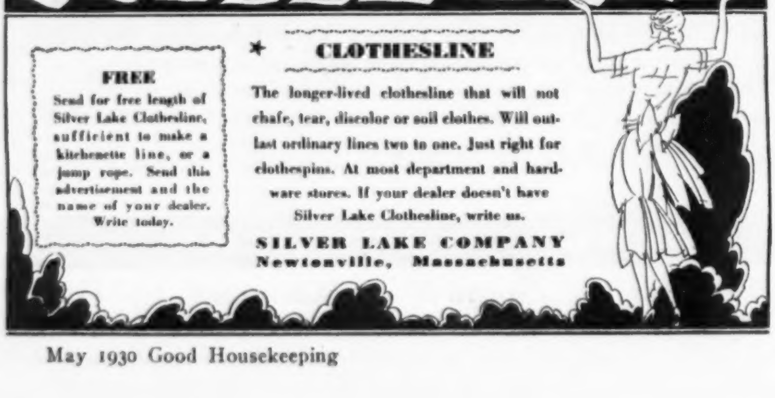
Everyone Falls for the RITZ *Kid* ★

She leads a double, but useful life! No one would imagine her golden hair is a pot cleaner, her bonnet a pot holder, her gown a dish cloth and—this is not a fairy story—the swanky cape polishes your silver!

She's the life of the party as a bridge prize or favor. Most Ritzy and useful, which just describes RITZ cleaning aids. If your department or House Furnishing store does not have her in stock, we'll send her to you in a handsome gift box in any one of four color schemes—red, green, gold or blue—for $1.25.

JOHN RITZENTHALER
Originator of Ritz Products
73 Franklin Street New York, N. Y.

SILVER LAKE



FREE

Send for free length of Silver Lake Clothesline, sufficient to make a kitchenette line, or a jump rope. Send this advertisement and the name of your dealer. Write today.

★ **CLOTHESLINE**

The longer-lived clothesline that will not chafe, tear, discolor or soil clothes. Will outlast ordinary lines two to one. Just right for clothespins. At most department and hardware stores. If your dealer doesn't have Silver Lake Clothesline, write us.

SILVER LAKE COMPANY
Newtonville, Massachusetts

Back Pay on Mothers' Day

But does all this delight of young parenthood, do these years of birthdays and trees and picnics, does all this put Nancy and Bobby under obligations to us—or does it perhaps rather put us under obligations to them?

Even if the children have an ideal mother—even if childhood means to them health and love and amusement, and the sort of education a real mother gives all along the way—rules and regulations explained, food right, clothes simple, play wisely directed, questions answered, lessons made into games, loads of laughter always—even then we ought to remember that they did not ask to be born, and that even when they are the healthiest, sweetest, most obedient, most gratifying little creatures alive, they still are helpless in our hands, brought here through no action of their own, influenced and controlled by exactly what we choose to give them or not give them.

And what of the other children, those unfortunate unwelcome children who come to coldness, ignorance, deprivation; who open their innocent eyes on quarreling and coarseness, who are left in hotel rooms for whole days together, whose nerves and digestions are ruined by bad hours and bad food, who are shamed, intimidated, punished, misunderstood at home, until they are old enough to be turned over to the injustices, humiliations, and misunderstandings of inferior boarding-schools?

Are they also to adore and respect and pamper the mother who told them, and told her friends in their hearing, that she did not want them, who disputed incessantly with their father, whose undisciplined tempers were the blight of their childhood, who never gave them a chance for health, hospitality, normal development, and who sneered at their love-affairs when the time came for them to have them?

"Oh, she sides with her father, of course; she's all Watson!" one divorced woman said to me bitterly of her daughter.

The little girl—she was six years old—sent me a glance of the most exquisite anguish. "No, I don't, Mummy!" she whispered, tears coming into her eyes.

This mother, one confidently expects, will be telling her friends, about the year 1950, that Jean always was cold, even as a child.

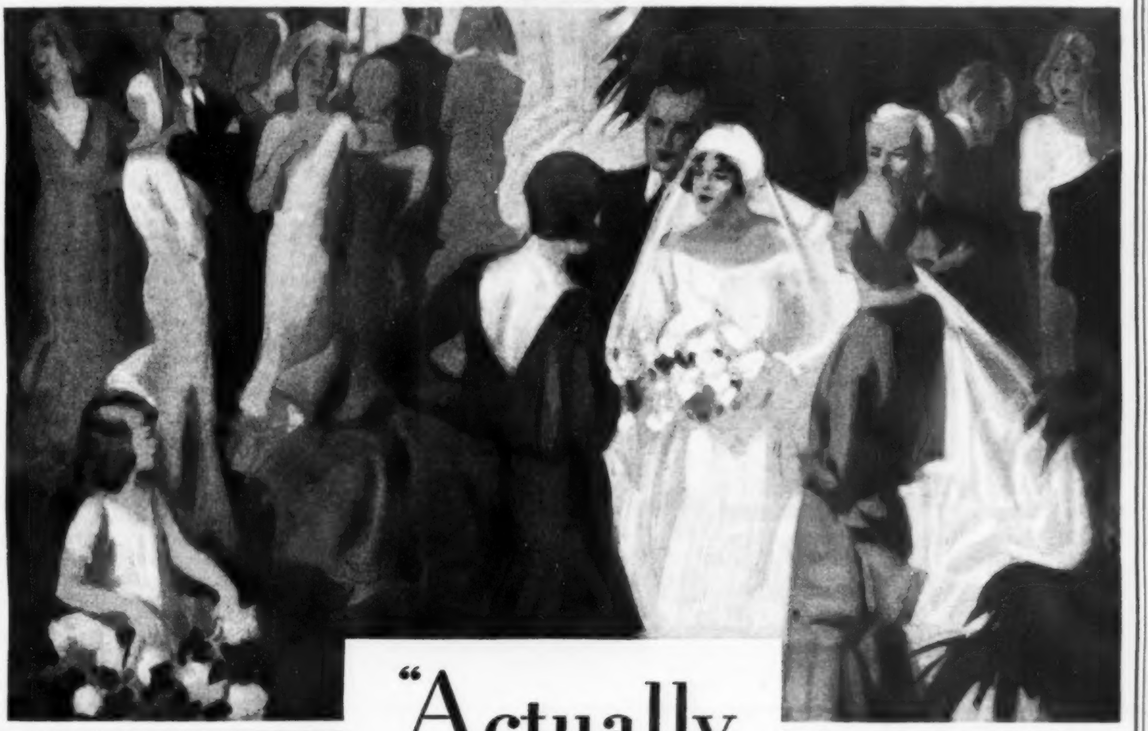
IF WE had a little more sense about the whole thing, we should save ourselves a good many heartaches. When the children go away into lives of their own, our only way to hold them, to keep that exquisite mother-and-child relationship intact, is to form our own schemes in complete independence of theirs, to fill our own lives as wholly as we did in those long-ago dim years before they were born. Instead of sitting back in dreary boarding-houses waiting for attentions from the children, our happiness lies in finding activities and interests entirely removed from theirs, in preserving our entities apart from our parenthood.

Remove the problem of your happiness, your amusement, your occupation, your income, your sensitive feelings and tender, tearful memories as far from them as you can—treat them like human beings—and you may be surprised pleasantly by finding that they will treat you as a human being, too.

This is not so hard to do, or at least to contemplate, when once we shift from that "they-owe-us-everything" point of view to the more reasonable one of "we-owe-them-everything." We really do.

We owe them the greatest dignity, the greatest happiness of our lives. We owe them development in character, new opportunities for self-education and service. We ought to be only too glad to slip away, when they do not actually need us any longer, and contribute to their own lives as

ASK YOUR DEALER WHO DISPLAYS THIS EMBLEM FOR YOUR FREE BOOK



"Actually, we could be '*at home*' tomorrow

The first thing we did was to furnish our home. Just wait 'til you see it."

• •

IT WAS Martha's Day of Days. How wonderful it felt to be a bride! How proud she was of her brand new name, her husband, and the thrilling new home that was waiting for them! Someone was asking about it now.

"Yes, it's ready for us right this minute!" she told her eager friends. "Every rug in its place—chairs, tables, lamps, pictures all arranged. Actually, we *could* be 'at home' tomorrow!

"We didn't make the mistake some couples do, of slighting our home for other things. We've seen too many who started that way, and never did have a home to be proud of. We decided that before we did anything else, we'd *furnish our home.* Just wait 'til you see it."

Today, more than ever, one's home furnishings play a prominent role in business and social advancement. Courteous hospitality, a pleasing manner, and good grooming cannot "cover up" a poorly furnished home.

Whether you are celebrating your fifteenth anniversary or your first—this obligation is equally binding. And it is so easily met. Thanks to the modern way of buying home furnishings, you can get what you want without waiting.

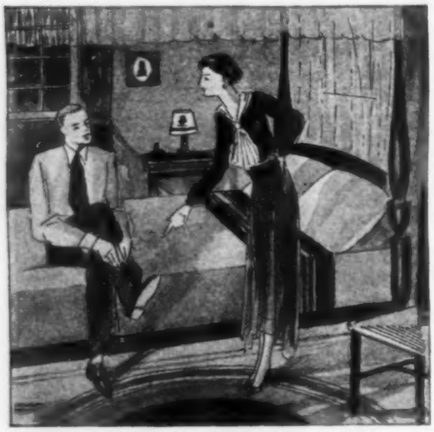
FREE

CAPTURING
CHARM

BOOK

The dealer who displays the emblem above is one of a select group of merchants offering dependable home furnishings counsel. Ask him for a copy of this helpful 24-page color-illustrated booklet — it's free!

© 1930 NHFP



Husbands WILL sit on beds—but with the new Sure-Fit* Mattress Covers

Wives needn't worry about flattened mattresses. These snug covers protect the shape . . . beauty . . . freshness of your beds. Washable, sanitary, sensible, cheap.

Fit every mattress, including Beautyrest or any innerspring type

Fine unbleached muslins from such well known mills as "Fruit of the Loom", "Lady Pepperell", "Virginia Maid" and "Hope" are used exclusively in Sure-Fit Mattress and Box Spring Covers. Sturdily made and cut to allow for shrinkage. Coil Spring covers, too, in ticking. At good dry goods and department stores—or write us.

*(Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping)

Sure-Fit Products Company

New York Office:
1270 Broadway
NEW YORK

[See page 228]

Main Office and Factory:
1730 North Fifth Street
PHILADELPHIA

Maternity Style Book Free

Lane Bryant Maternity Clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of maternity—and *after* baby comes as well. Dresses and Corsets in latest modes, designed to conceal condition and provide for expansion. Also Apparel for Baby. *Send today.*

Lane Bryant Address Dept. 11 39th St. at Fifth Ave. New York

BEAUTIFY YOUR YARD

SUNSHINE CLOTHES DRIER CLAY

Unsightly clothes poles now eliminated. Dries washing spotlessly clean. Folds like an umbrella to store away. 135 ft. line. No dragging of basket—durable—rust proof—light weight.

A proven success. Guaranteed. Circular G-430 FREE.

CLAY EQUIPMENT CORP., Cedar Falls, Ia.

You will get the effect of a Paris Gown if you use McCall Patterns.

(Advertisement)

Back Pay on Mothers' Day

wives and husbands and parents only an occasional glimpse of our own always affectionate happiness. With books and garden, friends, kitchen, walks, movies, concerts, lecturers, letters, trips—and above all with prayer—any woman between fifty and eighty ought to be able to construct a life that need not drag upon younger lives for its existence.

An immediate relative of mine finds himself, in the middle thirties, with three capable blonde daughters to manage him. For thirteen years he has usually had a golden-headed small girl in his arms when he was at home, and frequently all three of them climb into his chair to impress upon him some of his social shortcomings or ask him some favor. The days of croup, bottles, tears, bumps, wakefulness, are past, and instead his home echoes now to piano practice, laughter, plans; his study chairs are littered with Christmas lists and "Little Colonel" books; his meals are cluttered with fudge and experimental biscuits and first trials of queer recipes.

One day, when all three girls, dazzling in summery white, were piled into the open back of somebody's old car, the mother expressed a mild hope that the brakes were all right.

"If anything happened to that car, it might make quite a difference to us!" she observed.

"At that," the father said, "it would all have been worth while, wouldn't it?"

And the mother answered, "About ten times over!"

Nothing there of the complacent attitude of being ready to sit back and receive homage for the rest of their lives for having deigned to become the parents of all this glory and delight.

Some years ago a particularly idiotic and amusing young writer in New York sent all his friends post-cards suggesting that they send his mother flowers and congratulations on a certain date, "because it's my birthday."

This, with much hilarity, was done, but on sober second thought I can not see why it was not an excellent idea. Why not have more cards in the shops, and more flowers, on Mothers' Day, for some of us to send, with a few words of gratitude, to the sons and daughters who mean so much to us?

LAST Mothers' Day, in a big railway station, I saw a most attractive-looking gray-headed woman wearing a great, sprawling bunch of violets on her trim suit and obviously waiting for some one.

Presently her people, a young man and woman, came rushing through a train gate and were upon her; no one could tell from their greeting which was the real, and which the "in-law" child.

She indicated her violets. "Listen," she said with adoring sternness, "I won't have you spending your money this way. It's nonsense!"

"We knew you'd think it was nonsense, darling," the younger woman said with a joyous laugh, "and we did it to make you mad!"

And as they went away she put her arm through that of her mother—or her husband's mother, whichever it was—and said confidentially; affectionately, coaxingly, exactly as if she were speaking to some one her own age:

"Now, about Thursday. You're coming, and that's all there is to it! You're not going to say you're coming and then chicken out of it. The children—"

That was all I heard, and all I needed to know about *that* family. Whenever I see Mothers' Day cards, I think of them, think that the cards and the flowers are but the guineas' stamp, after all, and that the gold is real mother-love—the wisest, tenderest, truest love in all the world.

The Lilac

(Continued from page 99)

daffodils, purple and white lilac; it is best in the spring; in the summer such flowers as there are are hidden by the dark, thick green of the trees and bushes. The trees are haunted by the birds who use the grass as their promenading ground by right immemorial. There is at one end the statue of an eighteenth-century gentleman in a tie wig and a cocked hat and a handsome frill to his waistcoat. There are some green benches.

The inhabitants of the houses in the square have, of course, a key to the garden—no one else in the world—and the old gardener who has a beard just like his broom regrets bitterly that in these days the inhabitants of the houses have gone down so dreadfully in class. He belongs to the fine old days when class mattered, when a gentleman *was* a gentleman. Now everybody is a gentleman—or nobody, if you look at it his way.

Frederick's house was Number Ten and had been, like several others, divided into flats. They were not flats of the splendid West End order. There was no lift; you walked up the fine, eighteenth-century stone staircase, and then, if your flat was high up, as Frederick's was, a further smaller staircase, and then a small corkscrew staircase most difficult to maneuver if, like Mr. Bendish in the room opposite to Frederick's, you came back early in the morning, wine having made your heart so glad that you sang aloud and disturbed every one. Poor Bendish! He didn't care for wine, as he often told Frederick. He didn't care very much for whisky, but what were you to do when you were all alone in the world and one girl after another refused to marry you? He had proposed, he told Frederick, to twenty within the last year. It wasn't true, what the newspapers were always saying, that an Englishwoman would marry any man who asked her.

Frederick's room could not, by any sort of courtesy, be called a "flat." It was simply a bed-sitting-room, and a woman (Mrs. Marl) came in the morning, gave him his breakfast, and cleaned up. He shared her with Bendish and the Russell Greens.

He could have afforded quite easily a real flat, but the house was so grand, the square so beautiful and so quiet, the neighborhood so good, and old Lady Cannon (who lived on the ground floor, whose house it was) so aristocratic, that he was lucky to be there. He loved his room, his view, his neighborhood; only marriage with Lily would persuade him to depart.

HE WAS standing now, his window flung up, looking out over the square. Behind him his room told him that it was glad that he was back. He had two Chinese rugs, some good pieces of old furniture, and three pictures—an oil by Gen. Paul of a lady with a white face and a green nose, a sketch by Duncan Grant, and a drawing of a music-hall by Sickert. He had had no taste when he had first come to these rooms, five years ago, but the picture gallery had educated him; educated him, Lily said, to liking everything that was ugly. She couldn't understand the lady with the green nose. After all, people didn't have green noses, whatever light you saw them in. It was their only real difference of opinion.

But he was not thinking of that now. As he leaned out of the window there came to him unmistakably the scent of lilac. It could not in reality be. There was no lilac yet in bloom in the gardens, and yet he smelled the lilac and seemed, as he leaned out, to see through the gray, moth-like evening, the sky above the square broken into soft shreds and patches of blue—bushes and bushes of dim, purple lilac staining the air with its color, a cloud of shadowy radiance.

He knew that he was cheating himself, and yet he urged himself to be cheated. The belief acting against knowledge that

CORNED BEEF
ANGLO

A Good
Hearty Wholesome Meal...
that takes only a few minutes to prepare!

OLD-Fashioned Corned Beef Hash! Made with potatoes, onions, seasoning and browned in a pan. Men love it, and it's nourishing for growing children, too. Anglo Corned Beef has a delicate, meat flavor . . . mouth-watering, tangy. Delicious in cold cuts, with cabbage and other corned beef dishes, too. And very economical. Anglo is ready-cooked in the original tin, without bone, gristle or surplus fat. Sarah Field Splint's recipe booklet, sent you free on request.

Sold by good dealers throughout the U. S. and Canada

THE TUPMAN THURLOW CO., INC.
154 Nassau St. New York

★

ANGLO CORNED BEEF

The Way to a Man's Heart
The Settlement Cook Book

EVEN COOKING GOES MODERN

along with colored stoves . . gay kitchens . . dinettes . . geometric china . . in the interest of health . . the lowly cabbage has been elevated to an important place in the diet . . cheaper cuts are deliciously disguised with piquant sauces . . one egg cakes and one dish dinners are inexpensive and easy to prepare . . the every day meal becomes a party with mechanical refrigeration.

THE SETTLEMENT COOK BOOK

or The Way to a Man's Heart by Mrs. Simon Kander, offers the most up-to-the-minute recipes and methods together with all the old favorites . . practical . . reliable . . economical . . these 2675 recipes tested and perfected in a home kitchen assure success . . indispensable to every home maker.

White washable oil-cloth cover. Indexed. Colored jacket. At your dealer or send check or money order direct.

THE SETTLEMENT COOK BOOK CO.
474 Bradford Avenue
Milwaukee, Wis.

$2.50
POSTAGE 10¢ EXTRA

You'll want this!

A Golden West Coffee Maker (6 cup capacity) and A 2-lb. can of the famous Golden West Coffee

VACUUM PACKED
GOLDEN WEST
COFFEE

BOTH FOR $2.

★

Mailed postpaid anywhere in the United States
OR SENT C.O.D.

For many years Golden West, the famous vacuum packed coffee of the West, has been the choice of coffee loving Westerners; and if you are finicky about coffee, that's the reason you should try it.

You'll declare it the finest ever, especially when made with the all-aluminum Golden West Coffee Maker, a real "French Drip" system without filter papers or cloths. Its delightful flavor, its richness, will likely cause you to make some arrangement with your grocer to have a future supply.

Send your name and that of your grocer today! The two-pound can of Golden West and Coffee Maker complete, packed in strong cardboard carton, will be sent through your grocer or direct, by return mail on receipt of price. Or, if you prefer, we will send C. O. D. and you can pay the postman a few cents additional. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Dealers, write for information!

CLOSSET & DEVERS, Portland, Oregon

More Money Yours for the Asking!

Carl H. Mason, Manager, Agency Bureau, International Circulation Co., Inc.

Join Our Happy Family of Earners!

Few people have everything they need. Thousands upon thousands deny themselves the good things of life because they can't afford them. Will YOU go through life without the comforts and luxuries that mean so much to you and your family—or would you welcome an opportunity to add to your income and provide yourself with a generous and immediate source of extra funds?

Why Not Enjoy a DOUBLE Income?

We have shown thousands of men and women how to earn a DOUBLE income. They have built homes, bought cars and fine clothes, sent their children to college, taken trips abroad and paid for many of the luxuries and necessities of life with money earned in spare time through our plan.

Men and women of middle age, youths and young girls, even grandmothers and grandfathers are right now earning with us. And whether you have a home or business to take care of; whether you are young or old; whether you live in small town or large city—*you, too*, can join our large and prosperous family of spare-time money-makers! You, too, can enjoy a DOUBLE INCOME!

Pearl Jacobus Thiel, Ill.

Says: "It is surprising to me that more have not taken advantage of the wonderful opportunity which is theirs merely for the asking. I have been in the game two years and have increased my business 100% over the previous year!"

Make Your Dreams Come True!

No experience, no cash outlay is required. Supplies and instructions are sent to you FREE OF CHARGE, and we show you exactly what steps you should take to begin earning at once!

Send TODAY for complete details, and a FREE copy of a fascinating pamphlet: "Make Your Dreams Come True," telling the stories of scores of men and women from all walks of life who have succeeded in making *their* dreams come true through our plan.

Carl H. Mason

Manager, Agency Bureau

W. H. Guscott, Ohio

Is a business man who uses his spare hours to such good effect as our representative that his monthly earnings have totalled as much as $300—practically ten dollars a day for his leisure time which would otherwise be wasted

The International Magazine Building, home of Good Housekeeping, Cosmopolitan and other world-renowned publications.

Mr. Carl H. Mason, Agency Bureau,
Dept. GH-530A, Int'l. Circulation Co., Inc.,
57th St. at 8th Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please tell me, without obligation on my part, how I can earn good money in my spare time by acting as local subscription representative of the International Circulation Co., Inc., and send me a FREE copy of "Make Your Dreams Come True."

Name..

Street..

City.................... State............

The Lilac

the lilac was there seemed to be linked with his dramatic anticipation of his fate. His heart was thumping, his throat hot and dry, his body suddenly tired with a rather pleasant fatigue; he was like a man waiting for his sentence of execution. And yet surely nothing terrible could happen to him on so lovely an evening as this. All the world was beautiful, and the Rodin Balzac which he had so successfully sold, the soft Duncan Grant landscape (amber and rose in coloring), the square with its sense of spring, its scent of lilac—all these beautiful things seemed to come together and assure him that his fate must be a kind one.

HE WAS aware of the door opening and, turning, saw Bendish there.

Bendish was a large, stout, rumpled man with little blue eyes, gray untidy hair, and a small, pouting mouth. He seemed always to be asking for your indulgence, wondering whether you would scold him or no. There was something eternally unsatisfactory about him, which was perhaps why girls had so often refused to marry him. Their maternal feelings were roused by his helplessness, their practical self-protection alarmed by his irresponsibility, and so he was still a bachelor.

"I say, have you got a hammer?" he asked.

"Yes," said Frederick, turning back into the room. "I think so."

As he turned back he was convinced that Lily would accept him, and the room blazed with light, and the pictures danced.

"You look as though you'd come into a fortune," said Bendish rather resentfully. (Anstey, after all, was an ordinary little fellow, and yet he seemed to be always in luck, while himself . . .)

Frederick rummaged in the cupboard, standing on his toes because he was short and the hammer was probably on the top shelf. Bendish, looking at his broad back, the strong sturdy strain of his body as he raised his arms, and something gay and independent about the set of his round, closely-cropped bullet head suddenly liked him very much and, liking him, felt happier.

He had himself a decision that he must, that evening, come to, a decision that all the week he had been evading. To escape from the thought of it he had come in to borrow a hammer (it was true that there *was* a hunting picture to hang). Now he was more cheerful, and when Frederick, the hammer in his hand, turned round and showed his rosy, flushed, round face, he said amiably:

"Thanks. Lovely evening, isn't it?"

They both turned to the window.

"Bit nippy with the window open," said Bendish.

"Funny thing," said Frederick, "I've been thinking I could smell lilac. Of course, it's impossible. But an evening like this you imagine things."

Bendish never imagined anything, so he said nothing.

"Made a good sale this afternoon," the little man went on. "Head of Balzac by Rodin. Sold it to that fellow Litehouse, the big tobacco man. He's collecting pictures and things. Doesn't know anything about art, but we look after him—see he doesn't get anything rotten, you know."

"Much better," said Bendish gloomily, "if he gave his money to children's hospitals or something like that."

"Oh, I don't know," said Frederick, suddenly irritated because nothing exasperated him so much as this popular sentiment. "It would be an awful world if there weren't any beautiful things in it, and who'd go on making beautiful things if nobody ever bought them?"

"I don't see that," said Bendish. "Pictures are only a luxury."

But he couldn't quarrel with Frederick; there was something in his easy, uncomplacent good-nature that made him difficult to quarrel with. Frederick on his side had a strong impulse to tell Bendish all about Lily. Lily was around him, inside him, everywhere. His heart was still hammering, his cheeks hot, his throat dry. It would be a relief to tell Bendish and ask him what he thought of the chances, to gain encouragement perhaps in opposition to his own fears. But no, it was no use to tell Bendish anything. He was interested only in himself.

Bendish looked at him curiously.

"I believe you've been making money at racing," he said. "You do have all the luck. I've noticed it before."

He felt himself a temptation to tell Anstey about his problem. There was something about Anstey to-night . . . But Anstey would only advise him to do what he didn't want to do.

"No," said Frederick, "I never have any luck with horses. I always lose."

Never any luck? Would he have luck with Lily? Even now she was making up her mind. It might be that she was at this very moment writing her letter:

"Dear Fred, I want to tell you—"

His heart seemed to knock him right over. It wouldn't have surprised him at all to find himself flat on the floor! To steady himself; he put his hand on Bendish's arm. At the touch the two men seemed to come into some new relation with one another. Bendish was a lonely fellow. No one ever seemed to need him or put themselves out to see him. Bendish was greatly moved. But all he said was, gruffly,

"Well, I must go and hang that picture." By the door he added, "Thanks for the hammer."

Frederick said: "That's all right. Come in any time you like."

He was alone again; the house was utterly still about him.

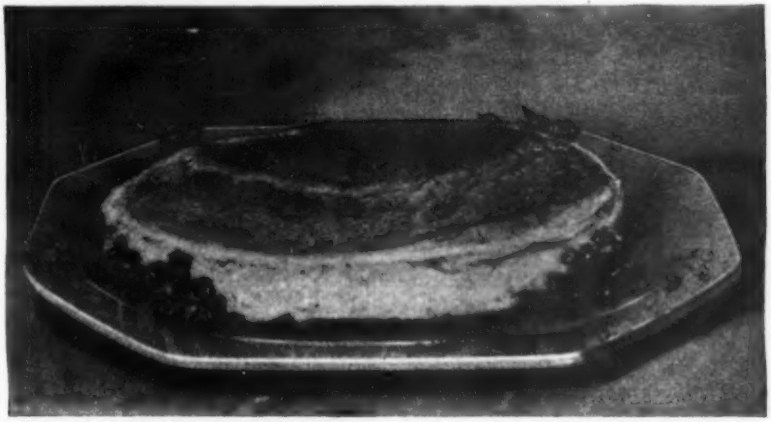
Bendish had done something to him; he had made him see how desolate, how abandoned, how hopelessly ruined he would be did Lily refuse him. He would be like Bendish, only worse. Bendish's loose, stout, uncared-for figure seemed to be a prophecy of his later self refused by Lily. He would go down and down . . .

STANDING now in the middle of his room, he saw nothing. The room seemed to be filled with a warm clinging fog. Deserted by Lily, all the little devils that were always waiting in attendance (he could see them, hideous, naked little demons squatting on their hams) would have their way with him. And their way would be a bad one. He was no saint (he little knew how few his sins were in comparison with many of his companions) and he would yield, he would yield . . . He would go over to Paris with Prentiss or Solomon. He would take Miss Geary (what Miss Geary wanted of him had always been perfectly obvious) out to supper. He would . . .

He pressed his hands to his forehead, sat down, wretched misery overwhelming him. He could not smell any lilac now, but the room was so stuffy that he must go out. He must go out or his head would burst and scatter his brains (such as they were) about the floor. If he went out (the temptation suddenly came to him), he might in another moment be at Lily's door. A taxi would take him there in no time. But that he must not do. It would be breaking all the rules of restraint that he had ever formulated for himself, and worse than that, he would be driving Lily to some sort of forced decision which would in all probability be exactly the wrong one. But the temptation was fearful. It was exactly as though a little devil in a shiny top hat and

---

Feathery-light, tender and puffy . . . *this Cheese Omelet which won't collapse!*



MINUTE TAPIOCA

Again, Minute Tapioca, the "precision ingredient" assures the just-right appearance . . . the just-right texture in a difficult dish.

TENDER yellow fluff, covered with a delicate tissue of crisp brown . . . garnished with bright green parsley. What a color scheme!

"If it tastes and behaves as good as it looks," you'll say, "it's the best cheese omelet I've ever made!" And it will be! Minute Tapioca, by holding the air bubbles within the omelet mixture, prevents this melting delicacy from falling while being served.

New Cook Book . . . prints 100 "precision ingredient" recipes and whole-family *surprise desserts . . . FREE!*

In "A Cook's Tour with Minute Tapioca", you learn, also, how Minute Tapioca insures *accurate, uniform* results in many other difficult dishes, without, in any way, affecting their true flavor. And since Minute Tapioca needs no soaking, and only a few moments of cooking, you'll find these recipes quite simple.

MINUTE TAPIOCA CHEESE OMELET

2 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¾ cup milk, scalded
4 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored
1 tablespoon butter, melted
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
4 tablespoons grated cheese

Add Minute Tapioca, salt, and pepper to milk, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Remove from fire; add egg yolks and butter. Fold in egg whites and cheese. Pour into hot, buttered 9-inch frying pan and cook over low flame 17 minutes, or until delicate brown. Dry top of omelet in slow oven (275°F.) 5 minutes. Cut across at right angles to handle of pan, being careful not to cut all the way through. Fold carefully from handle to opposite side and serve on hot platter. Garnish with parsley. Serves 6, rather than 4, as usual. *All measurements are level.*

COOK'S TOUR with MINUTE TAPIOCA

TRY THIS RECIPE . . . *then* SEND *for the* NEW MINUTE TAPIOCA COOK BOOK!

Fill in completely—print name and address

MINUTE TAPIOCA COMPANY, Inc.
35 Pierce St., Orange, Massachusetts

Please send me FREE copy of Minute Tapioca Cook Book.

Name ____________________

Street ____________________

City __________ *State* __________

In Canada, address General Foods, Limited
Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

MINUTE TAPIOCA

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

The Dessert and "Precision Ingredient"

To the Wives of Desk-Bound Men . . .

★

LACTO-DEXTRIN
FOOD
PSYLLA

Lacto-Dextrin *and* **Psylla,** *$1.00 each. Sold by all Health Food Centers and by leading grocery and department stores.*

SANITARIUM records show an amazing number of people who live sedentary lives suffer from Dyskinesia (faulty elimination). It causes most human ills.

Ridding the body of waste must be done regularly and thoroughly, else poisons are formed that tend to get into the blood stream. These poisons prematurely age and cause many serious diseases.

From Battle Creek comes a new drugless way to regular habits. It is called Psylla (pronounced Silla), and consists of small plant seeds that are not digestible. Psylla does not act by irritation as do habit-forming cathartics. Added to water, these seeds swell into a soothing, gelatine-like mass that sweeps painlessly through the intestines like a gentle sponge. Psylla absorbs and carries away poisons and assists Nature to establish regular habits of healthy, normal elimination.

For use with Psylla, Lacto-Dextrin combats the poisons of auto-intoxication. It is a food for changing the intestinal flora. It suppresses and destroys poisonous germs found in the intestinal tract and establishes the beneficial Acidophilus B. germs. Use Lacto-Dextrin with Psylla for two weeks and banish that half-alive feeling . . . know a new joy of living . . . clear eyes . . . brisk energy . . . sunny disposition . . . sweet breath.

BATTLE CREEK
SANITARIUM
HEALTH FOODS
for Everybody

Free Advice on Healthful Living The Battle Creek Food Co. manufactures the dietetic discoveries of a Great Sanitarium. The Company's profits endow the non-sectarian, co-educational institution—Battle Creek College. The Company also maintains a staff of Medical Dieticians, Sanitarium trained, who give FREE carefully considered scientific answers to your questions on diet. The famous book, "Healthful Living," is sent free upon request. Address THE BATTLE CREEK FOOD CO., Dept. 225, Battle Creek, Michigan.

FLAKO
PIE
CRUST

Make **PERFECT PIE CRUST**
THIS NEW WAY

★

YOU will be genuinely surprised and pleased with the delicious pie crusts you can make so easily with Flako. Flako is prepared pie crust containing the best quality flour, shortening, baking powder, salt, and mixed in exactly the right proportions, thus assuring success every time. Flako is an old fashioned recipe put in a package for convenient use. It makes crisp, light and flaky pie crust and dry undercrusts, and there's nothing to do but add water, roll and bake. So convenient! So easy! A 15c package makes a nine inch double crust. Get Flako today at your grocer's. If he hasn't it, send 15¢ for full sized package.

FLAKO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, New Brunswick, N. J.

15¢ Also makers of Quiko. A new, prepared mixture, not a flour, that needs only milk added to make delicious hot biscuits. Send for folder.
Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

BE A HOTEL HOSTESS

Positions Open in Residential, Apartment and Resort Hotels, Clubs, Camps, Private Schools, Sorority Houses, Restaurants, Coffee Shops, Tea Rooms, and Steamships

SPLENDID salaries, fine living, luxurious surroundings for women of all ages in this fascinating profession. Previous experience unnecessary. Our complete course in hotel administration qualifies you as Hostess, Social Secretary, Hostess-Housekeeper, Hostess-Dietitian, Executive Secretary, Sports Director and many other similar positions paying splendid salaries. Nationwide Employment Bureau Free of extra cost. Lewis Students everywhere are winning success. One student writes: "I am hostess and manager of an apartment house,—salary $3,600 a year, with a beautiful apartment for my girls and self." Write today for Free Book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY".

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Sta. CG-2420 Washington, D. C.
The Original and Only School of Its Kind in the World

WOMEN WANTED AS
HOUSEKEEPER-HOSTESS
APARTMENT HOTEL MGR
SOCIAL SECRETARY
ASSISTANT MANAGER

a frock coat were leading him (he could feel the touch of the little pudgy hand) straight out of his door.

He got his hat, his coat, and his stick and went out. He stood in the little passage and listened. No sound. Not even Bendish knocking nails into his wall. But he knew instinctively that Bendish had not really wanted the hammer. What he had wanted was Frederick's help about something. He had come in for company. He had his own special troubles. Yes, after all, we were all alike. All in the soup together, and the best thing that we could do was to help one another. He went carefully down the corkscrew staircase—he seemed to be slightly drunk—and in the lower passage almost collided with some one. It was dark here almost always, but this evening something of this miraculous spring had pushed through.

A FAINT, pale glow suffused everything, the shabby, yellowed print of Victoria receiving the news of her succession, an umbrella stand, an old chair with a red plush seat to it. Standing near the chair, her hand resting upon it as though to support herself, was young Mrs. Russell Green. The Russell Greens were acquaintances of Frederick rather than friends. A young couple who loved each other apparently, but were forever quarreling. They had been quarreling now, it seemed, for at once Mrs. Russell Green, on seeing Frederick, whispered:

"Oh, Mr. Anstey, I can't stand any more of it. I can't indeed. I'm going to my mother this very night."

She was, he saw, in a very agitated state, her hand to her heart, her eyes furious and miserable, staring at him as though she couldn't see him at all.

"What's the matter?" he whispered back to her.

Their conversation had the oddest urgency and whispering conspiracy about it, as though they were, the two of them, conspiring to murder some one.

"The matter is," she whispered frantically, "that he's just insulted me more than I can stand. Yes, more than I can stand. I've stood enough. I didn't marry him for this sort of thing. I've told him often enough that if he did it again I'd leave him. And now he's done it."

"What's he done?" Frederick whispered.

He could smell the lilac once more. Certainly it was lilac, coming in from the square and stealing up the stairs.

"He's been out with that Marchmont girl again. All last evening, when he said that he was with the Berys. He wasn't with the Berys at all. He's confessed it."

Frederick understood, as though some special agent had whispered it to him, that this was really serious. If she went off now, in her hat and coat as she was, out of the house, she might never return. A burst of temper and jealousy, and the Russell Greens' life was ruined forever. He must persuade her into the flat again. He must if it cost him his life. Once more, as with the Balzac and poor old Bendish, there seemed a fateful omen in this—if Mrs. Russell Green left the house, Lily would refuse him.

"I shouldn't take it too seriously," he whispered. "You know he loves you, whatever he does. I don't suppose he meant any harm."

"Harm! What do you call harm? If that Marchmont girl . . . And lying to me, too! I've told him again and again I'll stand anything but lies. No, never!"

He touched her arm with his hand. She was trembling, but his touch seemed to steady her. She leant a little toward him. She liked him. She had always liked him. Nice, kind little man. She realized him now, stolid and kind, wanting to help her.

In women's clubs Air-Way efficiency and convenience are favorite topics.

WOMEN EVERYWHERE RECOGNIZE THIS LEADERSHIP THAT PROVIDES A BETTER HOME-CLEANING METHOD

Hundreds of thousands of American women are *Air-Way* owners because they instantly and unanimously recognized *Air-way* leadership in the home-cleaning equipment field. *Air-Way* alone and for the first time embodies features of design and performance which women themselves said that they wanted in a home-cleaning system. *Air-Way* fully meets the requirements of American home-makers.

Thousands of women were first asked what they wanted in a home cleaner, and then the first *Air-Way* was made, providing all these long-desired features of labor-saving and efficiency. Nation-wide acclamation of *Air-Way* leadership reveals the appreciation of these previously unknown advantages.

***Air-Way* owners do not have to empty a cleaner-bag. They have eliminated that task, for *Air-Way* alone deposits all collected germs and refuse in a sanitary cellulose filter fibre container which is detached bodily to be burned or cast away, providing a safe and easy method for the disposal of dangerous collected dirt. No woman wants to push a heavy weight around. *Air-Way* is light, sturdy and reaches the hard-to-clean places. It differs radically in design and construction as well as performance from any other cleaning system or device.**

No woman wants to fuss with a lot of cumbersome attachments. *Air-Way* accomplishes cleaning tasks with one, complete, easily-operated device without the addition of complicated or clumsy parts. *Air-Way* service includes among other things floor polishing, renovating of pillows, and the first practical moth control feature to be incorporated into a cleaning system.

***Air-Way* is designed and made to exactly meet all of your requirements. Take advantage of this new and better method of complete home sanitation which *Air-Way* leadership has brought into the world for your benefit.**

Write for this FREE *book!*

"Dangerous Housework", a valuable and interesting book by Dr. Royal S. Copeland, an eminent authority on health and hygiene, reveals the dangers that threaten the housewife in cleaning the house and disposing of the dirt and how to avoid them. Every woman should read it.

Use this coupon for Dr. Copeland's free booklet.

Air-Way Electric Appliance Corp.,
Toledo.

Please send me a free copy of *"Dangerous Housework."*

Name ....
Address ....
City .... GH

Air-Way is represented in hundreds of cities and listed in the telephone books under "Air-Way Branch (of your city)." If no Air-Way Branch is listed in your telephone book, write direct to the factory and complete information will reach you promptly.

Individuals interested in representing Air-Way in their communities are invited to write to the Toledo office.

★ **Air-Way**

SANITARY SYSTEM

No Cleaner Bag or Container to Empty

AIR-WAY ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CORPORATION, TOLEDO, OHIO, U. S. A. AIR-WAY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

Kids can't hurt furniture with

Sure-Fit*

Furniture Slip Covers

With or Without Box Pleated Flounce

Let them spill their ice cream—the covers are washable! Let them romp—upholstery is protected! Such tailored living room beauty is something new—at such low cost.

With all their admitted superiority they cost about a third of made-to-order slip covers!

Sturdily made of "Thorowear Eversmart" Fabrics to smartly fit all standard livingroom suites. Three piece sets with separate reversible cushion covers . . . and for odd chairs. Many striking color schemes . . . stripes . . . plain or floral design. At good department and furniture stores—or write us.

**(Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping)*

[See Page 218]

Sure-Fit

Products Company

New York Office
1270 Broadway, New York

Main Office and Factory
1730 N. 5th St., Philadelphia

Home Made Candies for Profit

ONLY business where Little Fellow has Big Fellow at disadvantage. Turn your *kitchen* into candy shop. Handsome income almost from first day. Trade secrets taught by retired manufacturer. *Free book.* Capitol Candy School, Dept. B-412, Washington, D. C.

The New
SLIP-IN
MOTH-PROOF
and
DUST-PROOF
GARMENT BAG

SLIP-IN
GARMENT BAGS

★ Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

Keep out ALL moths, dust, moisture and vermin. Hold 10 garments. Tar or Cedar odor. Heavy, white-lined duplex paper, reinforced. Won't sag or break down. Last for years. Side-opening—easy to open and close. At drug or dept. stores.

Ask for "SLIP-IN" *Bags by Name*

SIZES AND PRICES
24x6x50 . . . $1.25 24x6x60 . . . $1.50

If your dealer cannot supply you, write Dept. G.,
The White Tar Company of N. J., Inc.
Belleville Turnpike Kearny, N. J.

UTILIVAR
THE UTILITY VARNISH

A clear spar varnish for all surfaces. Easy to apply. Dries over night with a waterproof, durable finish. Ask your dealer for Utilivar.

McDOUGALL-BUTLER CO., Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Colorite
STRAW HAT FINISH

Makes old straw hats like new~

25¢ at Drug and Department Stores
30¢ in Canada

Also try Colorite Fabric Dyes

Made by CARPENTER-MORTON COMPANY, *Boston, Mass.*

The Lilac

And realizing him, she liked men better. She saw her own Walter with a little bit of Frederick Anstey stuck on to him.

"I shouldn't," Freddy whispered, "do anything drastic on such a lovely evening."

Lovely evening! That was about the silliest thing she had ever heard! Nevertheless there was something in it. She was a sentimental girl, and she loved Walter Russell Green more than all the world and everything in it. She caught Frederick's hand.

"What does he tell me lies for?" she went on in an agonized whisper. "That's what I want to know. I could stand anything but that. And such silly lies. He's always found out, and he knows it."

"Every one tells lies," whispered Frederick. "One can't help it. We all do. And what does it matter when you know he loves you? Any one can see it."

Yes, he did. Of that she was quite sure. At the thought of the way he loved her, of his past goodness, tenderness, and incredible, childish charm, she softened. She wanted to soften. She had wanted it all the time.

"Go back," whispered Frederick. "Don't leave to-night. See how it is in the morning."

She looked at the door, sniffed, sighed. "Very well, then. I'll give him another chance. But it's the last."

She nodded, pushed her key into the door and vanished.

HE SHOOK his head. Perhaps in a moment she would be out again. He waited, half expecting the door to open and a furious figure to emerge, but nothing happened. Silence and the spring evening. He went down to the main hall which had still, at the bottom of its grand, stone staircase, an air and a grandeur. The floor was paved in black and white squares; there was a large empty fireplace, and over it hung what Frederick had always supposed to be a young ancestor of Lady Cannon's—a handsome boy in a blue suit with a fine gold sword at his side.

"I wonder," thought Frederick, looking at him, "whether you ever proposed to a lady who couldn't make up her mind if she'd accept you or no. I'm sure you did not. You are too good-looking. Any woman would have accepted you at sight."

He still hesitated, glancing at the door as though it held special temptation for him. He must not go out; he would be off at once to Lily. That would anger her. Everything would be ruined . . .

But the door pulled at him; its strong, dark face seemed to urge him: "Come and open me! Slip outside. It is such a delicious evening."

Then the door, to his astonishment, opened. The light spread softly toward him, he saw the white stone steps, the shining surface of the pavement, the dark trees beyond. Old Lady Cannon stood there, leaning against it, as though she would fall.

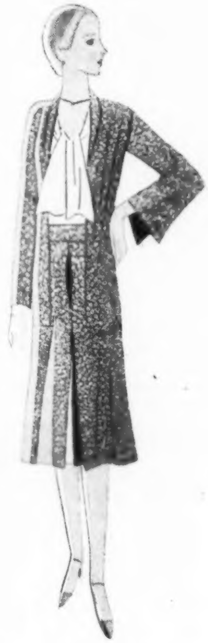
He went quickly toward her, and she said with a little gasping sigh:

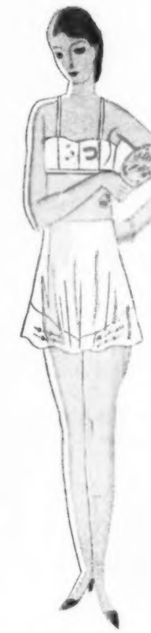
"Oh, Mr. Anstey . . . I'm a little faint . . . please."

He supported her, standing there by the open door, and it was strange to him, having her in his arms, to feel the absolute frailty of her body, something so sparse and frail that it was difficult to believe that it could still exist. She always wore the same clothes, a black bonnet, a shiny black dress, a round silver locket on her heart, long black gloves, all old-fashioned and quaint; she was a figure that every one stared at in the street.

She was small in stature, with a little, white-peaked face in which were set large, anxious eyes. Frederick did not know her very well. She could be haughty and superior. She let the rooms of her house

SPRING IN THE NEW YORK SHOPS



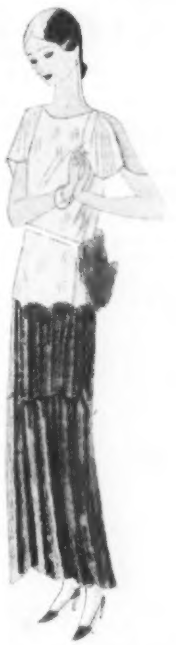


THE shimmering richness of rayon, its gorgeous colors and supple draping qualities are suited to the luxurious mode of 1930.

In the smart woman's wardrobe, evening gowns, wraps, suits, shoes and underwear are of rayon. These new fabrics are sometimes all rayon, sometimes combinations of silk, wool or cotton, and rayon. Whether lace, satin, crêpe, or mixed weaves, all are chic.

Not only to the fashionable woman's clothes and accessories, but to her home, her car, and her custom-made plane, rayon gives more lavish beauty.

Beauty, dependability and economy —these have brought rayon into the fashion limelight.

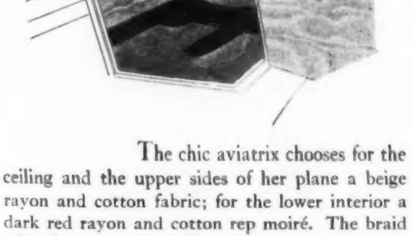


From Joseph comes a suit of printed silk, rayon embroidered. On a black background are small red and white flowers.

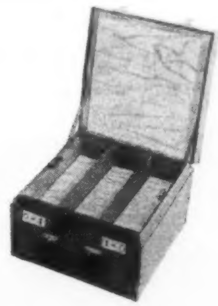
Light as a feather and smoothly fitting are the flesh colored rayon brassiere and panties from Kayser.

An evening dress of striking beauty is of lustrous rayon lace. The upper part is white and the two flounces are sapphire. From Kurzman.

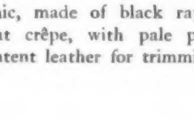
AND IN THE AIR



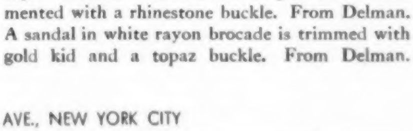
The chic aviatrix chooses for the ceiling and the upper sides of her plane a beige rayon and cotton fabric; for the lower interior a dark red rayon and cotton rep moiré. The braid trimming is beige and red. Fabrics by Schumacher.



This new-size hat box, 14" x 14" x 9½" high, is bass wood covered with cowhide. The top, tray, and bottom are lined with rayon and silk. The bottom holds four hats. From Arthur Gilmore.



Nat Lewis sponsors the spring vogue for black and flesh in a bag of unusual chic, made of black rayon flat crêpe, with pale pink patent leather for trimming.



A variation of the court pump is created in ivory rayon brocade with a collar of gold kid. Ornamented with a rhinestone buckle. From Delman. A sandal in white rayon brocade is trimmed with gold kid and a topaz buckle. From Delman.

RAYON

RAYON INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC., 420 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK CITY

Miss Miriam Schaefer, of Wisconsin, is one of our most industrious Members. She is interested in a Hope Chest and trousseau.

Though her days are spent in a busy office, she has made the leisure hours yield her an added income, besides winning gifts and membership Pin. Won't you come join us, too?

For Your Money Needs—Join Our Rainbow Club

For every woman, no matter how fully occupied your time—no matter for what purpose you are working—our Rainbow Club offers you an agreeable way to add to your Fund, or to your own income.

Of course you need some new spring frocks? Perhaps you are a business girl wanting some of the little luxuries which your income does not permit? Or are you a busy mother to whom some extra dollars for the children's needs would mean much?

If some extra money would make this year a fuller, happier one for you, or would help a cause that is dear to you, write to Helen Willard without delay. As soon as you hear from her you are ready to begin—no expense, no tedious preparation, no waiting for your earnings. Our magazine work will help you to add to your income every day. Come, join us.

Fill in and mail coupon for information

Helen Willard, Director The Rainbow Club
Good Housekeeping Magazine
57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please let me know how I may earn Membership and start at once to win the special rewards offered by The Rainbow Club.

Name..

Street..

City....................................State...............

RC—530

OFFICE OF
MRS.
HOUSEWIFE
gone for the day

Why not "Office Hours" *for* Women *too?*

For years science and invention have sought untiringly for ways and means to lighten and shorten the working hours of the housewife. New household devices and appliances have been many and valuable—but nothing has been found to take the place of PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA, or do so well the many cleaning tasks it performs quickly and easily.

PARSONS' is an ammonia compound processed with a soothing oil; it is so different from ordinary ammonia that one trial will win you to its regular, everyday use. Get a bottle and try it. Use just a little in the water for cleaning . . .

linoleum woodwork painted walls
dishes windows silverware
glassware tiling

At all Grocers and Department Stores
4 sizes from 15c up

PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA

Use it wherever you use soap and water

Wincroft GAS RANGES

ACCEPTED

Women who know the value of perfect cooking conditions choose the dependable Wincroft. Its reliability and colorful beauty combine to make it universally accepted.

Wincroft Stove Works
Middletown Pa Established 1856

RUSSELL
GREEN RIVER
CUTLERY

As keen for you as you'll be for it

$1.00

for a real paring knife set

Two of the handsomest, sharpest paring knives ever made . . . with the amazingly durable, beautifully grained and finished cocobolo handles . . . and the famous Russell mirror finished stainless steel blades . . . both members of the new Gold Arrow line . . . both packed in a lovely gift box. A joy to use . . . and useful every day in the year. Get these and you will go to your dealer for the rest of the line. Send us one dollar for the paring knife set—No. 5214.

Our informative booklet, "the HOW in telling good cutlery", will be sent free on request.

JOHN RUSSELL CUTLERY COMPANY
Turners Falls, Massachusetts

through an agent, and Frederick might never have known her at all had it not been that she had asked his advice on two occasions about family pictures that she wished to sell. One of them, a charming little Romney, had fetched an excellent price.

He had never entered the rooms where she lived. He was to enter them now.

She gave him the oddest, dry little smile. "I'm sorry," she said. "I beg your pardon. I fear that I shall have to ask you to assist me. I'm not very well. My maid is out." Then she added, speaking with great difficulty, "They want so much freedom in these days."

He almost carried her across the hall. She felt in the pocket of her black dress and gave him the key. They passed through the little passage into a vast, cold drawing-room, and here he placed her in an old, deep chair covered with faded brocade near the wide, empty fireplace. How cold the room was and, after he had settled her and looked about him, how empty and desolate!

He could see on the faintly yellow walls the marks where pictures had been hanging. There were still some pictures left, faint and beautiful under the electric light.

She said: "Will you please turn the light off again? . . . And my smelling salts, if you please. On that table!"

HE SWITCHED the light off, and at once the great room was beautiful. From the high, wide windows a lake of pale color spread over the old red carpet, the little tables, the old, shabby, gilt chairs. A clock struck the hour with a lovely, silver tone, as though it welcomed the evening.

She lay back, her bonnet on the table beside her, sniffing at the salts, her head turned away from him. He could not see her face. He was sitting stiffly on a gilt chair near her.

"Can't I get you some brandy?" he asked gently. "Is there something I can do for you?"

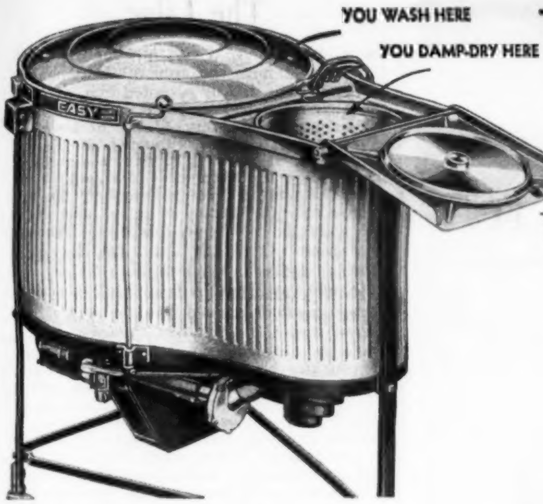
But she did not answer. Her thin arm in its long, black glove had fallen to her side. He waited. He did not wish to disturb her. A certain deference that he had been trained from his boyhood to feel for the English aristocracy kept him silent. Our English snobbery, and yet not quite that. He felt, in the presence of an old lady like this, all the romance and color of the English past. They said that the past didn't matter any more, that even to think of people belonging to this class or another was vain and empty-headed. Well, he *was* empty-headed then! This old lady had something that neither he nor Lily would ever have, and it was some beautiful thing with dignity, history, courage in it. Courage! The old lady needed it, he was sure. Looking cautiously about the dim, empty room, he felt an air of poverty and hardship. She should not be poor, receiving the rents for all the rooms in her house, and yet she was poor. There was some mystery here. He sat there, not venturing to move. He would stay there a little while, lest she needed somebody. He thought that she was asleep.

The door was a little open, and the farther door was open, too. He could hear the chatter of the old clock in the hall.

He fell asleep . . .

When he awoke, he was fearfully cold. For a moment he could not remember where he was. Then it all came to him. At once his heart began to hammer again in his breast. Suppose a letter had come while he slept. He could still see the figure in the chair, quite motionless. She also was sleeping.

Confusedly things crowded about him—the Balzac, old Bendish, Mrs. Russell Green, the old lady. All omens for Lily; omens of life, too. All these ways life could go—the artist perfecting his beautiful work and then selling it to a man like Litehouse who cared



Yesterday's wringing methods are too slow for today

EASY *with its famous Damp-Dryer has found a better way than wringing*

Absolutely safe. A child could not hurt herself, because moving parts are all enclosed. Clothes damp-dried automatically without effort on your part. All you do is turn a lever. No hand-feeding into a wringer.

Two operations at one time! Washing section and Damp-Dryer operate independent of each other. Second load can be washing while first is damp-dried. Clothes equal to 12 full-size sheets at one time!

In less than two minutes the Damp-Dryer automatically whirls the water out of a tubful of clothes—ready for sun-drying on the line. Absolutely no strain is placed on fabrics. No friction. No squeezing.

Rinse clothes in the Dryer if you wish—without handling, until ready for line, by running water into Dryer and whirling it out. Saves back-bending rinsing in another tub and again "feeding" into wringer.

Pillows can be washed and dried to original fluffiness same day *without removing feathers.* Damp-dries blankets. Takes out more water than wringing does. In bad weather clothes can be line-dried indoors.

You save mending, because buttons don't come off. Metal fasteners don't flatten, fabrics don't tear, silk and rayon garments don't crack. Sheerest silks can be washed and damp-dried with absolute safety.

Now anyone can iron
the rotary way
Choose from
3 NEW
EASY FINGERTIP CONTROL IRONERS
2 fingertip controls
do everything
Roll-About Ironer, Portable Ironer and Wringer Post Ironer priced amazingly low

"Portable model EASY IRONER"

With this new, no-wringer EASY Washer you do in 50 seconds what takes from three to four minutes with an ordinary wringer-type washer.

This saving of time and labor is *repeated* from four to six times. The total saving from this *one* feature alone is from twelve to twenty minutes, depending on the size of your washing.

The no-wringer EASY damp-dries clothes scientifically—with absolute safety to both operator and clothes. It washes and damp-dries at the same time. The Damp-Dryer whirls the water out of a tubful of clothes in less than two minutes.

Look at these pictures. They show why the no-wringer EASY is safer, faster, easier, gentler than any wringer-type washer. Compare this modern washing method with the old-fashioned wringer way.

8 years ahead

EASY announced the centrifugal method of damp-drying nearly four years ago—after 5 years of research and experiment. Eventually, we believe all the better washing machines will be offered with some type of damp-dryer. *But it will not be* the EASY Damp-Dryer. For no other damp-dryer can incorporate all of EASY'S features.

Free trial offer. Your EASY dealer is listed in your telephone directory. Phone him today for a free trial in your home. The no-wringer EASY can be had in either suction or agitator type of washer. Both sell at the same low price on easiest terms. Ask to see the 50 seconds' demonstration.

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

*** EASY WASHERS & IRONERS**

Ruined by moths!

$1 would have saved it

How MANY women have unpacked their woolens, blankets and furs when cool weather set in and found them utterly ruined by moths? Are *your* treasures safe? Are you *sure* those fiendish little destroyers are not at this very moment despoiling your most cherished possessions? Why not protect yourself from this thievery and destruction? You can do so surely, safely and inexpensively.

Buy a can of EXPELLO at any drug or department store. It costs but a dollar a can. Hang the can in the closet where your furs and woolens are stored away. The EXPELLO crystals give off a heavier-than-air vapor that permeates every seam and searches out the moth worms that eat your clothes and kills every one. Then you *know* your treasures are moth protected.

EXPELLO has been thoroughly tested in the laboratory and the home. It is harmless to fabrics, furs, humans and animals . . . but . . . it is instant death to moth worms. The EXPELLO odor disappears immediately in the air. And it keeps your clothing so fresh and sweet.

A closet can of EXPELLO costs $1. This has been proved to be the most efficient size and quantity for doing a thorough job. EXPELLO also comes packed in handy snow-white gauze bags for chests, trunks, etc., at $1 a can. It is guaranteed. If your dealer does not have EXPELLO we will supply you. THE EXPELLO CORPORATION, Dover, New Hampshire.

Expello
KILLS MOTH WORMS

EXPELLO CLOSET CAN No. 1. $1. *Hang can high in closet.*

For sale at leading drug and department stores

Expello
KILLS MOTH WORMS

THE EXPELLO CORPORATION, DEPT. A-1, DOVER, N. H.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $____(Cash____Money Order____Check____) for which please send me the following EXPELLO:____Cans No. 1, $1 size (for Closets).____Cans No. 2, $1 size (Handy Bags).____Cans No. 3, 50c size (Handy Bags).

My name is____________Street or R. F. D.____________

City or Town____________State________

My dealer's name is____________His address is____________

The Lilac

for it only because it cost him money, or, if Lily refused him, the aimless, decaying life of Bendish, or, if Lily accepted him, perhaps the quarreling, jealous life of marriage, and at last, at the end, this old age, nothing left save the past, all gone, all empty, all the fire and stress as though it had never been. Those were the ways that life could take.

But he was no great philosopher. For an instant only the fantasy of this strange mystery had danced before his eyes. Now it was gone. Lily, Lily . . . Oh, Lily, my darling, darling!

He got up carefully from his chair, stole across the floor, moved into the dusky hall. There was the letter-box, hanging like a malicious chin from the dark surface. Trembling so that he could scarcely stand, he went, opened it. There, shimmering white, was a letter. He saw that it was addressed to himself and was in Lily's handwriting.

Now his agony was upon him. He had to summon to his rescue every power that he had ever known. His forehead was damp with sweat. He took out his handkerchief and opened it. He tore the envelope, letting it fall to the ground. In her big, sprawling handwriting, so precious to him, he read:

"DEAREST FRED,

I want you to know that I love you and will marry you to-morrow if you want me to. My mind was made up this afternoon (it has always really been made up), but I couldn't tell you in that hurry, and then father . . ."

He read no more. All the world was singing. He flung open the hall door, and a great flood of lilac seemed to salute him, and in the dusk he saw the clustered bushes burning purple.

Gas Ranges

(*Continued from page 91*)

would be as follows: Set the regulator at "broil," sear steak for five minutes, turn and cook about eight minutes, turn again and broil about seven minutes longer.

There are two types of cooking tops, the open and the closed. With an open-top range, although it is possible to cook several foods over one burner if the proper saucepans are used, cooking operations can not be carried on when the utensils are moved away from the burners. The closed top permits grouping over a single burner, and makes it possible to take advantage of the heat stored up in the top to keep foods hot before serving. If the pans are properly placed, this heat can be utilized to keep some foods boiling and others simmering. The type of top selected may be largely a matter of personal preference, but it should be based on a careful consideration of your own requirements. You know your home conditions best and are therefore in a position to decide which type is adapted to your needs.

Good Housekeeping Institute does not recommend any top designed to convert an open into a closed type. Closed tops require careful design to insure complete combustion. Unless the entire top is designed as a single unit for a particular range, it would be difficult to insure safe operation of the burners because of possible incomplete combustion.

It is well worth while to spend some thought on using the range to the best advantage. This includes judicious use of both the top stove and the oven. Whole meals prepared in the oven reduce the attention that must be given to the food while it is cooking, and allow a certain amount of freedom from the kitchen. Since all meals do not lend themselves to this type of cooking, it is sometimes a better plan to cook only part of the meal in the oven. When the whole meal or the main course of the meal is to be prepared in the oven, it means that foods must be chosen that take the same time and

Gas Ranges

temperature to cook, or the foods must be put in at intervals. The latter method does not give the same freedom from the kitchen, but it allows of a greater variety in the menu. When there are a number of foods to be cooked, overcrowding of the top-stove burners can be avoided by using the oven. Sometimes it is advisable to start cooking on top of the stove and finish cooking in the oven. The two menus given illustrate these points.

TOP STOVE AND OVEN MEAL:—*Fried Chicken, Gravy, Baked Potatoes, Cauliflower with Mock Hollandaise Sauce, Beans.* The chicken may be cut up and browned in a skillet on top of the stove and then transferred to a covered roaster and placed in the oven with the potatoes. This leaves the top-stove burners entirely free. The sauce may be made and kept hot in a double-boiler until serving time. If one has duplicate or triplicate saucepans, the cauliflower and beans may be cooked over one burner, but enough space is available to cook them over separate burners if necessary. There is still one burner free for making the gravy when the chicken is done. If baked potatoes are not desired, it would not be necessary to use the oven. The chicken could be cooked in the skillet in which it was browned, provided it had a close-fitting cover. It is obvious that in such a case it would be necessary to use saucepans that could be grouped over one burner in order to cook the entire meal on top of the stove.

OVEN MEAL:—*Roast Veal, Baked Carrots, Pan-Browned Potatoes.*

In a meal of this type the meat would be seared at 500° F. for fifteen minutes and the temperature then reduced to 350° F. One hour before the meat is done, the potatoes would be placed around the meat. The amount of time to be allowed for the carrots would depend upon whether new or old carrots were used, how much water was put in the baking dish, and the amount of carrots to be cooked. If the oven is sufficiently large, a dessert that would bake at 350° F. could be prepared for the meal or for the next day.

KEEPING food hot after it is cooked is often a difficult problem. In ranges having a closed top, space is available at the back of the range where food can be placed and kept hot by heat radiating from one of the front burners. On an open-type top certain foods, such as gravy and sauces, may be placed over hot water. Another means of keeping food hot is by the use of a small metal plate which fits over the burner. Such a device is used also for cooking foods which have a tendency to burn unless the gas is carefully adjusted. Our experience with such plates has been that they do not save gas. On the contrary they may even increase the gas consumption but, because of their convenience, we feel their use in certain cases is justified.

Every gas range tested by Good Housekeeping Institute must pass rigid technical and practical requirements before it can be approved. Tests are conducted to determine the operating characteristics of the burners, the accuracy of the oven heat control, the rapidity of heating and cooling the oven, and the time required for the oven to settle to any temperature. Following these tests, standard practical tests are made. These tests are designed to determine the oven heat distribution and the performance of the range when food is in the oven. Both high and low temperatures, and long and short cooking periods are tried. If a range passes these tests, it is placed in one of the Institute kitchens and used daily for an extended period. It is in this daily use by trained women that satisfactory performance of the range may be proved. After this extended use the range is taken apart and examined to determine how well it has stood up under actual use. We are therefore enabled to offer you a list of ranges approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, confident that any one you may select will be satisfactory in every way.

"MOTHER COME AND PLAY"

MOTHER DEAR: They have had a "tea-party," dolly and she, a dozen times since noon. They tried to build a castle but it always tumbled down. Mother, won't you come and play with them? Pity the mother whose countless steps about the house, upstairs and down, make her too tired to enjoy her children's quickly passing babyhood. Pity the mother who does not know that strength and energy are doubled by correct shoes . . Walk-Over shoes with the built-in Main Spring* Arch which supports arches while strengthening them by controlled exercise.

Illustrated booklet of styles sent on request. Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Massachusetts.

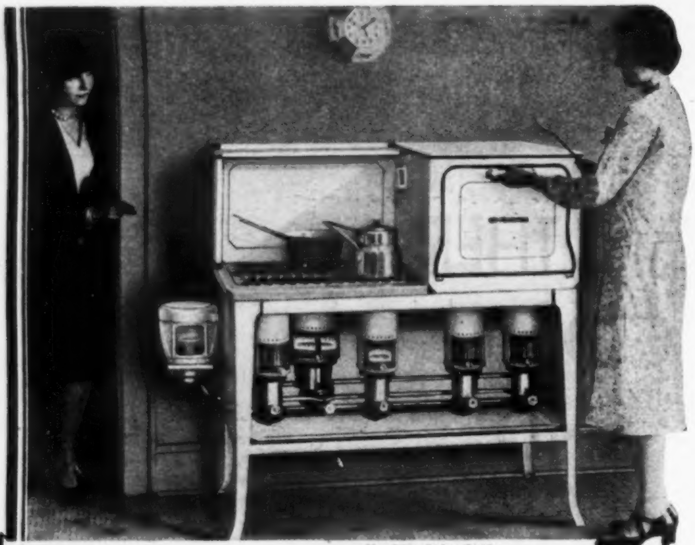
WANDA STRAP—above—Black Kidskin with a strap of Black Lizard

PLAZA TIE—below—Spanish Brown Calf with Beechwood Calf inlay

WALK-OVER

Shoes with the Main Spring Arch*

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



No. 339, Price $140

Today's dainty stove sees mother at her best

There was a time when a smudged, reddened face, wilted locks, and roughened hands were taken for granted in the kitchen. But with a New Perfection Range to help her, any woman can be as dainty when she cooks as when she entertains.

This beautiful new range is finished in shining porcelain . . . white, as shown, or with trim of gay color. The oven has a smooth porcelain lining and an accurate heat indicator. Five Giant Superfex burners, one a Big Giant, furnish clean, swift heat. You can have the same range with Giant Puritan short-drum burners, if you wish.

Beautiful Ranges, $55 to $140* New models include beautiful ranges in great variety, from $55 to $140. Perfection's handsome new stoves for separate ovens, at $7.00 to $83, complete the choice of sizes and styles.

$15 Down. These ranges may be bought on the new Perfection Purchase Plan, with a small down payment. For instance, the white range shown, priced at $140, will be placed in your kitchen for $15 down . . . with payment of the balance divided over thirteen months.

Look for the new Perfection Dealer Sign offering free trial, easy terms, and trade-in allowance on your old stove.

PERFECTION STOVE CO., *Cleveland, Ohio*
In Canada, General Steel Wares, Ltd., Toronto

* *Prices slightly higher in the South, the West and in Canada. Small financing charge on deferred payments.*

PERFECTION *Oil Burning* R*anges*

ROMAN MEAL
ROMAN MEAL

ROMAN MEAL

the well balanced food

Calories, vitamins, essential salts—roughage and bulk—all are found in Roman Meal. Served with milk or cream it is a well-balanced food.

Its delicious nut-like flavor makes it a most pleasing addition to all baking. Recipes on package.

ROMAN MEAL COMPANY, Tacoma, Washington

FREE! *Please send me a sample package of Roman Meal. (United States only.)*

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

What the Map of India means to TEA DRINKERS!

The map of India on a package of tea means that you are getting genuine India Tea . . . a blend containing more than 50% of tea grown in India, motherland of the world's finest tea.

India Tea costs no more than ordinary tea. Your grocer has a brand of tea with the map of India on the package. Be sure to look for the map.

Endurance Flight

(*Continued from page 49*)

At eight o'clock they all had breakfast in a clattery place where men in overalls drank coffee out of mugs and where sleepy-eyed waitresses stared at Lois and Sue in their rumpled party frocks. Sue squealed and tried to see how fast she could whirl around on her high stool without spilling any coffee from her mug. She said it was the most terribly thrilling breakfast she had ever eaten. But Lois shivered again and drew her thin silk cape closer about her bare throat and arms. Everything seemed tawdry and bedraggled in the morning light.

As soon as the municipal offices opened for business, they secured a marriage license from a yawning and indifferent clerk who entered the ages of contracting parties as best-man Jerry supplied them, twenty-one and eighteen, instead of the true nineteen and seventeen. Then they went to see a marrying parson recommended by the indifferent clerk; and in a dark, dirty back room Ben and Lois were pronounced man and wife by a shabby-looking individual with an oily voice.

All the beautiful, winged emotions of the preceding night had grounded. In place of ecstasy Lois was feeling a sick distaste. She could not have gone through with the ceremony in the dirty, dark room if she had not looked into Ben's miserable eyes, if he had not held her cold little hand tight in his even colder one.

Driving back to Fairtown, the four youngsters were increasingly quiet. Even Sue stopped squealing and seemed to brood on suddenly dark thoughts.

"Gosh!" she whispered once to Lois. "I wonder what your mother's going to say? And what my mother'll do to me for staying out all night! Golly gosh! I bet my allowance will be docked all summer for this."

Sue and Jerry were dropped at their respective homes, and then Ben and Lois went to the Tucker house which sat serene and dignified behind white columns, high on the Hill. Lois felt small and frightened and terribly tawdry as she passed between those tall columns and through the arched doorway. But Ben held his head defiantly high and pressed his lips tight together.

Lois's father and mother were in the sunny living-room, but they were shadows in the sun. They were haggard from the frantic night they had passed. They looked old and defeated. Mrs. Tucker gave a strangled cry and held out her arms to Lois, who ran straight into them and buried her tired head in the sweet, clean, lavender smell of her mother's negligée. But Mr. Tucker stood tall and stern and waited.

Ben, in a quivering voice which he tried to make steady and bass, said: "Lois and I are married, sir. She is my wife now. We were married."

"When?" asked Mr. Tucker.

"Just this morning, sir. At nine o'clock."

"Where?" (It seemed to Lois that her father could speak only one word at a time.)

"Over at Link City. We all drove over there from the dance last night."

"Who?"

"Lois and I. And Jerry Whitman. And Sue Hadley."

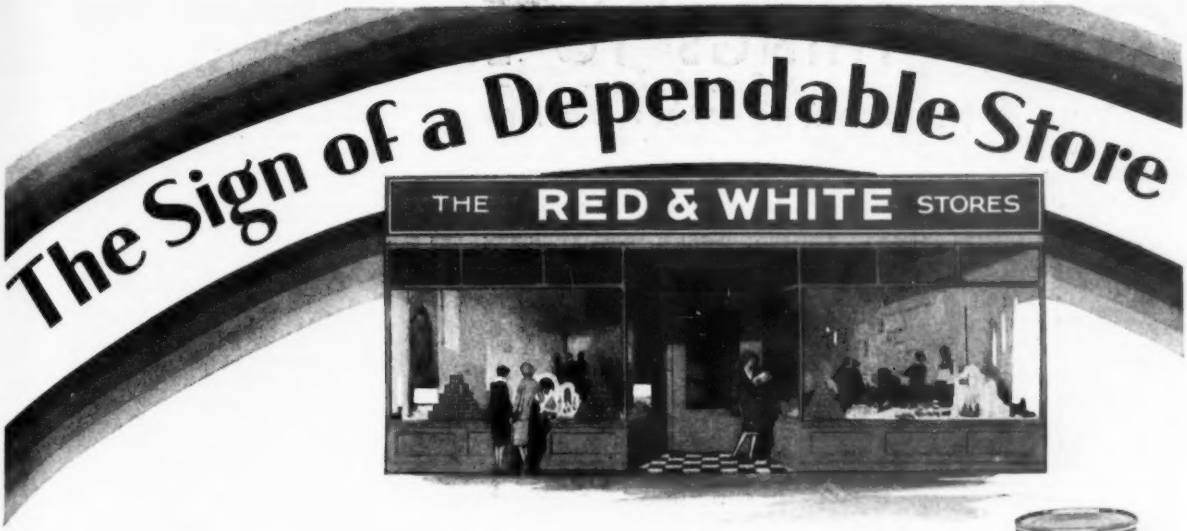
Mr. Tucker drew a deep breath. "They were with you all the time—young Whitman and the Hadley girl?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. They were our witnesses."

"Let me see your marriage certificate." Mr. Tucker held out a peremptory hand. He examined the paper carefully. "You lied about your ages," he said.

Ben flushed. "Oh, we added on a little bit," he said. "But not so much, Mr. Tucker. Only one year for Lois and two for me. We're plenty old enough to get married, but in Link City you have to be twenty-one if you're a man and eighteen if you're a girl."

The Sign of a Dependable Store



THE sign that appears upon thousands of Red & White Stores throughout the United States and Canada is more than a sign. It is a positive assurance of the trustworthiness of the man who operates the store and of the foods he sells—an insignia of thoughtful and intelligent service.

SLICED BEEF

RED & WHITE
GELATINE DESSERT

There's a Red & White Store just around the corner in most communities. At these stores you will always find a pleasing combination of good foods, low prices and kindly, interested service.

TOMATO CATSUP

The foods sold in Red & White stores are of a uniform high quality. The tremendous buying power of thousands of grocers insures the lowest average prices throughout the entire store.

Every Red & White merchant is the sole proprietor of his store. As a member of the International Red & White organization he is pledged to the highest standards of quality, cleanliness, efficiency and courtesy.

RED & WHITE
VACUUM PACKED
COFFEE

You will enjoy making your selection from the large and varied assortment shown in every Red & White Store. You will find that the Red & White label is an invariable indication of highest quality and utmost purity.

RED & WHITE
PANCAKE FLOUR

From the junior sales people upward you will find everyone connected with Red & White Stores to be ever alert to serve you—cordially and efficiently . . . for such is the spirit of helpfulness that is always identified with Red & White Stores.

RED & WHITE
TOMATOES

Housewives are invited to send for the Red & White descriptive circular.

Wholesalers and retailers may post themselves upon the many advantages to be derived from Red & White membership, by writing to the Red & White Corporation, Jackson Building, Buffalo, N. Y., or Flatiron Building, San Francisco.

THE RED & WHITE STORES OF AMERICA

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

and many other things

Good Housekeeping Institute has especially prepared the bulletins below to give you original, practical information on cookery, nutrition, reducing, the selection and care of equipment and other subjects important to you. Nowhere can you find more useful ideas that save time, money or labor.

☐ Easy Methods in Cleaning (New)	25c
☐ Card Guide to Healthful Meals	10c
☐ Building Salads into Your Meals	10c
☐ Canning Methods Up-to-Date	25c
☐ Convenient Kitchens	25c
☐ Cooking for Large Groups	25c
☐ Cooking with Electricity	25c
☐ Daily Diet Diary—4 copies for	15c
☐ Desserts in Variety (Revised)	25c
☐ Fish and Shell Fish Cookery	25c
☐ Frozen Dishes and Iced Drinks	25c
☐ Full Flavored Vegetables	25c
☐ Salads and Salad Dressings (Revised)	25c
☐ Sandwiches and Hors d'Oeuvres (Revised)	25c
☐ Vegetable Main Dishes	25c
☐ Inexpensive Desserts	10c
☐ Inexpensive Main Dishes	10c
☐ Jellies, Jams and Pickles	25c
☐ Keeping the Floors in Good Condition	15c
☐ Meals that Keep the Family Fit	25c
☐ Pies and Pastries	25c
☐ Reducing Menus (Safe and Effective)	10c
☐ Refrigeration the Year 'Round	15c
☐ Removing Spots and Stains	15c
☐ Heating the American Home	25c
☐ Home Laundering Up-to-Date	15c
☐ House Wiring and Lighting for Service (Revised)	15c
☐ Household Account Record	25c
☐ Household Devices Tested and Approved—A Safe Buying Guide	15c
☐ Selecting and Installing an Oil Burner	25c
☐ Step by Step in Budgeting the Income	10c
☐ That First Week of Meals	10c
☐ The A B C of Electricity for the Housekeeper	25c
☐ The Etiquette of Serving Breakfast, Luncheon and Dinner	50c
☐ Time and Temperature Cooking Chart—on Oil-cloth	25c

☐ Binder for bulletins you already have $1.00

Check those you want. Send stamps, money-order or check (not cash) to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City. Print name and address clearly.

Endurance Flight

"Exactly," said Mr. Tucker. "And you weren't. The marriage can be annulled without any trouble."

Lois raised her head from her mother's shoulder. Ben looked dazed.

"You can't annul our marriage," Ben said defiantly. "Lois and I are married, and we are going to stay married always."

"You aren't married except on this scrap of paper, and this is a lie," Mr. Tucker told him. "I'll go over to Link City today and see Judge Temple. The marriage will be annulled all rght. And now I'll ask you to leave my house. You've brought disgrace enough into it."

"That's not true," Ben cried. "It isn't a disgrace for people who love each other to get married. I'll be glad enough to leave your house, but Lois will leave with me."

"And where will you take her?" Mr. Tucker taunted him. "To your father's house where there's apt to be a police raid for bootleg liquor any night?"

Ben was white and angry now. "Aren't you one of my father's customers?" he asked his new father-in-law. "What's the difference between the man who buys and the man who sells?"

"All the difference," Mr. Tucker told him. "The difference between the Hill and the Hollow. Lois was born and bred on the Hill, and while I live no bootlegger's brat is going to drag her down into the Hollow. Now get out!"

"Lois," Ben begged, "aren't you coming with me, honey?"

Mrs. Tucker tightened her lavender-scented embrace of Lois's tired little body.

"Oh, Ben! I *can't* leave home. Where would we go?" Lois cried desperately.

"We'll go *somewhere*," Ben promised staunchly if indefinitely.

But Lois only repeated, "I can't leave home."

She began to cry, soft convulsive little sobs. Ben turned and walked out of the room, out of the house. His shoulders did not sag under the contempt of the man whose house he was leaving by request. But his eyes had a bitterness which should not have been in eyes so young. Lois could never have borne the look in his eyes. But she did not see it. She only saw his back turned so sturdily on her and hers.

AS MR. TUCKER had predicted, the annulment went through quickly with no legal delays. It was reported to Lois by Jerry Whitman that Ben had left town and that none of his friends knew where he had gone. Mrs. Tucker packed hastily and took Lois to Europe for the summer. Nothing remained of that sordid little ceremony in a back room save Ben's high-school class ring which he had pressed on Lois's finger when the ceremony had ended. Her wedding ring! It was much too big for her finger, and besides, her mother would not have allowed her to wear it. She put it away in a lacquered box that locked with a silver key.

All summer Mrs. Tucker traveled relentlessly. She said the best way for Lois to forget was to have no time to remember. Europe seemed to Lois a swift blur of cathedrals and art galleries. She felt lost and insignificant in the vastness of a world which did not center about herself as it had centered back in Fairtown High, where she was the prettiest girl, the most popular girl, the sweetest girl.

When they landed in New York in the early fall, the world shifted from a blur of cathedrals to a blur of shops. Mrs. Tucker dashed madly from one specialty shop to another and fitted Lois out correctly for the immensely correct boarding school in which she had been entered for the coming term.

The girls in the school were, for the most part, a sophisticated lot. They laughed at the simplicities which Lois had brought with her from Fairtown, so that Lois became a

PAIN stopped

Then CORN dropped off during the night

FREEZONE is surprising. FIRST DROP STOPS PAIN — INSTANTLY. Then corn loosens and falls off or lifts off with fingers, easily, painlessly. To get rid of soft or hard corns, calluses or bunion get a bottle of safe FREEZONE from your druggist.

★ FREEZONE

SAFE

FITS the HAND
FIT for the HAND

Just the comfortable size and shape for scrubbing pots and pans—and how lightning-fast the Chore Girl cleans them! A flexible sponge, knitted throughout from a continuous ribbon of soft copper.

As the Chore Girl is all one piece it cannot shed splinters to irritate the fingers.

So soft is the annealed copper that there is a minimum of wear on aluminum, and a minimum of your time and effort even with the stubbornest utensil. The Chore Girl can't rust, lasts long.

Don't deny yourself a day longer the cheery help of the Chore Girl. Sold at your nearest five and ten cent store, hardware or department store; or mail dime for a sample to Metal Textile Corporation, Orange, New Jersey.

The CHORE GIRL

Like a breath from the deep woods!

O-Cedar

Spray

Deals swift, sure Death to Insect Pests

O-CEDAR, famed for Mops and Polishes, has created another aid to household cleanliness and sanitation —O-Cedar Spray, a powerful insecticide —*fragrant, stainless, harmless* to humans, *easy* and *pleasant* to use.

Being rich in oil of cedar, it leaves the atmosphere of your home clean, aromatic, wholesome. No unpleasantness, no discomfort *to you.*

Because it is 20% stronger than ordinary sprays, O-Cedar Spray gives you a quicker, surer, more economical means of killing moths, flies, roaches, ants, mosquitoes and a host of other insects.

Begin using O-Cedar Spray now. Two applications a week directly upon your rugs, carpets, drapes, upholstery and into your clothes closets is positive protection against moths. Be prepared. Get a quart of O-Cedar Spray today. Sold under the O-Cedar Absolute Guarantee — death to household insects or money back.

O-Cedar
Spray

KILLS

Moths, Flies, Ants, Roaches, Bedbugs, and all other insect pests

O-Cedar Corp'n

CHICAGO

MAKERS OF O-CEDAR MOPS & POLISHES

little shy and listened more than she talked. No one at the school knew that she had been married and the marriage annulled, and she did not tell them.

She listened to what the other girls said about marriage. They were very wise. They knew that love was nothing but a biological urge about which poets and fictionists had told a lot of pretty lies, and they didn't intend to be fooled by it for a moment. They meant to marry during their first season out, or the second at the latest; and they knew that the first qualification in a husband was money, the next social position, the third good looks. Listening to them, Lois felt more and more that she must have dreamed that night in June when a crooked moon made magic and she had gone with Ben in pursuit of something strange and beautiful which had somehow escaped.

When Lois returned to Fairtown in her eighteenth summer, she found everything different. All the old promiscuous friendships of high school had dissolved. Some of the boys and girls she had liked best had retreated down into the Hollow and socially were seen no more. Lois took her place with her own proper set—Sue Hadley and Mabel Ballinger and Eve Rivers were the leaders of "the crowd"—but she discovered quickly that she was in the set without being of it. She was not admitted to the foolish little intimacies which the other girls had. The boys seemed always faintly uneasy with her, as though her annulled marriage to Ben Sharrod made her different from perfectly unmarried girls. And the mothers made it entirely plain that, while they could not afford to snub a Tucker, they distrusted any close companionship between a wild girl like Lois and their own daughters and sons.

Mrs. Tucker, perceiving the situation, decided to send Lois back to finishing school for another expensive year. So Lois returned to the superior young sophisticates who talked while she listened. She did not make intimate friendships in this second year any more than she had in her first year, and did not secure the invitations to visit in desirable homes far from Fairtown which Mrs. Tucker had coveted for her.

In her nineteenth summer she came back to Fairtown again and found the same tentative acceptance awaiting her. Mrs. Tucker sighed and accepted defeat. She turned her attention to her second daughter, Catherine, aged fourteen, determining that Catherine should be removed early from the democracy of Fairtown High School before she could take it seriously, as Lois had taken it.

SUE HADLEY was the first girl of Lois's set to announce her engagement. She was engaged to Lawrence Kane. Lawrence had failed to pass his sophomore examinations at college and had come home to accept a position in his father's bank. He had a salary now in addition to the generous allowance his father gave him, and Sue had a spectacular engagement ring which she wore triumphantly.

"Imagine!" she said to Lois, "I'll be the first girl in the crowd to be married. Isn't it too thrilling?"

Then she remembered and looked faintly embarrassed. "Of course, you were first in a way," she conceded. "But that was different. Mine will be a real wedding."

"Oh, yes, awfully different," Lois agreed lightly.

Sue's wedding took place at Christmas time and was big and gay, with six bridesmaids. But Lois was not one of the bridesmaids, although she and Sue had once been best friends. Mrs. Hadley still felt bitter about the frantic night she had passed after the high-school graduation dance when, as she put it, "that wild Lois Tucker and the common Sharrod boy took dear, innocent

When things look blackest use S.O.S

S.O.S *the* Modern Way *to clean* ALUMINUM

Just wet the pad and rub! That's the *modern* way, the easier, quicker way to clean aluminum. No *extra* soap or powder to bother with. S. O. S. contains its own grease-cutting and scouring materials.

As easily as you wipe off a pan with a cloth, ordinary stains disappear. Even stubborn burned spots are quickly removed.

Equally fine for enamelware, tin, baking glass, nickeled stoves and linoleum. S. O. S. polishes as it cleans. Economical, too, for you can use it again and again.

We recommend a full-size package of S.O.S. for a good trial. Your store can supply you. If you prefer, we will send a *Free Trial Package* on request. The S. O. S. CO., 3500 S. Morgan St., Chicago, Ill., or S.O.S. MFG. CO. of Canada, Ltd., 365 Sorauren Ave., Toronto, Ont., Can.

Sold by leading grocery, hardware, department, and variety stores.

S.O.S

Pat. Jan. 15, 1918—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Magic Scouring Pads

In 3-pad and 6-pad packages.

S.O.S
Magic
Scouring
Pads

To be healthy children's feet must exercise

THEY CAN IN HOODS

Podiatrists strongly favor the scientifically made flexible shoe for children's play and recreation hours.

One well-known specialist says: "Stiff, hard shoes prevent the proper exercise of certain muscles of the foot which is necessary to its normal healthy development. Going barefoot is unsafe. But your children can have all the comfort and fun that 'going barefoot' gives by wearing soft flexible shoes."

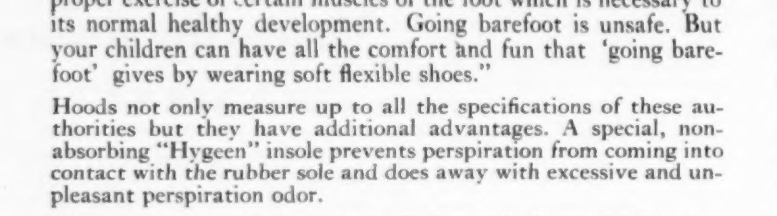
Hoods not only measure up to all the specifications of these authorities but they have additional advantages. A special, nonabsorbing "Hygeen" insole prevents perspiration from coming into contact with the rubber sole and does away with excessive and unpleasant perspiration odor.

The seams are on the outside to eliminate chafing and blistering. Narrow shanks give firm support to the arches. And several of the better grade styles have a sponge cushion heel that extends way down under the instep and prevents heel bruises.

Write for the Hood booklet on the care of your children's feet. Written by a well-known orthopedic surgeon.

HOOD RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
Watertown, Massachusetts

Look for the Hood Arrow
HOOD



The period during which children's feet are correctly or incorrectly formed is between the ages of ten and eighteen years. During this formative stage the shoes worn should be soft and roomy and yet provide ample support for ankles and arches.

Let Them Have More Fun in Hoods

HOOD MAKES CANVAS SHOES • RUBBER FOOTWEAR • TIRES • RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS • RUBBER FLOOR TILING

little Sue with them to Link City." Consequently Mrs. Hadley forbade Sue's asking Lois to be in her wedding party. However, Lois was asked to all the showers and the luncheons and the dances given for the bride.

At one of the parties, when she was dancing with Jerry Whitman, home for the holidays from the big eastern university he was attending, Jerry asked with attempted casualness:

"Say, who do you suppose turned up at the University this year? Special friend of yours."

Lois lifted her grave, blue eyes to his embarrassed face.

"Ben?" she said quietly—that is, it sounded quiet to Jerry, who could not hear her heart pounding behind the name.

"Yes, old Ben. He's working his way through. Of course, I don't see much of him. He didn't make a frat, naturally—"

Jerry broke off in confusion, realizing that he was talking about her husband, or her almost-husband.

"No, of course, he wouldn't make a frat," Lois agreed in a perfectly colorless voice, and Jerry thought to himself,

"Gosh, she's a cold little thing!"

SUE'S wedding seemed to be a sort of signal for engagements to begin popping like firecrackers. It seemed to Lois that she was forever being asked to admire a new engagement ring. She came to hate diamonds, symbols of something which she had missed. All she had was a makeshift wedding ring shut up in a lacquered box, a ring she no longer had the right to wear.

On the surface of things Lois seemed popular enough. She was much too pretty and much too good a dancer to be neglected at parties. But she had to be perpetually on guard. If she did or said things the other girls could do and say with impunity, they were misinterpreted. She had to be constantly proving that, even though she had an annulled marriage to her discredit, she was not "easy." And sometimes, when she was very tired and lowered her guard, it made her a little sick to see that in an age when every one's kisses were cheap enough, hers were regarded as basement bargains.

She grew a self-protective cynicism as the years punished her for a guilt of which she felt so innocent. She learned to say sharp things with a soft voice, and to keep herself a secret from her friends. These were really the things that kept her own generation from forgetting that foolish night in June. Her contemporaries did not actually think her wild or bad, but they thought her different, and that was what they could not forgive.

Because she had learned to be so reticent, the other girls did not suspect that she had never had a single chance at the glittering engagement rings which they were all acquiring, one after the other. They watched her playing around with men on whom they had their own serious designs, and wondered. She kept them wondering. She was rather clever about it. For instance:

When Mabel Ballinger's engagement to Jerry Whiteman was announced, Mabel said laughingly to Lois:

"Sorry to steal my man from you, darling. But I just had to have him."

Lois knew instantly that Jerry had told Mabel the truth, namely, that he had never had the faintest idea of marrying Lois, even though he had found her an amusing little playmate for several years. It hurt to have Mabel know the truth. So Lois lifted wide, innocent eyes and said softly:

"Why, whatever gave you the idea that Jerry liked me, Mabel? He was never anything but a terribly good friend of mine. Please believe me."

Instantly doubt clouded Mabel's eyes. And Lois knew that it would be a long time before Jerry could undo what her own sweet

Endurance Flight

candor had done. Mabel would probably believe all her life long that she had married a man whom Lois could have had but didn't want.

It was because she was so often hurt herself that she could hurt others this way. Her pride was sore to the touch. She did not want the other girls' engagement rings or the men who went with the rings, but it hurt to feel herself unwanted. As for Jerry Whitman, Mabel was welcome enough to him. All that had ever interested Lois in Jerry was the fact that he alone could give her information about Ben Sharrod. Merely scraps of information, because at the university which they both attended Jerry's and Ben's paths lay far apart. And after Jerry finished his university course, he lost track of Ben entirely.

"Old Ben went into aviation," he told Lois. "Got a job with some big commercial flying concern."

That was the last thing Jerry ever said that interested Lois, although she continued to smile at his wisecracks until Mabel Ballinger took him over.

LOIS was remembering many of these things on her twenty-third birthday. She was remembering not simply because it was her birthday, but because it was also her sister's wedding day. Catherine, who had been a child six years ago when she herself had married in so brief a fashion, was marrying now with all pomp and ceremony. Mrs Tucker was making up on her second daughter what she had missed in her first.

Lois was to be maid of honor; Catherine had insisted on that. Catherine was rather a dear. But the warmth of happiness about the radiant little bride made Lois all the more conscious of the chill in her own heart. The necessity for being very, very gay was like a whip laid across her loneliness.

No one suspected, however, that the occasion was an ordeal for her. She was lovely as a part of the familiar pageant, moving with slow grace up the church aisle in her maid-of-honor gown of sky-blue taffeta with big, floppy hat to match, and her arms full of golden roses. Lovelier than the bride, people whispered. And later, at the elaborate reception which Mrs. Tucker gave, she was a gracious young sub-hostess, with a pretty smile for the most casual wedding guest.

It was one of these casual guests, into whose hands she had just pressed a plate of chicken salad, who asked her eagerly,

"Heard the news?"

"What news?" Lois inquired politely.

"We're going to have an airport. Believe it or not, old Fairtown's going to be on the map now. I just heard it a few hours ago. Had lunch with a couple of Chamber of Commerce fellows. Of course, your father will know all about it. Fact is, I understand Mr. Tucker did more than anybody else to fix it up. They say he gave about a third of the money for the landing field."

Lois smiled automatically. "Father's so full of public spirit," she murmured vaguely.

The wedding guest expanded under her smile. "Why, your father's one of the most public-spirited men in this town," he enthused. "And he's got vision. That's what Mr. Tucker has. Vision. He looks ahead and he knows that ten years from now a town that isn't on an air route will be deader than a town that has no railroad station. He's going to do his bit to put Fairtown on the air maps, early and big."

"Air maps," echoed Lois absently. "They sound too thrilling."

"Wait until Fairtown airport has its big opening day—stunt day. Then you girls and boys will get your thrills," he promised. "Those fellows I lunched with to-day were telling me some of the plans. They are

Sometimes women, too,
must face this situation

Funeral Facts
that
Everyone
Should Know

HARD indeed is the task of the woman confronted for the first time with the necessity of making funeral arrangements. There are so many details to be considered . . . so many questions demanding definite answers.

The funeral director must be chosen . . . the casket selected . . . friends and relatives advised—numberless things to think of at a time when clear thought is difficult.

The funeral director will, of course, assume a great portion of the burden, but there are things which even the funeral director cannot decide . . . How much easier the task would be if definite information regarding these matters were at hand.

Realizing, perhaps better than anyone, how trying this situation is, the National Casket Company has published a booklet, "Funeral Facts," to help women (and men) unfamiliar with the obligations death imposes.

This booklet answers many puzzling questions . . . what to do first . . . where the funeral services should be held . . . what the funeral directors' services include—everything that everyone should know.

We shall be glad to send you a copy of "Funeral Facts" upon request. This booklet, written with the aid and advice of leading funeral directors, is based upon half a century of experience. Its importance can hardly be over-estimated. It belongs among everyone's private papers.

Send for it now. Be ready in time of need. Write Dept. M4, 60 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.

NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY, INC.
DISPLAY ROOMS IN TWENTY-SEVEN CITIES

NATIONAL
CASKET COMPANY INC
COPPER

THIS TRADEMARK SPECIFIES MATERIALS USED AND GUARANTEES QUALITY
NATIONAL CASKETS ARE SOLD ONLY THROUGH FUNERAL DIRECTORS

"...with eager faces and glowing little bodies"

A MOTHER writes: "I often let my children use their Dr. Lewis Health Togs as play suits. This underwear gives them plenty of air and sunshine! I love to see them at play with their eager faces and glowing little bodies."

Designed by an authority, Dr. Lewis Health Togs give your children freedom of action, protection against exposure, and their full share of the sunshine Vitamin D. Beautifully fashioned in plain white or dainty printed fabrics, these sturdy garments stand the strain of vigorous play and frequent laundering.

Leading drygoods and department stores sell Dr. Lewis Health Togs for Children. If your dealer is out of stock, mail this coupon with 50c and let us send you a trial garment.

McLOUGHLIN MANUFACTURING CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
Sales Office: 366 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

DR. LEWIS
HEALTH TOGS

MRS. HELEN RIDGWAY, McLoughlin Mfg. Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 50c. Please send me a suit of Dr. Lewis Health Togs for a child..........years of age (ages 2—8).

I prefer plain white / printed fabrics.

Name..........

Address..........

Dealer's Name..........

Endurance Flight

going to have all the trimmings, parachute jumps and everything. The Army will send one of its crack fliers. And for a special attraction there's going to be one of the finest civilian aviators in the whole country. He's an old Fairtown boy, and he's promised to come home for the Big Time. Sharrod's his name. Ben Sharrod."

"What's that?" Lois asked sharply. "Who's going to fly?"

The wedding guest, startled by her sudden interest, stared at her. And as he stared, his memory stirred, slowly awoke. A painful blush burned his face. He almost dropped his plate of salad.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered. "Of course, Ben Sharrod was—was—"

"Yes, he was my husband for an hour or two," said Lois calmly. She added hospitably, "Won't you let me bring you a cup of coffee with your salad?"

The wedding guest nodded dumbly, and Lois left him, but she never returned with the promised coffee. She escaped from the chattery reception rooms and went upstairs to her own quiet room. She took a lacquered box from her dresser and unlocked it with a silver key. From the bottom of the box she drew a rather clumsy gold ring—a boy's class ring. She put it on the ring finger of her left hand and pressed its seal hard against her soft flesh. For about five minutes she kept it there; then she put the ring back into the lacquered box and turned the silver key in the lock. She went downstairs again to the reception, looking very lovely and placid. When another excited wedding guest said to her,

"Heard the news?" she answered gaily: "Yes. Isn't it too marvelous? And Ben's going to fly—that's a big thrill."

Two middle-aged ladies, overhearing her, exchanged significant looks. The spinsterish one said:

"She has no heart. Like all her generation. They none of them have hearts. Cold as icicles."

The matronly one answered: "On the contrary, my dear, they are in their own horrid phrase 'hot.' They burn up their emotions in one bonfire after another. Now, in our day, if a girl like Lois Tucker had made a queer marriage like this, and then the marriage had been annulled, she'd never have had the face to mention Ben Sharrod's name. But Lois doesn't care. She's had so many affairs since then, I guess, that she's positively forgotten him."

The spinsterish one widened her eyes in fascinated horror. "Do you really think that's it?" she breathed.

THAT night Lois spoke to her father about the airport project.

"They tell me you've gone air-minded, Dad," she commented lightly. "That you're one of three generous souls planning to donate a landing field to our progressive town. Where's the field to be?"

"A few miles up the Deming Pike," said Mr. Tucker vaguely. "We've got a good turtle-backed field out there."

"Oh. Isn't the Evergreen Park development out that way?" asked Lois innocently.

"Yes. What of it?"

"Nothing. I was just thinking that you'd find it easier to sell your Evergreen lots after the airport advertises the neighborhood."

Mr. Tucker frowned. "There may be a little incidental advantage," he admitted. "But somebody had to profit wherever the airport was located. It's fair enough that the men who have sufficient public spirit to back the project should get whatever profit there is."

"Oh, entirely fair," Lois agreed sweetly. "I also hear that Ben Sharrod is coming home for your big Stunt Day. The 'bootlegger's brat' has risen in the world, hasn't he?"

"Now, listen here, Lois," her father said

Here is YOUR Washing Machine

Shipped You FREE for 5 Day Trial

WE WANT you to experience the thrill of washing clothes the *Modern Way*—right on the kitchen table or in the bathroom with the New Model Edenette Portable Electric Clothes Washer. We have such faith in this amazing electric washer, we will ship you this 1930 Model Edenette by prepaid express without a penny deposit. Test it for 5 days and if you decide this is the washer you have always wanted, you can take months to pay for it on the budget plan. And think of it! The Edenette costs less than one-third the price of an ordinary washer.

And it's so simple and convenient and easy to operate—it may be attached to any electric outlet—no fuss or bother. A washing of one tubful (15 to 36 pieces depending on size) may be done in less than 15 minutes—precious hours saved for shopping and pleasure. Even while this amazing washing machine is operating other duties may be attended to or additional care given to the children. Clothes washed in the Edenette wear longer because they are scientifically cleaned by the vacuum-cup process. The Edenette may be stored under the kitchen table, sink or in a closet. Thousands in daily use saving time and labor.

Read What This Doctor Writes

We have been using the Edenette ever since our baby came. From a hygienic standpoint it is perfect. It certainly frees the mother from unusual drudgery at little expense.
Dr. B., New York City

One Woman Writes

You might be interested to know we even used the Edenette to wash blankets with a winter of Pittsburgh dirt in them.
Mrs. F. A. E.
Chautauqua, N. Y.

Send No Money

Just clip the coupon—don't send us any money—the Edenette will be shipped you express prepaid without any down payment whatever for 5 DAYS' FREE TRIAL—Act Now—learn of this wonderful labor saver that washes clothes the Modern Way. Try it in your own home and be convinced.

Mail Coupon for FREE Trial

Eden Appliance Corporation
225 West 34th St., New York, N. Y.

Send me the New Edenette Electric Clothes Washer for 5 Days' FREE TRIAL. If I keep it I will pay $59.50 cash or $9.50 at the end of trial period and $5.50 per month for 10 months until paid. Title and ownership to remain in you until fully paid.

Name..........

Street..........

City.......... *State*.......... Dept. 45

DONT HURT YOUR BABY with pins and buttons

Vanta

Baby Garments

No Pins No Buttons

KEEP him safe from pins that come unfastened and buttons that turn edgewise. Protect him from the danger of swallowing a pin or button. Dress him safely, comfortably in the downiest of garments that fasten without the need of turning baby once, with dainty bows of twistless tape. Adjustable as Baby grows; never too tight nor too loose.

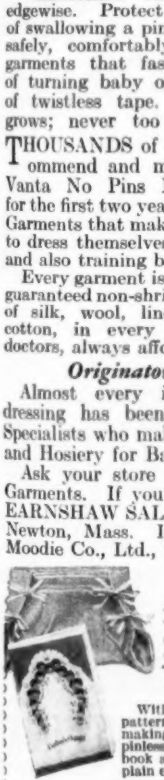
THOUSANDS of doctors and nurses recommend and millions of mothers use Vanta No Pins No Buttons Garments for the first two years, then Vanta Self Help Garments that make it easy to teach babies to dress themselves, saving mothers' time, and also training babies' minds.

Every garment is of finest Vanta Quality, guaranteed non-shrinkable. Knitted fabrics of silk, wool, linen mesh, rayon, sase, cotton, in every weight prescribed by doctors, always afford complete protection.

Originators—Specialists

Almost every improvement in baby dressing has been originated by Vanta Specialists who make only finest Garments and Hosiery for Babies.

Ask your store for the original Vanta Garments. If you cannot get them write EARNSHAW SALES CO., Inc., Dept. 354 Newton, Mass. In Canada, write J. R. Moodie Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.



FREE TO YOU

Vanta Pattern, also "Baby's Outfit," a book of 64 pages on care and dressing of babies.

Earnshaw Sales Co., Inc.
Dept. 354, Newton, Mass.

Without charge now or later send pattern and full instructions for making the new Vanta square-fold, pinless diaper. Also Baby's Outfit book and illustrated catalog, all in plain envelope.

Name..........

Address..........

City.......... State..........

angrily. "You know well enough *I* didn't select Ben Sharrod for this thing. It was the other men on the committee. They wanted him because he was a home-town boy and all that. Naturally I couldn't protest without dragging your name into a lot of gossip after everything's quieted down so nicely."

"'Quieted down so nicely," Lois echoed and gave a strange little laugh. "But, after all, Ben's still the 'bootlegger's brat,' Dad. How can you hope to make him a hero?"

"Oh, people have forgotten that part. Old Ike Sharrod's been dead four years. And the boy is steady enough himself, they say. One of the most level-headed men in the aviation game. Why, they tell me he owns about twenty-five percent of the stock in this airplane company he flies for. He's not a chip of his dad's block, as it turns out."

"No. Not as it turns out," Lois said dully.

Mrs. Tucker, who had been fluttering on the edge of this conversation for some minutes, took a voice in it now. "Wouldn't you like to take a little trip somewhere, Lois darling?" she asked anxiously. "Your Aunt Jane would love to have you visit her. You could stay away until all this excitement is over."

"Why, of course, not," Lois answered. "I wouldn't miss Ben's homecoming for anything in the world."

Mrs. Tucker decided for the thousandth time that Lois was cold and insensitive. But the girl was twenty-three years old, and she couldn't be forced to do the proper thing if she didn't want to do it.

WHEN the Fairtown Airport had its opening day celebration, Lois was an interested and apparently light-hearted spectator. As she watched Ben's plane cut swift silver patterns into the blue of heaven, her uplifted face was stonily calm. Other watchers, between their quivery Oh's and their fearful Ah's, found time to comment on her calmness.

"Wouldn't you think she'd have *some* feeling about him 'way up there in the sky?" they whispered to one another.

But there was a whole new crop of girls and boys who had grown up since that night six years before when Lois and Ben had ridden away into the glamour of moonlight. These youngsters had never even heard of Ben's annulled marriage. They were not in the least interested in Lois, but they were intensely interested in Ben. When he came down to earth again, they immediately surrounded him, a noisy crowd clamoring to be taken up.

"Want to go up?" Lois's escort asked her politely. "I understand there will be a limited number of passenger flights."

Lois glanced at the youthful hero-worshipers surrounding Ben, then glanced fastidiously away.

"Thanks, no," she said. "I shan't join the cradle roll. Suppose we go home now. The rest of the program seems rather dull."

Thus it was not until evening that she came face to face with Ben. At the dance which the Hilltop Club gave in honor of the town's guests Ben stood, ironically enough, next to her father in the receiving line.

Lois put her cold little hand into his colder one and smiled crookedly up into his grave regard.

"It's been a long time," she said without knowing exactly what she said.

Ben did not smile back into her eyes. He did not answer her. He only stared at her until she released her hand and moved on down the line. But later, when the receiving line broke and dancing commenced, he came straight to her.

"The first with me?" he asked.

WHY WISS SCISSORS *Are Cheapest . . .*

Wiss Scissors may cost a few cents more . . . But they are *cheapest* in the end. They hold their sharp edges and cut clear to the points, without losing their marvelous adjustment. *Write for booklet "C".*

HOUSEHOLD SHEARS

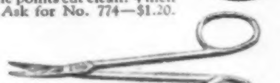
For dressmaking or heavy sewing. A second pair should be in every kitchen. 8 inch size. Ask for No. 138—$1.70.

SEWING SCISSORS

For mending and light sewing. Stay sharp . . . 5 inch size. Ask for No. 815—$1.40.

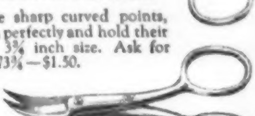
EMBROIDERY SCISSORS

Light, dainty, yet strong. Needle points cut clean. 4 inch size. Ask for No. 774—$1.20.



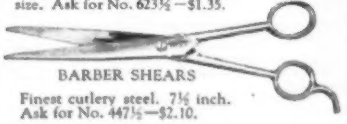
MANICURE SCISSORS

Needle sharp curved points, match perfectly and hold their edge. 3¾ inch size. Ask for No. 573¾—$1.50.



NAIL SCISSORS

Strong, curved blades. Cut heavy toenails easily. 3½ inch size. Ask for No. 623½—$1.35.



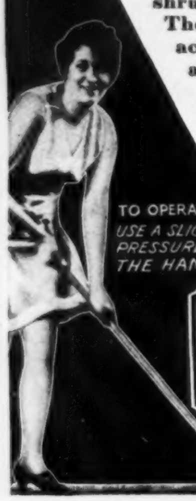
BARBER SHEARS

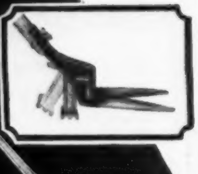
Finest cutlery steel. 7½ inch. Ask for No. 447½—$2.10.

WISS SCISSORS
Wonderful Cutters
J. WISS & SONS CO. . . NEWARK, N. J.

Dōo-Klip
THE *MODERN*
GRASS SHEARS

make trimming around lawns, borders, and shrubbery a pleasure. The easy up and down action of the shears and the smooth, rounded handles prevent blisters. The hand is always out of the dirt—no skinned knuckles or grass stains.


TO OPERATE:
USE A SLIGHT PRESSURE ON THE HANDLE

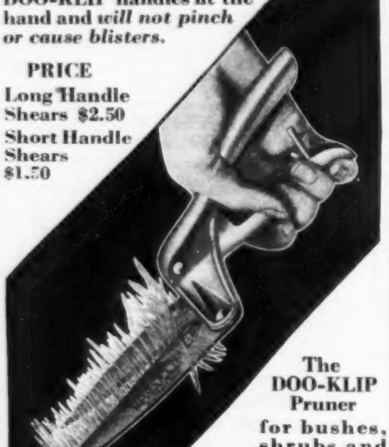


DOO-KLIP shears are self-sharpening and self-tensioning.

DOO-KLIP blades cut evenly along their entire length.

DOO-KLIP handles fit the hand and *will not pinch or cause blisters.*

PRICE
Long Handle Shears $2.50
Short Handle Shears $1.50



The DOO-KLIP Pruner
for bushes, shrubs and vines, cuts diagonally—the only healthy way to prune. It minimizes bruising.
PRICE $1.50

***Look for the green shears.* If your hardware dealer does not have them, send us the coupon with your money and they will be shipped immediately.**

The Alliance Mfg. Co., GH-1
Alliance, Ohio.
Enclosed please find $........ for Doo-Klip Standard Grass Shears, Doo-Klip Long Handle Grass Shears, Doo-Klip Pruner.
Name..
Street..
City........................State..............

Endurance Flight

Out of the hurt of the past six years Lois answered him.

"Thanks, but I'm dancing it with Ned Craig," she said perversely, and lifted her lovely arms to the astonished Ned, who automatically danced off with her.

There was an audible gasp from a group of young girls who were standing close enough to see their hero snubbed.

After that Ben danced steadily with other girls; Lois danced steadily with other men. In her heart there was a new hurt and a new pain.

Around midnight Ben seemed to vanish from the floor, but Lois danced on and on. She was dancing with Ned Craig again, and Ned was swaying dangerously. He had emptied more flasks than were good for his sense of direction. Suddenly he banged into another couple, lurched, and would have dragged Lois to the floor with him had not Ben emerged from nowhere and vigorously cut in, steadying the unsteady Ned and dancing away with Lois all in one swoop.

WHEN they reached an exist, Ben swung her on to the columned veranda. He found an unoccupied seat at the far end of the veranda and pulled Lois down beside him there. They looked out over the club links, soft and serene under the light of a waning moon which hung lopsidedly in the sky. The sight of that crooked moon made Lois catch her under lip hard with her teeth, lest she cry.

"Now tell me what you've been doing—all these years?" said Ben.

"Nothing," she answered. "Dancing, driving, laughing and—oh, yes—telling lies."

"Loving?"

"No, not loving."

"Being loved then?"

She shook her head. "No, not being loved either."

He laughed harshly. His eyes swept over her loveliness. "Expect me to believe that all the men in Fairtown are blind?" he asked. "Why wouldn't they love you?"

"Why?" she echoed. And then a light seemed to break in her puzzled eyes. "I think I know why—now," she told him. "The reason they didn't want me to marry them was because they knew all the time that I was married to you."

She held up her left hand to him and showed him a clumsy seal ring which she was wearing; a ring still much too big for her, but guarded by a flashing dinner ring above it.

"Don't you remember this, Ben?" she asked.

He seized her hand in a grip that hurt. "You mean what you've just said?" he demanded. "You really mean you've never stopped loving me?"

She nodded. Ben caught her awkwardly in his hard arms and kissed her inexpertly. Evidently he had not yet learned to be a petter.

"Listen," he said. "Let's get married right away. To-night. We have wasted too much time already. We can take my plane and get away from all these people. I know some one who'll wangle a special license for us. Will you do it?"

Again she nodded.

"Not afraid to fly, are you, honey?" he asked.

"No."

"Been up before?"

"I've done some endurance flying—six years in the air," she told him.

Ben looked puzzled, but she only laughed at him for explanation.

Half an hour later they were flying eastward; cutting the soft, secret night with speed, speed, and yet more speed, winging toward the strange, bright ecstasy that beckoned down moonlit airpaths.

KILL ANTS *in the nest!*
(See coupon below)

THE Antrol System "gets" ants at their source...the nest. That is why it kills **the whole colony**...the only way to get rid of ants permanently!

Small glass containers filled with special Antrol Syrup are placed around your house and garden according to simple directions. Ants carry the syrup to their nest for food. The entire colony is killed... quickly... surely... economically. Antrol is safe to use around children or pets.

Get Antrol from your seed, hardware, or drug dealer today. If he does not have it, mail coupon below, giving his name. We will send you free instructive booklet on pest control... and refer you to nearest Antrol dealer.

KILL GARDEN PESTS such as cutworms, snails, slugs, earwigs, etc., by simply sprinkling Snarol, the ready prepared meal, on the ground under plants and shrubs. Safe... sure ...economical. Ask your dealer about Snarol.

Antrol
Kills Ants in the Nest

ANTROL LABORATORIES, Inc.
651 Imperial St., Los Angeles Dept. 4-A
Please send me without cost or obligation instructive booklet on pest control.
*Name*________________
*Address*________________
*Dealer's Name*________________

·NEXT BEST TO RAIN·

Here's the proved all-purpose sprinkler for home owners. Keeps lawns, flowers, gardens and shrubs fresh and beautiful regardless of dry weather. Sprinkles in a circle or on a straight line. Covers circular area up to 80 feet or down to 15 feet in diameter according to pressure. Adjustable nozzle—rain-like drops or mist-like spray!

DOUBLE ROTARY
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
JUNIOR SPRINKLER

Scientifically constructed of best materials. Convenient skid base.

TRY 10 DAYS Order now, from this ad. If not satisfactory, return sprinkler and money will be promptly refunded. Price, $7.50. Descriptive illustrated literature on request. Order today!

DOUBLE ROTARY SPRINKLER CO.
100 Coca Cola Bldg.
Kansas City, Mo.

Dealers write for sales proposition

Give Your Roses a Chance

100% Effective

Roses, and other flowers, can not thrive when infested with Aphis or Plant Lice. Keep them flourishing and healthy by spraying with

ROSE
—TRADE MARK—
NICOTINE

Get a bottle of "Rose Nicotine" from the nearest drug store. It has been the standard flower spray for a quarter of a century. Vitrol sprays will NOT kill Rose Aphis—you MUST use Nicotine.

Three Sizes
40 Cents
75 Cents
2 Dollars

C. E. JAMIESON & CO.
Mfg. Chemists Detroit, Michigan

These families enjoy comfort you have never known

J-M HOME INSULATION ***blown into the walls of your home by Johns-Manville's new method, will bring you comfort and savings impossible to attain with ordinary insulation . . . . .***

WOULD you like upstairs rooms warm as downstairs in coldest weather, and as cool in summer; all rooms free from drafts; fuel costs cut twenty or thirty percent, or even more?

Of course you want for your home all the comfort that modern science offers. And no longer must you wait until you build to have *complete* insulation in your own home. Johns-Manville has perfected the first practicable method of thoroughly insulating the *house you live in now.*

For years Johns-Manville, the final authority on industrial insulations, has sought a thoroughly effective means of home insulation. Only after exacting tests in actual service has this remarkable J-M Home Insulation been released for general use. Already its efficiency has brought the enthusiastic endorsement of home owners.

The families whose letters we quote at the right, ever since they have had this J-M Home Insulation blown into their walls, have enjoyed conditions every householder wants, but not one in a thousand has.

The genuine comfort these families enjoy can be yours too, without trouble—without alterations—without damage to your house or grounds! Moreover the fuel economies resulting from J-M Home Insulation are so great as to repay the cost of installation in a few seasons. You will be surprised to learn how economically this modern and complete insulation can be placed in your home. Installed in a new house this insulation usually pays for itself immediately through the savings made possible because of the smaller heating equipment required. Surely your family should enjoy this comfort which pays for itself.

8 Times Thicker than Ordinary Insulation

J-M Home Insulation is *thick* insulation. It fills every nook and cranny of the outer wall spaces of your home. It is an ingenious "wool" made from melted rock. When we install this insulation, in effect, we build within the outer walls of your home an invisible house. These unseen walls are about four inches thick. They conserve more furnace heat, and shut out more summer heat, than is possible with any other type of insulation as ordinarily used in home construction.

This is true because other insulating material made for use as sheathing or plaster base cannot be used—at a cost within reason—to fill the empty spaces in outer walls, nor in any other way that will provide the four-inch barrier to heat and cold that is blown into your home with J-M Home Insulation.

This insulation also makes your house safer because, being made of rock, it is fireproof. It has, for example, been installed in George Washington's home, Mt. Vernon, to protect this shrine of American patriotism.

J-M Home Insulation is installed only by specially trained J-M Contractors. They will install J-M Home Insulation in your home without inconvenience or disturbance either inside or outside of the house. Let us furnish you the name of the contractor nearest you. We will be glad to send you our free book, "The Invisible Home," which tells for the first time in non-technical language the story of a scientific insulation which can be easily installed in the home in which you now live.

• • • •

WHY NOT LET YOUR FAMILY ENJOY THESE ADVANTAGES?

Pleased home owners write to us daily of the savings in fuel and hitherto unknown comfort which J-M Home Insulation has brought them. Here are a few quotations from letters on file at our office.

"Weather bureau records show that the winter was colder but because of J-M Home Insulation I used 29% less fuel."

* * *

"Have saved 35% of previous oil bills and kept uniform temperature throughout my home."

* * *

"I matched up my heating bill for the coldest month in eleven years with friends who had other types of insulation. Their bills were 25% to 30% higher."

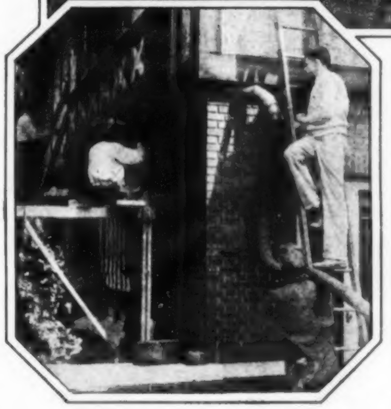
"Our second floor once 8 to 12 degrees warmer in hot weather is now only a half degree higher on the hottest days and it is as warm as the first in zero weather."

* * *

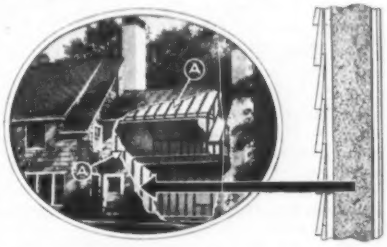
"I saved 41.5% of last season's heating bill by the use of J-M Home Insulation."

* * *

"Added 50% to the size of our home using the same hot water boiler—thanks to J-M Insulation."



Above, the home of Mr. Loring Marshall, Wellesley, Mass., which has been insulated by local J-M Contractors, the Home Insulation Company of Boston. At left, we show how, working from outside, without damaging your house, whether it be frame, stucco or brick veneer, the J-M Home Insulation Contractor fills the outer walls.



Here the artist has cut away (A) part of the house, and at the right is a cross section of a wall which shows how J-M Home Insulation looks, and how it fills every inch of empty wall space. The material is a clean, rock wool which will not absorb moisture, burn, or settle. Rats and mice can neither eat it nor live in it. Only with thick insulation can you obtain the economies and comfort you have a right to demand when you buy insulation.

Johns-Manville
HOME INSULATION

JM

This trade-mark is also the stamp of quality on Asbestos and Asphalt Shingles, Brake Lining, heat insulations of every variety, Packings, Asbestocel Heater Pipe Insulation and Acoustical Material used to control sound in offices, auditoriums, hospitals and other structures.

HOME INSULATION COMPANIES—J-M CONTRACTORS IN THESE TERRITORIES SERVE 75% OF THE NATION'S HOMES

Metropolitan New York
Westchester County
Long Island
New Jersey
Boston area
Baltimore area
Syracuse area
Philadelphia area
Hartford, Conn.
Providence, R. I.
Springfield, Mass.
York, Pa.
State of Maine
Decatur, Ill.
Rockford, Ill.
Omaha, Neb.
Kansas City, Mo.
Des Moines, Iowa
Sioux City, Iowa
Minneapolis and St. Paul
Chicago area
Marion, Ind.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Detroit area

Address JOHNS-MANVILLE
292 Madison Avenue
New York City, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your book, "The Invisible Home."

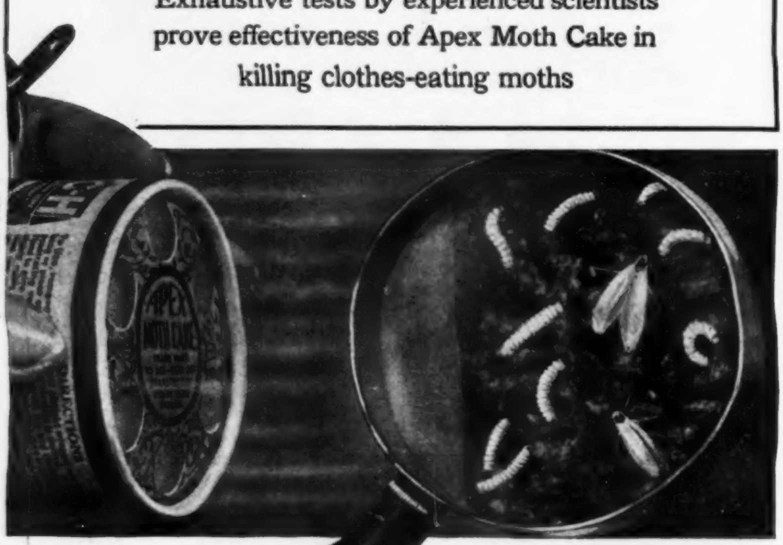
Please send me the address of Home Insulation Company nearest me.

Name..
1-24-

Address..

Moths die overnight

Exhaustive tests by experienced scientists prove effectiveness of Apex Moth Cake in killing clothes-eating moths



Just hang it up
Tear off cellophane and "hang it up." Instantly a heavy, fragrant vapor is released which test and experience prove will kill moths.

Magnified 20 times
Greatly magnified, this piece of woolen shows moth larvae forever dead and clothes saved. Apex Moth Cake did it.

Apex Moth Cake...25c
At Drug and Department Stores

Kills Moth Life — Apex Moth Cake is more than a chemical discovery. It is a scientifically designed and patented vapor-generator that is sure death to all forms of moth life.

Deodorizes—Apex Moth Cake produces a clean-smelling vapor that freshens clothing and removes odors of perspiration.

Imparts No Odors—Unlike moth balls and naphthalene, Apex Moth Cake imparts no clinging odors to the clothes. They can be worn at once without trace of odor.

Convenient — No other product is as convenient as Apex Moth Cake. You just hang it up in closet and close door, or place in tight drawer or chest. The heavy vapor permeates downward through all porous materials, killing all moth life in its path. It penetrates to every nook and corner.

Economical—A cake will last from three to four months, giving protection every minute of this time, and each cake costs only 25 cents.

In crystal form
For killing moths in upholstered furniture, carpets, automobile cushions, woolens, clothes, etc. $1.00 the large can. Is same chemical as in Moth Cake. Will kill moths, and deodorize room overnight when sprinkled on furniture, carpets, etc., in closed room.

CLEAN HOME PRODUCTS CORP.,
Dept. 15, 1401 W. North Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Enclosed find.................... Send..................
Apex Moth Cakes and.............................cans of Apex Crystals.
Name...
Address..
City...

Sold at drug and dep't stores.
If your dealer does not carry, mail coupon.

Steel

(Continued from page 39)

Lee had not the faintest knowledge of a ladleman and very little more of an open hearth. "Isn't it terribly hard? Aren't the hours long?"

"Yes, they're long, and sometimes we work at night. I go on the night shift tomorrow."

"What a shame!" Lee shook her head in sympathy. "In this hot weather, too. It must be frightful."

"Frightful?" He stared at her. "Why, it's wonderful. It's romance! There's nothing in the world like an open hearth at night."

He began to tell her about an open hearth at night, but Lee did not listen. She watched him instead and marveled at his enthusiasm. Now she understood why he gave that impression of detachment and remoteness. Steel was the only thing in the world that mattered to this young man—steel and that dirty place down by the river that produced her father's wealth. Ted talked glowingly about it all in terms of adventure, romance, power, strength. He was becoming almost sentimental about it, when all at once he stopped in the middle of a sentence.

"I'm a fool," he confessed with a grin. "Here I am describing the glories of an open hearth to the daughter of Henry J. Rudge. Why, you probably know ten times as much about it as I do."

"Oh, no. I don't know a thing about it. I've never seen a steel plant, you see."

"Never?" He repeated her words incredulously. "Never seen a steel plant?"

"No." She smiled. "I've always imagined they were dirty places, and I've never been particularly interested."

"I see."

That was all Ted Lanman said, but Lee knew she had made a bad mistake. She had lost him again, finally and definitely. He immediately changed the subject and became an unreality again. Lee did not try to call him back. She merely watched him the rest of the evening, and wondered. She liked his tall, strong, perfectly controlled body. She liked his eyes. They reminded her of her father's eyes somehow. She wondered about that goddess of his, at whose altar alone he worshiped. She wondered about steel.

THE next night she went down to the river.

She did not try to analyze her reasons for going. She only knew that her going was necessary in spite of the fact that the prospect frightened her, and in spite of her father's words at the breakfast table. Henry Rudge had almost spilled his coffee when she told him that she wanted to see his plant. He had been pleased, too, no matter what he had said.

"Sometime this winter I'll take you, but not now. A steel plant in the summer is no place for a woman. Keep out of it."

Lee parked her car outside the wire and stole unnoticed past the No Admittance sign at the gate. Inside there were shadows, lights, tall buildings, gleaming rails, strange sounds. No one seemed to notice her, and she knew exactly where she was going. She was going to the open hearth—that vaguely outlined structure in the dusk ahead. She stumbled over something and nearly fell.

It was hot. The heat in the yards was sticky and oppressive. It made her regret the plain, dark dress she had worn in an attempt to be inconspicuous. The heat, when she stepped through a broad doorway into the open hearth, was fierce and dry. It enveloped and lifted her. She had a moment of dizziness.

The place was huge and vaulted, like a great barn or a cathedral. It had a music of its own; a subdued, persistent, throbbing music that could be felt almost more clearly han heard. There were discords—the sharp clang of a bell, the scream of a whistle, the hoarse shout of a man. The colors were black and white, the black of the absolute darkness and the white of occasional patches of brilliant, scorching light. Far down to the left Lee could see men, their half-naked bodies gleaming weirdly in one of those patches. They seemed unreal, just as everything seemed unreal except an all-pervading sense of energy and tremendous power held in leash.

Lee was no longer afraid. She felt exhilarated and strong. She moved forward toward what she knew to be one of the great furnaces. Eighty tons of steel were boiling and bubbling inside it like so much soup on a kitchen range, and the molten stuff threw out a wave of heat like a wall to keep her back. It outlined the doors and made the peep-holes in their centers seem like white disks painted on a wall.

Lee watched, fascinated, until she heard a step somewhere behind her. Then, with an instinct to avoid being discovered, she ran until she found herself in a narrow passage between two furnaces. The heat there was intense, and the firebrick, worn thin in places, glowed warmly yellow. A film of hot steam touched her face. She came to the head of a narrow stairway and felt her way down into the pit, twenty feet below.

THE pit was a cavern, without order and without apparent reason. She ran into something sharp and hard and hurt her knee. She stumbled over a rail of a narrow gauge track. A bell clanged sharply near by. She began to wonder why she had come, and she began once more to be vaguely frightened. The darkness was confusing. She put out her hand—

Suddenly there was light.

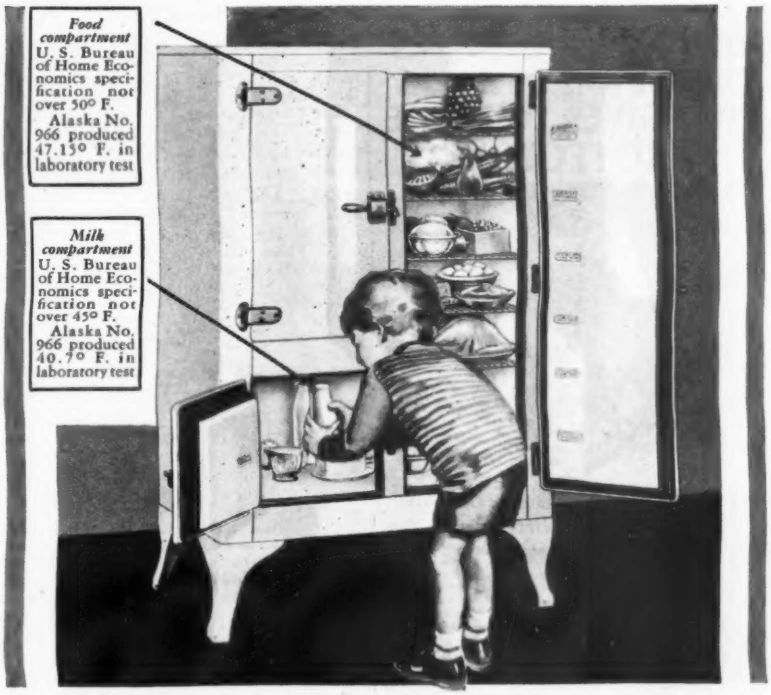
It was a steady, strong, brilliant light that brought everything in the pit into clear relief. She found that she was walking between a line of tracks and a long row of tall forms to her left which she later discovered to be molds. The source of the light was to her right and she turned to face it.

Steel made the light. It was not the steel Lee knew, the cold steel of girders, rails, and subway platforms. This steel was hot and throbbing. It was passionately alive. An unbroken cataract of blinding light with a broad apron of sparks for spray, it spouted from a gap in the wall opposite and above her, only to be lost in a giant ladle beneath. It played its own accompaniment in a muted, throaty whisper, like the sound of rain in a gutter.

Lee, her body rigid and her face uplifted, watched breathlessly. She knew that she was witnessing no more than the tapping of an open-hearth furnace—a common, every-day event in the life of a steel mill—but she was moved as she had never before been moved. There was something about that vibrant, milky column that cried out to her, something that she understood. She prayed that it might flow on forever.

Finally the great pot was filled to the brim with eighty tons of liquid steel, and still the furnace spouted. It now spouted slag, the fiery, useless residue of the melting, which was supposed to flow off from the surface of the steel into a trough designed to carry it out of harm's way. This time, however, something happened. Her father later explained it as a not uncommon chemical reaction, but Lee never believed. She always thought that it was a miracle, a miracle arranged for her own special benefit.

At one moment the stuff in the ladle presented a flat, shining surface exactly level with the brim, and at the next it began to boil and swell. Even as Lee watched, it mounted gloriously from its bounds precisely



Food compartment
U. S. Bureau of Home Economics specification not over 50° F.
Alaska No. 966 produced 47.15° F. in laboratory test

Milk compartment
U. S. Bureau of Home Economics specification not over 45° F.
Alaska No. 966 produced 40.7° F. in laboratory test

This beautiful new Alaska No. 966 is available in Apple Green, Snow-white and Alaska Gray and with either White Enamel or Porcelain linings. Steel exterior, with cork-board insulation of unusual thickness.

Danger you can't see

***may threaten every member of your family if your refrigerator is not giving you the service you bought it for* — play safe**

Food in your refrigerator may look safe—but is it?

Your eyes won't tell you when disease bacteria begin to multiply, endangering the health of you and yours.

Play safe! Keep foods and milk sweet and pure—in an Alaska!

They'll tell you at the Bureau of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture, that the average temperature in a refrigerator should not get above 48.4° with a room temperature of 75°.

The new Alaska betters these government specifications by a wide margin so that food and milk are kept safe beyond any question of doubt!

Tests recently conducted by experts at Columbia Institute showed that Alaska No. 966 maintained an average temperature well below the average recommended by the National Food Preservation Council.

Think of the additional safety that means. This ideal temperature not only assures you fresh, *safe* food, but food at its natural full-bodied flavor.

Of course every Alaska contains the famous FOODEX on the door. A glance tells you just where to place each food for proper refrigeration. This valuable guide is exclusively Alaska. It can be on no other refrigerator.

Then, too, Alaska gives you new economy. A Cork Wall of unusual thickness *holds the cold* and makes your ice last longer. (You can see the cork through the famous Alaska Cork Wall Window.) Look for it. It's your protection.

There is an Alaska for every need—every purse. Alaskas are built for artificial ice, and are suitable for practically all types of electric refrigeration.

A LIFE PRESERVER FOR FOODS
CORK WALL
The Famous Cork Wall Window shows the Cork Insulation

ALASKA REFRIGERATOR CORPORATION, MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

★ ALASKA
REFRIGERATORS

BANISH MOTHS
THIS NEW EASY WAY THAT GIVES YOU SURE PROTECTION

FAX
DEODORANT
FAX
MOTH CONTROL

SO EASY . . *No sprinkling spraying or burning*

DIRECT from the laboratory to you comes FAX, to keep your winter furs and woolens safe from clothes moths. In tight-shut closets, trunks or boxes it works invisibly, kills full grown moths, their larvae and their eggs. Its perfumed fragrance *quickly* disappears when garments are again exposed to air. Directions for use are taken direct from official laboratory tests. Self-acting, nothing to sprinkle, spray or burn.

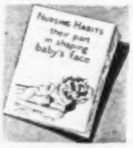
Careful housewives, too, find FAX invaluable as a deodorant in bathroom, kitchen, sickroom, etc. The colorful little pyramids can be placed anywhere and start to work as soon as you remove the wrapper. Each pyramid retains deodorizing power for many weeks.

SEND TODAY—
Stores everywhere display FAX pyramids in 6 rainbow colors. If your own store can't supply you, send this coupon and learn about FAX for yourself. It's guaranteed, with money refund.

FAX
Sales Reps. Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Madison at 34th, New York City

FAX LABORATORIES, INC., Dayton, Ohio, Dept. G2
For enclosed $1.00 mail me 3 FAX pyramids —my money to be refunded if not satisfied.

Name..
Address..
Dealer's Name..



EXPECTING A BABY?
Get this book FREE

READ how future shape of baby's face, set of chin, spacing of teeth, can depend on work of baby's mouth while nursing. See how flabby rubber nipples can keep bones and muscles from developing as nature intended . . . The Hygeia Breast Nipple is *firmed* to cause same facial development as the natural breast. Doctors recommend it. *Send coupon today* for "Nursing Habits" in plain wrapper. Address, Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., Dept. G-10, Lancaster N.Y.

Name..
Address..
City..State........
Sales Rep., Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y. C.

Ingrown Nail
Turns Outward
★ *—NO PAIN*

A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the toe nail stop the pain instantly and so toughen the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Drug stores sell "Outgro" in small bottles. Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave. N. Y. C.

like a popover rising from a pan. It rose and rose, a golden mountain, to an incredible height and then, surrendering to the inevitable, began to pour down over the sides.

Lee had never seen anything half so beautiful. The thick, glowing metal gently touched the ground and began to spread out, slowly and majestically, in a broad shining carpet. The mountain at the top of the ladle continued to boil and heave. The sides of the ladle itself were curtained in fire. From the gap in the furnace the cataract no longer ran, but in its place came a torrent of sparks that floated down like a fine mist of rain.

With her back to the side of a tall mold that was soon to hold a five-thousand-pound ingot of steel, Lee stood fascinated and motionless. She watched, as though in a daze, while the broad river of molten slag marched slowly toward her. She noticed that out to her left the progress was faster than directly in front. She witnessed, in that direction, the drowning of first one of the narrow-gauge tracks and then the other. She saw, at last, the flaming tide lapping gently against the base of the molds, which formed a solid wall and held it back.

The heat had become terrific, blinding, and she decided to go. She took a quick step toward the right, and discovered that the slag on that side, too, had moved faster than in the middle. It had gone, already, as far as it could go. She glanced up over her shoulder and immediately realized that she would not be able to jump high enough to catch the ledge above her head.

Her escape was completely cut off.

LEE quietly contemplated the advancing slag. She had no feeling of fear, merely a wonder as to what this sort of death would be like. The first rail just in front of her had disappeared, and the second would soon go. It would only be a matter of a minute or so now. If only the heat were not so fierce.

She put up a hand to shield her face, and just then something struck the ground softly beside her. It was the end of a length of rope.

A voice said calmly, "Catch that and hang on."

A moment later she was out of the reach of the blistering heat, and strong arms were about her. Then she was set on her feet, none too gently, on the pouring platform.

The same voice that had spoken before spoke again, but not so calmly. "What the devil!" it protested roughly. "Just what the devil do you think you're doing! As if there weren't enough trouble around here without you!"

Lee looked down at the spot where she had just been standing. The slag had covered it. She blinked.

"Who are you anyhow?" the voice was going on rudely. "What are you doing? Don't you know that a woman isn't supposed to be in a steel mill?"

Lee glanced up and saw a tall young man in a costume which consisted simply of a pair of shoes and a pair of exceedingly filthy trousers.

"Hello, Ted Lanman," she said with a smile. "How are you?"

"Lee!" He stared at her and spluttered. "Miss Rudge!"

"Yes." She waved an expressive hand, her eyes shining. "Isn't it glorious!"

"Glorious!" He continued to splutter. "Isn't what glorious?"

"Everything. This whole place—the steel. I never saw anything so wonderful in my life."

"Well I'll be darned." Ted pointed with his thumb at the floor of the pit. "I wonder if you realize," he began grimly, "that that stuff—"

"I know." She was quite calm. "Hot."

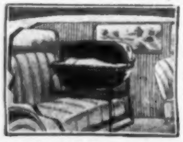
ONE FULL ROLL
Texlin
A REGAL PRODUCT
Toilet Tissue
1000 SHEETS 4½X5

color

Dainty pastel shades for any color scheme. Fast colors—blue, green, lavender, pink. And, of course, spotless white. 1000 full sized sheets in every roll, sterilized pure in process of manufacture. Each roll in individual box for complete sanitation.
At chain, department, grocery, drug stores. If dealer cannot supply you, send 15c for 1 roll, 25c for 2. Send dealer's name for future convenience.

Texlin
REGAL PAPER CO., INC.
Dept. 3, Pulaski, N. Y.

BABY IS SAFE
Comfort for Baby and Mother in Auto



Bassinet on Carriage Chassis

Baby specialists and thousands of mothers endorse this safe comfortable way to motor with baby. Complete freedom for mother to drive or relax. Bassinet fits any car, instantly removed for use in hotel or home. Shock absorbing springs. Folding hood. No screws in upholstery. **Detachable wheels** supplied if desired quickly convert Bassinet into baby carriage. Costs less than any good carriage alone. Splendid gift. From dealers or by mail. Send for descriptive folder. Money refunded if not pleased.

Gordon Motor Crib Co., Inc.
Dept. 5-A, 8 Bridge St., N. Y.
You may send illustrated folder and name of nearest dealer.

Name..
Address..

New Kind Of
Can Opener ★

Works Like Magic!

An automatic, simple little can opening machine for the home! This revolutionary invention in only a few short months has banished old can openers from over 100,000 kitchens. And no wonder! Imagine an amazing, lifetime device that holds the can and cuts out the top leaving can rim slick, smooth and clean. Just turn a crank, that's all. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst., Modern Priscilla, etc. Write today for special introductory advertising offer.

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.
Dept. E-1063 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS
Men and women make big money, full or spare time. Big, worthwhile commissions on every sale. Exclusive Territories. Send quick for FREE TEST Offer.

Watch the boys and girls who are good at games. See how well-poised they are in all kinds of unusual and unexpected situations.

How Play Develops the Life-technique of Your Child

Read what a World-Famous Psychologist has discovered

"GAMES are not to be considered as haphazard ideas of parents and educators," says Alfred Adler, the great Viennese psychiatrist, in his book, *Understanding Human Nature*. "Games are educational aids for the life-technique of the child."

Certainly that shows the world has moved a long way from where it was when most of *us* were young—when most parents felt that play was a child's way of wasting time. In those days play was unimportant.

But play *is* important to a child. We know that now. It is the vital activity of his world—a world peopled with his equals.

As Dr. Adler says, "Play is a child's profession. Preparation for the future can be seen in every game. In games, a child can express himself."

In other words, play makes a child feel an adequate human being. It tends to counteract his feeling of inferiority and dependence.

Watch the boys and girls who are good at games. See how capable they are of doing things for themselves.

How Can Your Child be Successful In Games?

TO BE successful in his games, your child must be able to *do* things well. And, in any team work, he must be dependable.

A child thinks of everything in terms of action. Speed in running; accuracy in catching a ball; a sure foothold in climbing fences; —these are abilities children respect.

Ask any small boy what he wants to be when he grows up. You'll find the honors about even among policemen, firemen, truck drivers and engineers. Men who *do* things—they're the demi-gods of the child's world!

Doing things means handling oneself well—perfect coordination of muscle and eye; and, above all, *footwork*.

Now footwork is *very* largely a matter of being properly shod. Shoes are an invention of civilization. The bare foot is far better adapted for doing things than the shod foot.

But science has taught us a lot about the dangerous infections that can come from even a tiny scratch. So we must wear shoes. And, as civilization has become more and more scientific, shoes have steadily improved.

Keds, for example, are specially designed to give feet barefoot freedom and skill. They are light, with cool, porous tops, so feet can breathe. They are flexible. They have special "Feltex" insoles to keep the feet comfortable. They have a springy resiliency that makes for speed. And they absorb, very largely, the shocks of running and jumping.

Barefoot Freedom without Barefoot Risks

PHYSICIANS, gymnasts and athletic coaches prescribe Keds. For they are play-shoes made like no others—to give barefoot freedom without barefoot risks.

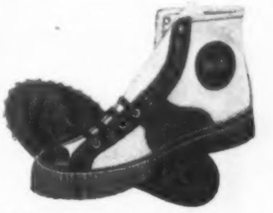
You may not care whether your children grow up to become great athletes. But that isn't the point. Their success now in their games is going to make them normal, happy children, and help them develop a poise and sureness that will have everything to do with their later success in life.

So, take your Mary or your Dick to the shoe dealer and have the 1930 size of their growing feet fitted with the Keds style best suited to their strenuous activities. Keds come in over thirty styles with prices from $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $1.75 up to $4.00. And the name "Keds" is stamped on every genuine Keds shoe. Keds are made *only* by the United States Rubber Company.

(Advt.)

These

are the play shoes prescribed for growing feet by physicians and gymnasts.



KEDS "GLADIATOR"

Here is a lace-to-toe Keds model, strongly reinforced at heel and toe. Keds with this advantageous feature are $1.50 to $3.50.

KEDS "SPOR-TIE"

Keds pumps and oxfords for younger boys and girls range in price from $1.00 to $1.75.

KEDS "SPRINTER"

Keds with moulded soles like this, very athletic-looking style, run from $2.00 to $4.00.

KEDS KEDS KEDS

The name "Keds" is stamped on all genuine Keds. Look for the name and be *sure*.

United States Rubber Company

Keds

REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.

The Shoe of Champions

TRIMBLE
NURSERYLAND FURNITURE

IDEAL FOR BABY'S BATH!

Baby Bathinette Model 7

Do you want a good-natured baby? Then here's a secret. Dress and undress baby where he can squirm and wriggle to his heart's content. Unnecessary holding causes little tempers to develop. With Baby Bathinette to aid, the daily bath becomes a joy. A handy dressing table of just the right height saves time and keeps baby comfortable and happy. Slide the table back and baby's bath is ready and right at hand. Convenient pockets for bathing accessories. Only Trimble makes the Baby Bathinette.

FREE—the new *Nurseryland*—a profusely illustrated booklet containing many helpful suggestions on nursery furnishing and decoration in their important relation to child training. Mail coupon today for your complimentary copy.

TRIMBLE
NURSERYLAND
FURNITURE
1004 Jay Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send complimentary copy of new Nurseryland booklet to

Name________________
Address________________
City________State________

Dinner Ready?

Always ready—always eager when KEN-L-RATION feeding time comes. Chappel's KEN-L-RATION will solve the problem of what to feed your dog. Watch him thrive on this quality dog food.

Chappel's KEN-L-RATION was the first and original balanced food for dogs. It contains the exact proportions of fresh pure meat, wholesome cereals and Norwegian cod liver oil. Cooked by steam, canned, ready to feed without muss or bother.

Sold by dealers everywhere. Do not accept a substitute. The genuine is spelled KEN-L-RATION.
Try it, write us for free sample can.

Chappel Bros., Inc.
83 Peoples Avenue
Rockford, Ill.

Send for FREE Sample

KEN-L-RATION
THE DOG FOOD SUPREME

"Warmish!" He laughed. "About twenty-five hundred degrees."

"Mmm. Scorch the feet." She nodded. "Just the same, it's marvelous, and I've never had a better time."

"Really? Well, would you mind telling me what you're doing here? Are you alone?"

"Yes. I'm alone, and I'm seeing a steel mill. You told me it was worth seeing, and you were right. I doubt if I shall ever go home."

"No?" He had become grim again. "Well, I'm afraid that's where you're wrong. You're going home right this minute, and I'm going to see you started on your way."

"Oh, dear no!" She shook her head firmly. "I can't go home yet. There must be ever so much more to see."

"If there is, you'll have to see it another time. I have work to do and can't be responsible for you. Follow me, please."

He turned and strode off down the pouring platform without looking back. Lee watched him for a moment, shrugged, and then fell meekly into line.

When they reached a door leading into the yards, he turned and spoke to her for the first time.

"I'm afraid I'll have to leave you here, Miss Rudge," he said coolly, "but you'll be all right, won't you? You won't have any trouble finding your way?"

"I'll be all right." She looked up at him.

"Good night, then."

"Good night, Ted Lanman." She smiled. "Good night—and thank you."

"There's no reason to thank me."

"No? Didn't you save my life?"

"Oh." He stared at her curiously. "You realize that, do you? I thought you didn't."

"Do I seem as stupid as all that?" She shook her head. "No, I realize it clearly enough. I was fairly close to trouble when you happened along."

"And it didn't bother you at all? You weren't afraid?"

She frowned. "I suppose so—I don't know. Anyhow it's all right now."

He studied her closely for a time, and then shrugged.

"I might have known you'd take it like this. It's in the blood, I suppose."

"What's in the blood?"

"The same thing that's in your father's and in mine," he said slowly. "Steel."

They regarded each other gravely for an instant, and then, unexpectedly to both of them, he took her in his arms.

HENRY RUDGE handled the thing in a characteristic way. He merely said to Lee,

"Do you really think you are going to marry this boy—Ted Lanman?"

Lee nodded. "I don't think—I know."

"Why do you know?"

"I know because Ted is the only thing in my life that really matters. It will always be that way."

"I wonder if you remember making that identical statement twice before."

Lee blushed. "I do, but this is different."

"You've said that before, too."

Lee had no answer. She knew that her father was right in his recollections, but she also knew that her feeling for Ted was different from anything she had ever experienced. Ted had done something strange to her—something tremendous that could not be explained.

She merely shrugged. "I can't answer your questions, but at the same time I'm sure of one thing. I'm going to marry Ted."

"Are you?" Mr. Rudge was sharp. "On what? You know he's a ladleman in the open hearth, and you probably know how much a ladleman earns. How are you going to live?"

"Marvelously!" said Lee.

"His father can't support you," observed

Ladies Scissors D25, 5"
PRICE $1.40

The "Snipping" Test

THE real test of a pair of scissors lies in the—snipping. Many a pair that will stand up under almost every other sort of a cutting test will fail when the blade-points alone are required to make this small but often important cut.

Remington scissors and shears have that necessary spring which insures perfect contact of the blades from joint to tip. The cutting edges give full service the whole length of the blades. They are so perfectly balanced they will follow direction of line and pattern without straying, cutting cleanly through the heaviest of material or snipping the daintiest of fabrics without chewing, twisting or tearing.

Remington scissors and shears are sold where good cutlery is sold. If your dealer hasn't them in stock, send his name with the price of the ones you want and they'll be mailed to you promptly.
Remington Cutlery Works,
Bridgeport, Conn.

Shears D17, 7"
PRICE $1.55

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition

Remington

© 1930 R. A. Co. 3485

Simple way to HOT STARCH *now*

ELASTIC STARCH

Here is modern simplicity and perfection in starching—simply add boiling water to a cold water paste of ELASTIC STARCH. No mixing, no cooking, nothing to add as with lump starch. Makes beautiful ironing surprisingly easy.

Liquid Silmerine
★Makes Hair Beautiful
Applied to finger waves, the permanent or marcel, makes natural, perfectly formed waves that remain so for days. Helps remove dandruff and oiliness. Keeps straight hair smooth, sleek, orderly. Good for men, women and children. All drug & dept. stores.
PARKER BELMONT & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

WEDDINGS
ENGRAVED OR PRINTED INVITATIONS ETC.
FREE SAMPLES: 100 VISITING CARDS $1.00
CAPITOL SOCIAL ENGRAVING CO.
433 EVENING STAR BLDG WASHINGTON, D.C.

MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE

THERE ARE MANY delightful ways of celebrating a birthday, and giving a party for a group of friends is one of the most popular. The party which Mr. George Eastman and his Company are planning for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Kodak is unique, and the guest list is to be made up of boys and girls who attain the age of twelve during the year in which it reaches the half-century mark.

Instead of coming together to play games and eat ice cream and cake to appease the appetite, each guest is to receive a Golden Anniversary camera and film by means of which he will be able to satisfy and develop his appreciation of the beautiful things of nature and make lasting records. Thus, he will be a guest at that delightful sort of party which never ends; and as the years pass he will be united with the other guests in a common interest, and with his parents continue to wish his hosts many happy returns of the birthday through the pleasure which they have so freely and thoughtfully given their young friends.

Grace Coolidge

FOR PARTICULARS OF THE EASTMAN ANNIVERSARY GIFT, TURN TO PAGE 263 OF THIS MAGAZINE

Physicians prescribe it

approved by women who know—This free book tells why

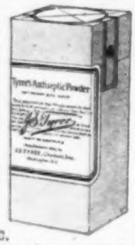
ABOUT
FEMININE
HYGIENE

Every woman should read this book. Full facts about feminine hygiene in simple words. Tells why Tyree's makes a more effective antiseptic solution.

TYREE'S Antiseptic Powder is different from any other preparation used in the routine of feminine hygiene. Its unique formula has been approved by physicians for many years.

Tyree's is a quick-acting and thorough feminine antiseptic. Non-poisonous, non-irritating. It is both healing and soothing. Frequent use cannot cause irritation.

You will like Tyree's. It is easy and economical to use. No druggish odor. Will not stain or harm fabrics or colors. Your druggist has Tyree's Antiseptic Powder. The blue tissue-wrapped box comes in three sizes with directions for use.



★ **Tyree's**
ANTISEPTIC POWDER

Also an effective deodorant and safe-to-use antiseptic for cuts, insect bites and skin irritations.

DOROTHY N. RIKER, *Service Dept. G-5*
J. S. Tyree, Chemist, Inc., Washington, D. C.

☐ I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). Please send me a large size sample package of Tyree's Antiseptic Powder and your free booklet, or:
☐ Please send free booklet "What Every Woman Should Know About Feminine Hygiene."

Name ....
Address ....
City ....

BASS MOCCASINS *for Women*

Just one of the many wonderfully comfortable and fashionably correct Bass Styles for Sportswear

Reasonably Priced for Men and Women at Your Dealer's

G. H. BASS & CO.
211 Main St., Wilton, Maine

WRITE FOR CATALOG!

Big Profit in Home made Candies

CANDY costs 14c—sells for 60c lb. Make it at home, sell to stores. Ladies and men. Practical money-making plan, taught (by mail) by merchant 35 years' successful experience. We furnish tools. *Write for Free Book.*
Capital Candy School, Dept. B-406, Washington, D. C.

Steel

Mr. Rudge thoughtfully. "That's a certainty."

"His father," retorted Lee, angry at the implication, "is vice-president of a bank."

"Yes, he's a salaried official in a small bank. I know what his salary is, and I know just about where he stands financially."

"What of it?" she asked wearily. "We aren't going to take money from him."

"I don't approve at all." Mr. Rudge frowned. "The thing is impossible."

Lee's chin came up. "It may be impossible, Dad—but it's true."

"No, Lee, it isn't true. Not yet. You promised me that you'd let me talk with the next man that came along and that you'd wait two weeks from that date. Do you remember?"

"I remember, and I'll keep my promise. Why don't you talk to Ted tonight? You know where to find him."

MR. RUDGE found Ted in the open hearth, and he talked to him there. They made a strange picture. The steel king, resplendent in a dinner coat, sat on a wooden stool and smoked a cigar. His employee, grimy and stripped to the waist, stood before him. Mr. Rudge came directly to the point.

"I understand, Mr. Lanman," he began quietly, "that you and my daughter want to be married. Is that true?"

"Yes, sir. That's true."

Mr. Rudge glanced up with quizzical, still, blue eyes. "And is it true," he inquired softly, "that you intend to live on the salary of a ladleman in my open hearth?"

The young man blushed painfully. "I asked Lee to wait," he admitted slowly, "until I was doing better, but she says she had rather not."

"I see." Mr. Rudge nodded. "In any case I think you had better know that I do not approve of this marriage. I don't approve of it at all."

The boy slightly inclined his head. "I'm sorry."

"You're sorry, eh?" The older man smiled. "I suppose you mean you're sorry for me. You think I won't be able to do anything about the situation. Is that what you mean?"

Ted hesitated. "I suppose," he said slowly at last, "that I mean something like that."

"I wonder." Henry Rudge puffed at his cigar. "I wonder if there aren't several things I might do. I might, for instance, offer you a job in Buenos Ayres at a very nice salary indeed. The only condition would be that you remain unmarried."

"I'm afraid I couldn't accept."

"Why not?"

Ted smiled. "Because, Mr. Rudge, I wouldn't be able to meet your condition."

"I might," the other pursued thoughtfully, "be forced to eliminate Lee from my will if she married against my wishes."

Ted said earnestly: "I hope you will. It would make things much easier in the long run."

Mr. Rudge looked him squarely in the eyes. "I might have you discharged from my employ."

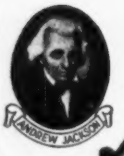
Ted returned the look steadily. "Am I fired, Mr. Rudge?"

"No." The older man got to his feet. "It isn't necessary for me to take any definite step at present. I shall have two weeks. Good night."

"Good night, sir," said Ted politely and respectfully. "I hope we'll meet again."

"Never fear." Mr. Rudge smiled grimly over his shoulder in parting. "We'll meet again!"

They met again at Open Hearth the night before the ending of Lee's promised two weeks. Lee was afraid of that meeting, and she confessed her fears to Ted, as they walked down the corridor toward her father's study.



An Early American Chair With A History

A hundred years ago, on the broad veranda of *The Hermitage,* in Tennessee, Andrew Jackson sat in the very chair that is reproduced in the *Old Hickory* model shown here. This Early American chair is representative of the *Old Hickory* line of outdoor furniture—furniture that had its origin generations ago, as a native folkcraft in the Indiana hills.

Chairs, settees, swings, tables and other pieces for indoor and outdoor use in summer cottages, lodges, hotels, clubs and for porches, lawns and gardens. Also ask to see *Old Hickory's* beautiful new sun furniture. Write for the name of your nearest dealer and our catalog G.

OLD HICKORY FURNITURE COMPANY
MARTINSVILLE, INDIANA

TRADE MARK BRAND BURNED INTO OLD HICKORY FURN. CO. MARTINSVILLE, IND. EVERY PIECE OF GENUINE "OLD HICKORY"

Subscribe to Good Housekeeping
by the safe and convenient Two-payment Method of the

International Sales Co.,
185 No. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

After you have made part payment to their bonded representative and mailed the balance to this responsible agency, you may be sure of prompt, accurate service on your subscription.

Good Housekeeping **New York**

There is a style of
BOOTT MILLS
Lowell, Mass.
SCRIM CURTAINS
to fit every style of home
Ask your dealer to show them

"I am America's accepted BEAUTY TREATMENT for the bathroom"

"I AM BAB-O. I banish old age from enamel and porcelain. I keep bathrooms gleaming bright . . . free of cloudy surfaces, stains, watermarks, discolorations. I am super-efficient, finer in quality. I work quickly . . . without effort. A dash on a damp cloth . . . "a wipe and it's bright. And I am equally effective on kitchen ranges, refrigerators, walls, floors, nickel and fine china. Ask for me by name, BAB-O! Try me once, you will never be without me!"

BAB-O
FOR ENAMEL AND PORCELAIN
B.T. Babbitt

B. T. Babbitt, Inc., N. Y. Est. 1836 15¢

BAB-O
brightens bathrooms
works like magic all over the house

P.S. Use Babbitt's Lye for Clogged Drain Pipes.

REPLATE YOUR SILVERWARE

We Replate, Repair and Restore Flat-Ware, Jewelry, Antiques and all kinds of metals, etc. to their original beauty. Receive added years of wear through our expert craftsmanship. Highest references. Send for free pamphlet.

FAMOUS WAHL SILVER POLISH AND POLISHING CLOTH

Send 10c to cover postage for FREE SAMPLES. Extra large size Polish and Cloth — 50c each.

WAHL PLATING & MFG. CO.
37 South Street, Rochester, N. Y.

SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today.

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 67 Springfield, Mass.

WEDDINGS

100 Engraved Announcements $10.50. Imitation Engraved $5.00. Correct styles. Write for free samples—calling cards, invitations, announcements.

Adelphia Engraving Co., 826 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Steel

"He hasn't done a single thing," she said anxiously, "and he hasn't said a single thing for thirteen whole days. That's what scares me. He isn't the kind to give up so easily."

Ted pressed her arm reassuringly. "What *can* he do? He probably realizes he's up against something unbeatable. Nothing in the world can keep you and me apart."

"I know." Lee sighed. "But just the same I'll admit that I'm frightened. I'm frightened to death."

There was nothing particularly frightening in the appearance of Henry J. Rudge as he greeted them from behind the broad expanse of his mahogany desk. He was no more than a man, Lee told herself earnestly; no more than a man with jet-black hair and still, blue eyes. He was smiling even, as he waved them to chairs and proceeded, with characteristic neglect for preliminaries, to the subject in hand.

"Well," he began almost genially, "the two weeks are nearly over, and I take it that you two are still determined to carry on."

Lee compressed her lips. "We are," she said briefly.

MR. RUDGE leaned back in his chair and sighed. "Well, in that case, perhaps you won't mind telling me the date of the wedding."

Ted took up the burden. "We aren't sure of that, sir. It depends on several things."

"I thought so." Mr. Rudge smiled. "And unless I'm greatly mistaken, it depends largely on me. It depends on what steps I may, or may not, take. Am I right?"

"To a certain degree it does." Ted nodded. "Yes, sir. At any rate we'd like to know."

"You shall." Mr. Rudge leaned forward. "But before you do, I want you to have a clear understanding of my position. In the first place I thoroughly disapprove of this marriage. I feel that it will be disastrous to Lee, and for that reason alone I am willing to do anything to prevent it. I am willing to do *anything*—being sure that the end justifies the means."

"Go on," said Lee, her voice expressionless. "Tell us what you are going to do."

"I have already done two things." Mr. Rudge nodded impersonally. "I have made a new will which fails to mention my daughter, and I have given orders that from now on we shall be forced to do without the services of a certain ladleman in my open hearth. Those things I have done."

"We expected no less." Ted's face was pale, but his voice remained calm. He made a motion as if to rise. "And if that's all, Mr. Rudge—"

"It is not all." The tone was sharp and decisive, forcing Ted back into his chair. "I confess I hoped that it might be all that would be necessary, but I knew better than to rely on hopes. I took the precaution of protecting myself against the possibility of failure."

He spoke precisely and distinctly, as though the words were distasteful. "I took the precaution of buying control of the Phoenix Trust Company, and having bought it, I find there is a possibility that I may be forced to readjust the personnel."

"Oh." Lee glanced anxiously at Ted. "Why, that's your father's bank! I don't understand."

"It's simple enough." Ted got to his feet and stared stonily at the man behind the desk. "It's pathetically easy to understand." His voice was heavy with bitterness. "Mr. Rudge simply means, Lee, that if you and I get married, he will force my father to resign. He'll fire him, just as he has fired me. Don't you see? That's all that Mr. Rudge means—just that."

"Oh!" Lee whirled about, her face crimson. "You can't!" she choked. "You can't mean anything so—so utterly low!"

PLASTIC WOOD

He uses

PLASTIC WOOD
[Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.]

The painter knows the value of Plastic Wood as a filler in any good job. The carpenter knows its strength for sealing corners and intricate construction. The cabinet maker appreciates the finish possible with Plastic Wood for renovating antique furniture, and in high grade work. It is a household repair product for everyone, that handles like putty and hardens into wood, holds fast to any clean dry surface, and is waterproof and weatherproof—for use indoors or out. Women find it particularly useful for keeping the home ship-shape.

Plastic Wood tubes can now be secured in mahogany, oak, walnut, and other wood colors. To soften or thin Plastic Wood, use Plastic Wood Solvent.

Tube 25c ¼ lb. can 35c 1 lb. can $1

At Hardware and Paint Stores

ADDISON-LESLIE COMPANY
523 Bolivar St. Canton, Mass.

WHY LET YOUR BABY SUFFER? SAFE RELIEF WITH LACO STERILIZED BABY POWDER

LACO
STERILIZED
BABY
POWDER

Is your baby often red and chafed under the diaper? Do you realize that every tiny scratch allows bacteria to get into that tiny defenceless body? Why permit suffering and take chances with infection when you can obtain a *sterilized* safe powder, so soft—so free from irritating particles — so full of beneficial ingredients that eminent doctors recommend it. LACO Sterilized Baby Powder is treated with heat at 220° F. for at least six hours, destroying all germ life and softening every particle. Selected ingredients possess beneficial properties ascribed to storax, tolu balsam and balsam Peru. Ammoniacal fermentation of urine and diaper scald retarded. LACO contains no stearate of zinc, yet is *absolutely* waterproof. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping.

SPECIAL OFFER

Don't let your baby suffer or take chances with infection. If your drug or department store has not yet received LACO Sterilized Baby Powder, send us their name with 25c and we will send you a full sized can with a FREE cake of LACO Castile Soap. Lockwood Brackett Co., Dept. 27, Boston, Mass. ★

NAME ____________________
STREET __________ CITY __________
DRUGGIST __________ STATE __________

BERTHE MAY'S MATERNITY

CORSET, DRESSES, LAYETTES

A trying period rendered safe, comfortable and unnoticed. Write for free illustrated catalogue No. 9. BERTHE MAY, 10 E. 46, New York.

Complete Line of VANTA Baby Knit Underwear

CANADIAN NATIONAL—TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

Your kind of VACATION?

CANADA has it—

MOUNTAINS or seaside; forest solitude or gay resorts; old-world romance; new adventure or perfect rest? Your choice awaits you in Canada!

Jasper National Park . . . scenic gem of the Canadian Rockies . . . offers the hospitality of Jasper Park Lodge, mountain climbing, golf, motoring, swimming, trail rides, exploration.

Minaki—in Western Ontario on the Winnipeg River, in a wonderland of lake and woods country, offers canoeing, bathing, golf. Ontario's lake-strewn Highlands abound in happy resorts for lovers of the great outdoors.

Canada's Atlantic Provinces give the health and joy of the rolling sea . . . bathing, boating, golf, fishing, adventure.

Quebec, with its traces of the old French régime and continental tradition and atmosphere . . . charms with the freedom of country havens or the ultra-smart Lower St. Lawrence resorts.

Full information may be obtained from any Canadian National Office.

Radio is an attractive feature on Canadian National de luxe trains.

Canadian National was the first railway in the world to provide this facility.

BOSTON
186 Tremont St.
BUFFALO
420 Main St.
CHICAGO
4 S. Michigan Ave.
CINCINNATI
49 E. Fourth St.
CLEVELAND
925 Euclid Ave.
DETROIT
1523 Washington Blvd.

DULUTH
430 W. Superior St.
KANSAS CITY
705 Walnut St.
LOS ANGELES
607 So. Grand Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS
518 Second Ave. So.
NEW YORK
505 Fifth Ave.
PHILADELPHIA
1422 Chestnut St.
PITTSBURGH
355 Fifth Ave.
PORTLAND, ME.
Grand Trunk Ry. Sta.
PORTLAND, ORE.
302 Yamhill St.
ST. LOUIS
314 No. Broadway
ST. PAUL
83 East Fifth Street
SAN FRANCISCO
689 Market St.
SEATTLE
1329 Fourth Avenue
WASHINGTON, D. C.
901—15th St., N. W.

CANADIAN NATIONAL
The Largest Railway System in America

Steel

"I hope," said Mr. Rudge wearily, "that nothing like that will be necessary. The decision, after all, rests not with me, but with you."

The two young people stared at each other for a time, hopelessly and without words. Then Ted shook his head dazedly and took Lee's arm.

"We'll have to talk about this," he said dazedly. "We'll take a moment to make a decision."

They walked to the other end of the room and stood close together, whispering. Mr. Rudge did not move. He sat perfectly still, staring at nothing, until the pair returned. Then he looked up with a little smile.

"Well," he inquired gently, "what's to be the date of the wedding?"

"The wedding?" Lee drew a long breath. "The wedding is to be—tomorrow!"

"Ah." Mr. Rudge looked full into his daughter's eyes. "I wonder," he said reflectively, "if you realize just what you are doing. Do you realize that aside from losing your inheritance, you are forcing this young man out of a job in a firm where his prospects are very good? Do you realize the burden you are placing on him?"

"I do," said Lee, "and I'm going to marry him."

"Do you realize what you are doing to Mr. Lanman, senior? Do you know what it means at his time of life, with his large family, to be suddenly deprived of his source of income?"

"I do," said Lee quietly. "I realize it fully."

"And still you are determined to go on?"

"Yes."

"You're hard, Lee," said Mr. Rudge. "I really believe you're hard."

"Yes." Lee nodded. "I'm harder than you know. I'm so hard that if you do what you threaten to Ted's father—" she spoke coldly and without emotion—"I'll tell the story to every friend you have in the world. I'll tell no more than the truth, but when I'm done you won't have many friends left."

Mr. Rudge gasped. "You'd do that to me—to your father?"

"Yes."

"You're hard," said Mr. Rudge again heavily.

"Yes." Lee's chin was up. "I'm hard—as steel."

"Ah." Mr. Rudge seemed to relax, as though her words had relieved him of some tension. He threw his pencil on the desk and smiled. "Then, if that's the case, that's all I need to know."

THERE was something about his tone, about his smile, that caused them both to stare.

"What does he mean?" cried Lee, grasping Ted's hands. "Does he mean that we can go ahead—that we can be married?"

"Yes," said Mr. Rudge simply. "I had to know that you, Lee, were hard—that this thing meant more to you than any amount of opposition. I know it now, and I'm perfectly satisfied."

"And you won't make trouble for Ted's father?" Lee demanded rapidly in excitement. "And you won't fire Ted, or disinherit me?"

"No," said Mr. Rudge, "I won't."

There was absolute silence for a moment, and then Ted gasped in bewilderment. "By gosh," he murmured thickly to Lee, "I really believe I win!"

"No," replied Mr. Rudge with a little shake of the head. "We all win."

They left him sitting there at last with his hair jet-black under the light and his still, blue eyes staring straight ahead through a window opening to the north. Even as he watched, the sky in that direction turned slowly pink and then a deep, angry crimson.

"Steel," said Henry J. Rudge, and smiled.

The Studio Designs a House

(Continued from page 52)

and rain conductors should be of copper or lead-covered copper. All the sloping roofs and sides of dormers should be slate or flat tile, secured by copper nails. The valleys (the re-entrant angles formed by intersecting roofs) are of the closed type with flashings carried under each course of slate or tile.

The exterior walls are stuccoed. The first or scratch coat should be of one part portland cement, three parts sharp sand, and hydrated lime in the proportion of eight pounds to each bag of cement. This coat is well troweled on to at least three-eighths inch thickness. The second or brown coat is applied not sooner than one week after the application of the scratch coat to an average thickness of not less than three-eighths inch and *floated* to a true and even surface to receive the final coat. *Floating* is a term applied by plasterers to evening a plaster surface with a long narrow strip of wood or tool called a *float*.

The final coat is Artstone of the color and texture desired, bringing the total thickness up to approximately one inch. In the part of the exterior built by the Studio, which is here photographed, the color is a pale buff and the texture only slightly rough to avoid any effect of "artiness" and to give a more solid stone appearance. The fact that the color is incorporated in the finishing coat of stucco has a practical value in that it does away with the necessity of painting the stucco and saves money in up-keep over a period of years.

Exterior and Interior Finishes

The rough lumber for the exterior should be the usual spruce, fir, or pine according to the locality; the exposed, finished lumber for half timber work, shutters, etc., should be stained oak or cypress; the frames and sash, which are painted, may be pine.

For the interior woodwork, stained oak, shellacked and given two coats of varnish, is used in the living room and hall for the doors, casings and beams; and pine similarly treated is used for the paneling in the dining room. In the other rooms where paint is to be applied, poplar or birch might be selected.

In the matter of exterior finish, exposed woodwork, such as moldings and half timbering, should be stained and varnished, while the frames and sash must be painted with at least three coats of good exterior oil paint.

In order to give the hall an early French character, stone flagging is used for the floor. In the living room adjoining, red quarry tile carries out the same effect while adding a note of color. The rest of the rooms have red oak flooring.

While the wrought-iron rail with turned brass finials of the main stairway suggests a slightly later period, it is thoroughly French in its refinement of detail.

The cellar, which contains a boiler room, laundry and emergency coal storage space, is finished in rough cement, whitewashed to make it attractive. The plumbing and heating for such a house depend a great deal upon the personal preferences of the owner. A simple vapor heating system and well chosen simple plumbing fixtures are procurable without undue expense in almost any locality.

The glazing throughout the house is economically and well done by the use of the standard "A" quality, double strength, flat drawn sheet glass.

The house as laid out in the sketch plans shown, would contain approximately 48,000 cubic feet and, built by a competent builder under proper supervision, at 52c per cubic foot, should not cost more than $25,000.00. This cost would, of course, vary with the labor and material conditions in different localities.

You can't keep baby in Sanitary Wrappings *but you can kill germs with "LYSOL"*

MORE and more of the things you buy come to you in sealed packages in the fight to protect your home from germs. But you can't put people in packages!

Doctors and public health authorities are doing all they can to prevent infection *outside* your home. Help them by preventing infection *inside!* Disinfect as you clean. It's as easy as putting in soap to add one tablespoonful of "Lysol" Disinfectant to each quart of cleaning water. Soap and water and sunshine will not kill all germs, but when "Lysol" touches them, they will surely die.

Germs come into your home on the hands, breath and clothes of all who enter. Do this: Wipe off the telephone, the doorknobs, and other places hands are constantly touching. Use "Lysol" to disinfect as you clean.

Get a large bottle of "Lysol" today. Join the thousands of mothers who are using this precaution against the spread of disease. Keep yourself and the children physically fit with good food and plenty of exercise . . . and use "Lysol" regularly in your cleaning water to reduce the chance of sickness. It is truly "an ounce of prevention."

Clip the coupon below and send it today for our booklet, "Protecting the Home against Disease."

Lysol Disinfectant

In the fight to prevent the spread of disease, the world now uses over 7 million gallons of "Lysol" a year. *7 million gallons!* And every drop so powerful that, by laboratory test, it will kill 200,000,000 typhoid germs in a quarter of a minute. Any wonder hospitals and doctors still rely on "Lysol" after 40 years?

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors*, Dept. 402, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me, free, your booklet, "Protecting the Home against Disease"

Name..

Street..

City..State..

© 1930, L. & F., Inc.

$1.00 Introduces you to
STARTEX
CRASH TOWELING

Linen in Warp and Weft

Here's a marvelous offer, made so you can discover in your kitchen the economy, usefulness and beauty of STARTEX. This toweling is the same we sell to hotels, steamships, restaurants, and large institutions. Purchasing agents select STARTEX because of its quick drying qualities, its long wear, and low cost. Our offer lets you profit by their experience.

Gay Colored Borders★

STARTEX, too, brings cheer to the kitchen. Borders are colored red, blue, green, or gold. In ordering please state your preference. Only by trying STARTEX can you know how it dries pots, pans, dishes, glassware without seeming to get wet. And here's another point—STARTEX never leaves lint.

16 Pieces for $1.00

Fill out the coupon, attach a dollar bill, and mail. In a few days you will receive four full-size STARTEX towels, and in addition a dozen-bundle of STARTEX miniature samples designed to show our other colors, and useful in numberless ways. Our only request is that you give your dealer's name. We wish to make certain he can fill your future STARTEX needs. Clip the coupon before this magazine gets out of your hands. $1.00 is the only charge for the 16 pieces; packages are sent prepaid.

SALES DEPT., TUCAPAU MILLS
42 Worth St., New York City

STARTEX CRASH TOWELING
Leaves No Lint

★ COUPON ————————

Tucapau Mills, (Sales Dept.) 42 Worth St., New York

Gentlemen: A dollar is enclosed. Send me four STARTEX towels with (state color preferred) ....borders. Also include one bundle of 12 miniature STARTEX samples showing color range.

My dealer's name is..............................
Name of sender..............................
Street..............................
City or Town..................*State*..................

STERLING SILVER CANDLESTICKS $3.95 pair

No. 52945. Order direct by mail these most attractive Sterling Silver Candlesticks, 8 inches high—with specially weighted bases. These are in the rich old Colonial fluted pattern.

Write for this
FREE GIFT BOOK

—the largest and finest Catalog of Silver, Jewelry, Diamonds—Watches—Novelties etc.

You will delight in choosing distinctive gifts from this beautifully illustrated 222 page Catalog. Write for Free Copy.

JASON WEILER
BAIRD NORTH CO. Dept. H M
BOSTON, MASS.

Wedding INVITATIONS—ANNOUNCEMENTS
100 hand-engraved $13.50
including two sets of envelopes
100 Imitation Engraved $5.00
100 Visiting Cards - - - $1.00
Write for Samples
G. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1076 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Blue Plush Rabbit

(*Continued from page 33*)

into the right hands. The other observer was a man—a new man with good looks and no family ties—who did not see Jimmy at all except as a dark satellite totally eclipsed by the bright youth and beauty of Sylvia.

The new man had been brought to the party by Prentice Harlan. He had been contriving excuses for leaving early; when he saw Sylvia, he decided to stay as long as she did. He perceived instantly, with the shrewdness of his long study of the species, that the gold-haired young matron had recently been weeping. He saw his duty clearly, for he was one of those unattached men who believe they are designed to rescue young matrons from the unromantic inertia of married life. By exercise of this natural gift, Mr. Jerry Middleton was able to expend his own surplus of romantic impulse without fear of capture.

He was introduced at once, and he lost no time. Gravely he bent over Sylvia's pretty hand and murmured,

"I've been waiting for you all evening."

The charming untruth fell upon her ears, so recently outraged by her husband, as a gentle rain from heaven. The speaker was good-looking, fascinatingly middle-aged, and full of promise as one who could, given the proper degree of encouragement, say the lovely things she had not heard for much too long. She knew, too, that Jimmy was listening.

"His ears," she thought with cold satisfaction, "are simply pinned back," and so in clear, carrying tones she replied daringly,

"I'd have come much earlier, if I'd known you were here."

Mr. Middleton felt that hours of lost motion had been eliminated. Raptly he asked her to dance.

JIMMY carried his violent desire to push Mr. Middleton in the face out to the veranda and the healing dark. Here he stood and with increasing distaste watched the dancing in general and Sylvia in particular.

"Hello," a voice restful, soothing, drifted to him from the creaking wicker davenport. "We seem to meet everywhere, don't we?"

"Umph," muttered Jimmy, and gasped as he saw Sylvia being drawn a fraction closer to the arms of her partner.

A hand was laid on his arm.

"What is it, Jimmy?" The voice was Mrs. Harlan's, silky with sympathy.

He felt a sudden need to voice his anguish. "The visiting talent," he said bitterly, "will eventually kiss her."

Mrs. Harlan regarded him in silent pity for a moment. How hard he took the inevitable growing pains which every young marriage must suffer before it reaches the comfort of maturity!

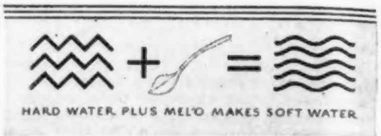
"Of course, he will, Galahad," she said easily, "and what of it? A kiss is not going to break up your home or kill you or anything. Jerry Middleton is harmless enough. He always picks out some one to play the cavalier to, and his choice is always the prettiest woman at the party. You should feel flattered."

Jimmy was looking at her sharply through the half-darkness.

"You—women!" he said finally, his tone somewhat puzzling. Then with a grave little bow he said, "Shall we dance?"

Mrs. Harlan felt that a velvet cloak had been laid across the puddle for her to tread upon. Jimmy was like that . . .

That the party was a great success was proved by its remaining strong and purposeful until nearly four o'clock. After that it became flaccid, as commuters thought longingly of bed and bitterly of the eight-twenty-seven. Second-string romanticism wilted before the chill of life's realities, of which the eight-twenty-seven was the most


HARD WATER PLUS MEL'O MAKES SOFT WATER

Do your white clothes turn GRAY when you wash them?

Do YOU scrub and scrub and still find that your white clothes, when dry, are not *snow*-white? The explanation lies not in the way you wash, probably not in the soap, but in *hard water*—water full of harsh alkalis that combine with dirt to make a gray scum virtually impossible to wash or rinse away.

But fill your tub with dirty clothes. Add two or more tablespoonfuls of Melo—instantly the hardest water becomes soft. Quick, rich suds pile up, and *last*. Rinsing is swift and thorough. The skin of tender hands is spared.

Try a can of Melo tomorrow. It simplifies every washing, bathing and cleaning operation. At your grocer's—10c (slightly higher in far western states). The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of Sani-Flush.*)

MEL'O
WATER SOFTENED
WITH MEL'O IS A
REMARKABLE CLEANER
10 CENTS

Mrs. Jennie M. George
Pittston,
Pa.

"You Showed Me How to Earn $2,000 in 4 Months Spare Time!"

—Mrs. George adds: "Notwithstanding the fact that my time was taken up by an invalid husband, a family, and an 8-room house to take care of."

Immediate Income by Amazing New Plan

CHECK!
☐ Personal Stationery
☐ Bridge Pads
☐ Pictorolls
☐ Xmas Greeting Cards
☐ Business Stationery

Hundreds of women like Mrs. George are turning their spare time into **dollars**, and are winning permanent, big pay positions with us. Amazing "Snow-Ball" Plan gets immediate profits for **beginners** with Process personalized stationery and greeting cards. No experience necessary, no deposit or charge for samples. We teach you the business and supply everything you need. Write today, tell us territory, time you can devote.

The PROCESS CORPORATION
Dept. 929-A, Troy at 21st Street, Chicago

New and different!

A Delicious Flavor—Serve often like macaroni. 4 to 5 generous helpings with recipes in package.

MEGS

★ *At your grocer—or send 10c*

THE MEGS COMPANY
HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

10¢

Interior Decoration
Study at Home
Period and Modern Styles, Draperies, Color Harmony. All fundamentals. Faculty of leading N. Y. decorators. Send for Catalog 3Y
New York School of Interior Decoration
578 Madison Avenue, New York City

This new gas range adds hours to your day

Cooks a whole meal around one burner. Large cooking top.

Flat top lets pot slide. Smallest pots will not tip or spill.

One burner keeps whole meal steaming hot until it is served.

Broad top at new, comfortable height, easy to keep clean.

Smoothtop GAS RANGE

CAPTURES THE FLAVOR . . . FREES THE COOK

Now . . . flavor-filled meals with less supervision

Here's the super gas range you've always wished for . . . the new Smoothtop! Here's a range that makes the full flavor of food a mealtime certainty . . . that sends food to the table piping hot, right to the minute. With ease that affords new household leisure . . . takes charge of the top stove cooking the way the oven regulator guards your oven.

Smoothtop's amazing cooking ease lies in its four definite heat zones. Heat from each burner radiates under its broad, flat, enclosed cooking top . . . from *speed spots, busy boiling, simmering* and *warming* zones. These simmering and warming zones, exclusive to Smoothtop, hold food flavors. Foods don't boil out . . . delicate sauces don't dry up. Just bring your pots to a fast boil over one of Smoothtop's self-lighting burners. Later, slide them back to the simmering zone. Then, a mere shove pushes them back to the warming zone. Here they'll stay hot, juicy and flavor-filled until time to serve while you enjoy hours ot out-of-the-kitchen leisure.

Remember, too, Smoothtop's separate broiler and its wonderful oven. The oven has automatic heat regulator and complete cooking chart. It shows the exact time and heat for everything, from bread and pies to roast beef medium—oven perfection!

Send for the Smoothtop Book. With pages beautifully illustrated in color, it suggests improved kitchens, and explains how the new Smoothtop gas range "captures the flavor . . . frees the cook". It tells how Smoothtop uses any kind of gas. Sent FREE on request. Just mail us this coupon or send a post card.

Standard Gas Equipment Corporation,
18 East 41st Street, New York City
Please send me, free, the Smoothtop Book.
Name...
Address...
City...
GH

STANDARD GAS EQUIPMENT CORPORATION . . . 18 East 41st Street, New York City
Makers of . . . SMOOTHTOP . . . ORIOLE . . . ACORN . . . VULCAN . . . The standard domestic and heavy duty gas ranges . . . wherever gas is used

It's MODERN

The latest model

SILEX

for making coffee in the modern home is lower like modern furniture and motor cars. Coffee made the Silex-way touches only glass, pours clear, lucid, healthful. No bitter metallic taste—this coffee tastes as good as it smells and looks. It is free from harmful elements extracted by wrong boiling method. Anyone can make delicious coffee every time with Silex.

The Silex Company,
Dept. G.H., Hartford, Ct.
I'd like to know the secret of making good coffee, by electricity _____ gas _____ alcohol _____
Name......................
Street......................
City.......... State.......

4-cup, 8-cup models, $5 up

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

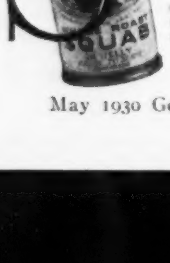
will make soups more appetizing and satisfying. Roasts, steaks, chops, fish, salad dressings, gravies are finer seasoned with this century old favorite. Use a teaspoon to each pint of

CLAM CHOWDER

Free recipe booklet sent on request

LEA & PERRINS, 233 West Steet, New York

DYER & DAVIS' SQUAB



WHOLE ROASTED
Popular for Bridge and Dinner Parties

The world's fanciest squab pigeons scientifically bred, fed, rotisseried and packed on the world's largest squab farm. In tins. A tender, savory delicacy at your dealer's, only $1.25 or, if he does not supply you, sent parcel post prepaid at same price when you remit.

W. A. TAYLOR & CO.
Sole Distributors
94 Pine Street, New York City

real. Women let their noses shine and their lips become natural with complete detachment. Men yawned and had to control strong impulses to loosen their collars.

Only Mr. Middleton, who was not a commuter and whose pursuit of Mrs. Pringle had been uncommonly difficult, still believed that the party was not yet done. With Mrs. Pringle he occupied a bench on the lawn. He had, he was certain as he checked up, used every line he had except one. That one was dangerous, likely to commit a man to much that could become troublesome. He was desperate, however. Earlier in the evening his desire to kiss Mrs. Pringle had been quite mild because of the apparent ease of conquest. Now the desire was insistent because his confidence in his powers, never before challenged, was at stake. The lady had eluded him with childish yet complete dexterity. Had she been less lovely and desirable, he might have been annoyed. As it was, he became reckless.

He took her hand. "I don't see," he said plaintively, "why you can't be kind to me just once when you must know—I love you."

"Love me?" Sylvia started, startled by the sudden thrill in her heart.

Love. This was not the mere airy dalliance of Marian Harlan's oft-repeated adventures in stepping out. This was what Jimmy had said to her. Jerry Middleton's "I love you" was only a fair copy of the original, but it filled in an empty space—emptier than ever tonight, for she had seen Jimmy bending his dark, beloved head very close to Marian Harlan's hair as they danced. Recklessly she turned her face to Jerry Middleton . . .

A sound, terribly familiar, shot through the blurry moment and shattered it. That sound, an inhuman throaty gurgle, was the noise Jimmy Pringle made when he was so mad he could not speak. It came from near by and was followed by the running crunch of footsteps in the gravel, the slamming of a car door, the whir of a starter.

"That's Jimmy," she said abruptly. "He—he saw, and he's going home without me."

"Thoughtful fellow," said Mr. Middleton. "Now I shall take you home," and he sought to draw her near again.

But she drew away from him, her yielding mood broken. He sighed. The young married ones were like that; it was the core of their charm, their skittishness about their husbands and homes.

It was admirable, and it saved him from any tiresome follow-ups.

Well, he thought simply, it had been a very good party, after all. She danced well, and her flirting had been charmingly amateurish. He glanced at his watch furtively, and as he laid her wrap about her shoulders, he stifled a yawn.

JERRY MIDDLETON'S roadster purred softly before the house of the James Pringles. On the veranda stood Mrs. Pringle and Mr. Middleton, staring at each other in embarrassed disbelief.

"He—he has locked me out," said Sylvia finally and tried to laugh.

Her companion once more rattled the front door with the violence people always spend on doors that can not be opened.

"Husband stuff," he muttered.

He was annoyed and very weary of all this. The young fool had not even left a single window unlocked. He had been very, very thorough.

"Well," said Mr. Middleton, "I'll just break a window."

"No." Mrs. Pringle was tapping a silver-tipped toe impatiently. "Do you really think for one moment," she inquired, "that I'll ever go into Jimmy Pringle's house again?"

He really did think she would; positively she would, but he knew she thought she wouldn't. Meanwhile the situation was

with this modern opener

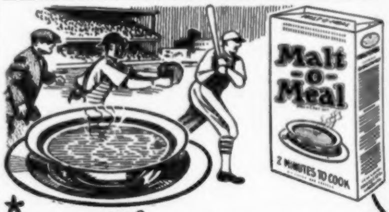
You women who "dread opening cans"—here's good news. An amazing new-type opener that makes a real joy of opening cans of any shape or size! A few easy turns of the fingers—presto! the top is out. Best of all, the new Edlund Jr. turns a smooth, safe edge. No cut or harm can come from a can opened by this attractive, sturdy utensil. The Edlund Jr. applies the same unique mechanical principles that have made Edlund Can Openers the predominating choice in hotels and restaurants the world over.

Modernize your kitchen NOW with this latest labor-saving aid. Only 75c—and built for lifetime service. Sold by dealers generally.

There's a new Edlund Egg Beater, too—75c. If your dealer is not supplied, we will mail either or both, postpaid, with our guarantee of satisfaction.

EDLUND COMPANY, BURLINGTON, VERMONT

Edlund Jr. Can Opener



Malt-o-Meal

Lagging appetites respond quickly when Malt-O-Meal is served. For this wheat cereal, flavored with caramel malt, is as delicious as it is wholesome. Endorsed by physicians for infants and children. Cooks quickly. For large free trial package send us your name and address and grocer's name. Write plainly.

CAMPBELL CEREAL COMPANY
Northfield, Minnesota.

A CEREAL YOU'LL ENJOY

"Just Squeeze the Handle"

The Sift-Chine
(SIFTING MA-CHINE)

Not an ordinary flour sifter, but a sifting machine. Highest quality—built to last for years. One hand operates—quickly—easily. Permits constant stirring while sifting. Double screen—one operation sifts contents twice. Avoids scattering flour. Eliminates lumpy baking. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, Modern Priscilla Proving Plant and other Bureaus. Used and endorsed by foremost food authorities, home economic experts and demonstrators. Highly polished finish. Also furnished with handles in Green, Red, Yellow or Blue. Money-back guaranteed. At dealer's or postpaid for ... $1.00

MEETS A NEED MFG. CO. [illegible] Utah St., Seattle, Washington

GO INTO BUSINESS AT HOME

Men or women, earn fine income in business of YOUR OWN operating "Specialty Candy Factory"--begin Home Spare Time, make BIG PROFITS First Week. We furnish Tools and Supplies--show you how to make and sell large line PURE, DELICIOUS Candies. Nothing else like it. Booklet FREE.

W. HILLYER RAGSDALE
Drawer 60 East Orange, N. J.

"MEAT — MERE COOKING CAN'T GIVE YOU FLAVOR LIKE THIS . . .

"No, you're not such an appetizing morsel, Mr. Meat, just from the roasting or broiling. It takes more than heat alone to give you the taste that we men hanker for. It's this sprinkle of A-1 Sauce that does the trick — that makes you a downright delicious mouthful. For A-1 is the sauce that's made for meats . . . and fish, too . . . a rich, thick, savory table sauce that's made for you — and made for me."

A-1 Sauce works wonders as a seasoning in cooking, too. Write for free recipe booklet, "Twenty-five Ways to a Man's Heart." G. F. Heublein & Brother, Desk 15, Hartford, Connecticut.

★

THE TWIST TELLS

Loop your forefingers through a Good Housekeeping Ring—twist it—stretch it! See it snap back to a perfect circle. Here's a Ring that will keep your fruit and vegetables fresh for years. Thick, limber rubber prevents "spurts." For hot or cold pack. Will not harden, crack or curl.

★

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING FRUIT JAR RINGS

At all good grocery and hardware stores

HAMILTON RUBBER MFG. CO.
Trenton, N. J.

MOTHERS-TO-BE

Send for free Style Book Five

Clothes specially designed to allow for changing figure without loss of smart lines. Special corselette, $5.
Complete layettes of unusual loveliness, $25.00.

MISS CREED 234 Boylston Street Boston, Mass.

distinctly up to him. The manly thing must be done.

"What," he asked, "do you wish me to do? Shall I take you to one of your friends?"

She shook her head. "Oh, no, no," there were tears in her voice now, "no one must ever know—the disgrace—"

He put a soothing arm about her shoulders. "Don't cry, dear. I'll do whatever you want. That is," he added, remembering with sudden fear that once before this evening he had tossed discretion to the winds, "anything within reason. You're too upset to—to decide wisely."

She turned her wet eyes with their pretty lashes full upon him.

"If you—if you meant what you said to me, Jerry," she said, appealingly, "you'll take me home with you. I—I must go home—somewhere."

"Naturally. But—"

HE RELEASED her and straightened his tie with cold fingers. Never again would he make a fool of himself at one of these silly parties. One of these days—and it seemed not far off—some hungry young wife was going to go to Reno for him, and there would be affidavits and headlines and marriage and no more peace on earth.

"I—I heard you tell Prent Harlan," went on the small voice, "that you have your aunt visiting you. So—so it would be all right, wouldn't it? Or maybe," tears again, "you didn't mean it at all?"

"Of course, I meant it," he declared somewhat peevishly. "A man never says that unless he means it. You really mustn't cry. I," he squeezed her hand earnestly, "will take care of you. And, of course, if you really will go home with me—well, I'm delighted. Delighted. I just don't want you to decide too hastily, that's all. Your husband—"

"I," declared young Mrs. Pringle with a lift of her chin, "have no husband. We'll take the baby and go—at once."

Mr. Middleton did not believe he had heard aright. "Take—what?"

"The baby. My baby. He's up there." She led him out into the lawn and pointed upward to a small balcony. "The darling's room opens on to that balcony, and the French doors are open. I—I can not go without him."

"But—how—"

He knew bitterly what she expected of him. She had turned out, after all, to be one of those anachronisms who believe in honorable intentions.

"You can climb up the trellis," she told him. "It will hold you. Jimmy did it once when he was trimming the roses."

"Then why—if I can get up there—why not go down through the house and open the door for you?"

"Never!" Her tone was final.

In the steady eyes regarding him Mr. Middleton saw a dawning bewilderment, a losing faith, which he could not bear. He peeled off his coat and handed it to her. Without another word he strode to the trellis. Gingerly he took hold of it. It was covered prettily with rambler roses, coy thorns, and strange insects, and it shook and creaked beneath his unwilling legs. Miraculously he arrived at last to safety upon the balcony and peered with dazed eyes into the nursery.

A pair of blue eyes exactly like the pair to which he owed this wild night's work regarded him with lively interest through the bars of a crib. James Worthington Pringle, III, smiled an eager welcome. He was not in the least surprised. When he cried hard enough, some one always came, and goodness knew he had done his best. The visitor, it was plain, knew about the rabbit and had arrived in this rather bizarre manner to restore it to his arms . . .

Cool . . .
LIGHT DESSERTS
that set in 10 minutes

No wonder Junket desserts are so popular. No eggs . . . No cooking . . . a package of Junket and a pint of lukewarm milk, that's all. Children love junket and it's as wholesome as well as appetizing because of the healthful enzymes.*

Junket comes in six pure, tempting flavors:

Vanilla Chocolate
Orange Raspberry
Lemon Coffee

Raspberry Junket

Coffee Junket

Vanilla Junket

*ENZYME—The active principle provided by Nature in Junket which makes milk more easily digested and healthful.

Junket
VANILLA FLAVOR

FREE—Recipe Book of Delicious Desserts and Ice Creams. Or send your grocer's name, with 10c (stamps or coin) to cover postage and packing—for book and trial package of flavored Junket. If preferred, ask for Junket Tablets, not sweetened or flavored. Write Department 15. The Junket Folks, Little Falls, New York. (In Canada, Address The Junket Folks, Toronto, Ont.)

★ **Junket**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

makes Milk into
DELICIOUS DESSERTS

The MYSTIC MARVEL
★ **CLEANS POTS & PANS**

LIKE VELVET ON HANDS
LIKE MAGIC ON PANS

ALMOST *miraculous!* 21,547 magic, continuous coils of pure copper chase hardened grease away like lightning! Cannot rust or splinter off. Rinses readily and thoroughly. At leading chain stores or send 10¢ for sample to The Mystic Mit Makers, West Orange, N. J. 10¢

LOOK AROUND YOUR HOME!
-your guests do!
Kyanize
LUSTAQUIK FINISH
TULIP RED
Boston Varnish Company

YOU will find that "there's room for beauty in every room." Try looking around, it's well worth the effort. See your home as others see it. With a few cans of Kyanize you can have all the thrill of new rooms and new furniture in four hours—because Kyanize permits you to express yourself—in color, in form and in the decorations of your home.

Kyanize

LUSTAQUIK FINISH

is not a lacquer, yet dries dust free in one hour, completely dry in four. No offensive odor and requires no thinner. Has great covering capacity and can be used over old paint and varnish without lifting other coats. Can be applied to anything . . . wood, stone, glass or metal . . . without showing laps or brush marks. Comes in 16 beautiful, lively colors to meet modern decoration needs, and by intermixing these 16 colors many tints can be secured.

Special $1.00 offer! Send us a dollar and the name of your local paint dealer and receive a full pint can, Kyanize Lustaquik Finish, a brush and the book "Dream Floors."

BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY
330 Everett Sta. Boston, Mass.

The Blue Plush Rabbit

But the visitor made no move toward the rabbit. Instead he brought his red, perspiring face close and put out his arms. James Pringle, III, sensed some fell purpose and thrust out his lower lip.

Mr. Middleton, panic-stricken, stepped back to the balcony and called down hoarsely: "He's going to cry. What shall I do?"

"Tell him," came the prompt answer, "that he's going day-day with Mummy."

Mr. Middleton felt that he was carrying the manly thing too far. He could not and would not give voice to this sickening phrase. Again he stepped into the room, his eye redder than ever. James Pringle, III, was terrified. He drew a long, shuddering breath.

"Day-day—day-day with Mummy," stammered the visitor hastily.

The child slowly exhaled, smiled, held up his arms. Jerry, feeling his charm with reluctant fury, wrapped him with some tenderness in several blankets and picked him up.

Still murmuring the magic formula, he opened the door into the hall, glanced about for the stairs, and—finding them at last—crept down them fearfully. He felt that the scene needed only the sudden appearance of young Mr. Pringle with a gun in his hand to complete its idiocy.

"There," he said, laying the child in Sylvia's arms.

He pulled on his coat and smoothed his hair.

"Oh, Jerry, you're so wonderful to me," she said. "I can't thank you enough."

JERRY gulped and climbed into the driver's seat with averted eyes. A cold resignation to his fate had settled down upon him. Only one thing mattered now: to get away from this place at all possible speed, to find his bed where he might rest his wounds and let sleep restore him to sanity. He switched on the ignition—

"Help—po-leece!"

Jerry's hand froze to the key. The piercing shriek cut through the morning quiet. All Bowling Green must surely awaken to life and action. This would, of course, get into the papers—Wall Street Man Steals Child—Wife, Locked Out, Elopes With Broker—

He heard Sylvia's voice uplifted.

"Heliotrope—hush—for heaven's sake—"

From a third-story window an ebon head in a boudoir cap looked down upon them.

"Fo' Gawd, Miz Pringle, I hearn kidnappers. You sure it was jus' you?"

"Why didn't you open the door?" demanded Sylvia.

In passionate explanation Heliotrope flung herself still further over the window-sill.

"How'm I gonna let anybody in?" she shrilled. "Mist' Pringle come on here and lock up the whole house. An' lock me up, too, and he say ef'n I let anybody in 'is house tonight, he bus' my head wide open. 'Nen he goes off with some woman, an'—"

"What woman?" Sylvia's voice lifted sharply.

"How'd I know?" said Heliotrope. "But I knows this much," her voice rose higher, "this is a mi-i-ighty funny house 'roun here, and I'm givin' notice right here and now."

A suddenly roaring motor beneath the desperate hand of Jerry Middleton drowned out Heliotrope's resignation. The car leaped ahead and rushed its three silent passengers out of Bowling Green.

Sylvia gazed down thoughtfully upon her son's small head cuddled against her shoulder. This was good-by. This was not a mere stepping-out. It was final. And Jimmy had gone off with Marian Harlan. There had, of course, been something more than a mere accidental meeting for luncheon between them. He had locked her out of her house—his wife, the mother of his

The Blue Plush Rabbit

son. But he had not reckoned on there being left in this world one chivalrous man.

She stole a glance at the grim face of the last remaining flower of chivalry. He looked handsome—handsomer than Jimmy—much more dependable.

MR. MIDDLETON was thinking—not romantically—of the pretty young woman at his side; not of chivalry or conquest or any of those things. He was thinking of Aunt Caroline, who was on from Boston to help him put his new house on the North Shore in order. To sum her up as briefly as possible, Aunt Caroline was one of the bewildered generation which asks daily what the world is coming to, and about whom there is no nonsense whatever. To Aunt Caroline he would have to explain the unheralded arrival of a pretty young woman and a baby at five o'clock in the morning. With a few hours of sleep behind him, he'd be better able to do it. Earnestly he prayed that Aunt Caroline be not awakened by his homecoming.

Standing at last on his own doorstep, he besought Sylvia in agonized whispers to be as quiet as possible. The entrance was wholly successful. The baby's eyes were wide with wonder, but he was silent. Not even a stair creaked beneath their tiptoes as Jerry, with Sylvia close behind him, made their way to the upper hall. He opened a guestroom door.

"*Hope you'll be comfortable,*" he whispered, his hospitality too hasty to be very convincing. "Good-night," and he hastened to his own bedroom.

Sylvia looked at the closed door thoughtfully. There had been nothing in the least lover-like in his departure. Men in need of sleep, she concluded, were all alike, irritable and impatient. She wanted all at once to flee from this house instantly. With a sigh she laid her son down upon one of the charmingly dressed twin beds. He, of course, must sleep. She drew him from his blankets and tucked him in snugly.

She walked restlessly to the window and looked out upon the well-groomed lawns of Mr. Middleton. They shone with silver mist beneath the early sun. Everything was very still, very strange. To think that Jimmy, Jimmy Pringle, could have—

"Rabbush," said a small voice from behind her. And again, more distinctly, "Rabbush."

She swung round, startled, to behold her son peering over the side of the bed. He looked searchingly first on one side and then on the other. He looked under his pillow. Then he kicked off the bedclothes and searched with increasing anxiety all through the bed. He sat up and thrust out his lip.

Sylvia, her arms cuddling him, whispered in sudden panic: "Don't cry, darling. Mother will find it."

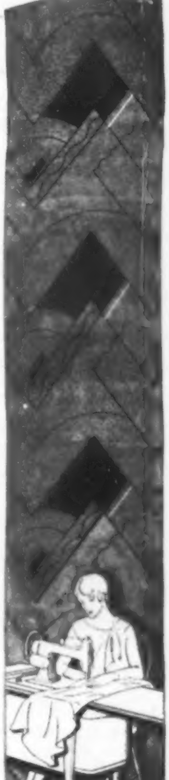
He paused, dimly hopeful. She began to tell him a story about a little boy whose rabbit went away on a visit, but would be back soon and bring him something very nice indeed. He stared at her. Unbelievably she had not brought it.

"Rabbush," he wailed.

Louder and louder he howled, as she tried to comfort him with kisses and promises. She took him up and began to walk blindly up and down the room with him. All sense of reality had gone, merging into a state wherein she felt there was no longer anything sane in the world. Indeed the stout figure which suddenly appeared in the doorway seemed to her a strange sort of mirage, even though it wore steel hair-wavers and a flannel dressing-gown. Its face was a study, a perfect blending of amazement and suspicion. From it issued a voice, lost at first in the Pringle child's screams but audible finally in:

"Who are you? What are you doing

You Get the Priceless Charm of a Perfect Fit when You Understand "NEW METHOD" COSTUME ART



YOU rarely get a perfect fit with clothes that are built for the AVERAGE figure . . . . even with expensive alterations! "New Method" clothes are made for YOU ALONE. That's why each dress becomes you perfectly...with a personal charm that no money can buy!

BETTER CLOTHES FOR LESS MONEY . . . . .

You need not know anything about sewing before joining your local "New Method" Costume Art group. We show you all the simple short-cuts that help you make a dress look just right. You learn how to slenderize stout lines, how to build up thin ones . . . . in short, how to get the most stylish fit possible, for less money than you are spending for your clothes!

WE TEACH YOU "NEW METHOD" FREE . . .

The White Sewing Machine Company spends thousands of dollars every year to make "New Method" Costume Art possible for YOU. If you buy a White Rotary Electric Sewing Machine you get the complete course WITHOUT CHARGE. We will send a CERTIFICATE entitling you to one FREE lesson *at your nearest White School . . . . that you may truly appreciate the opportunity in "New Method", for you. DO send for it, today.

*If you are doing any sewing, take it with you.

White ★
Rotary Electric
Sewing Machines

SINCE 1876 ~ THE SERVANT OF THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

Copyright 1930
W. S. M. Co.

More Clothes for Less Money

"NEW METHOD"
COSTUME ART SCHOOLS
c/o White Sewing Machine Co., Cleveland, Ohio

GET FREE INSTRUCTION

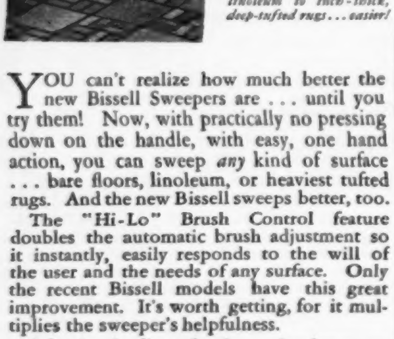
Please send me WITHOUT CHARGE the CERTIFICATE entitling me to one free lesson at nearest White School... also, the attractive booklet describing the "NEW METHOD" Costume Art groups

Name ______________________

Address ______________________ City ______________

New Bissell "Hi-Lo" Brush Control doubles the brush range and reduces the effort by half.

Why your old sweeper *can't compare with this*



You're not getting a modern "Hi-Lo" Brush control sweeper and full benefits unless you get the new Bissell

Sweeps any surface from linoleum to inch-thick, deep-tufted rugs . . . easier!

YOU can't realize how much better the new Bissell Sweepers are . . . until you try them! Now, with practically no pressing down on the handle, with easy, one hand action, you can sweep *any* kind of surface . . . bare floors, linoleum, or heaviest tufted rugs. And the new Bissell sweeps better, too.

The "Hi-Lo" Brush Control feature doubles the automatic brush adjustment so it instantly, easily responds to the will of the user and the needs of any surface. Only the recent Bissell models have this great improvement. It's worth getting, for it multiplies the sweeper's helpfulness.

Ask the leading furniture, hardware or department store to demonstrate. A Bissell with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control (on all Cyco models) costs only the price of a few brooms—$5.50 and up (50 cents higher in the West and South). "The Bissell Booklet" mailed free. Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

★ The new **BISSELL SWEEPER** with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control

The Blue Plush Rabbit

here? What is the matter with that terrible child?"

Sylvia let the first two questions go by in indignation at the last one. "He is *not* a terrible child," she shouted. "He wants his rabbit, that's all. He always sleeps with it. He won't—"

Again the door swung open to propel into the room the apoplectic presence of Mr. Jerry Middleton. In both pillows he had buried his head. He had prayed for some divine anesthesia to prove to him that this was only a nightmare, that he really was asleep, but the Pringle child had gone on screaming, and with hands aching to spank it into insensibility he had leaped from his bed. Incredibly he had completely forgotten Aunt Caroline. The curses on his lips died. He looked at her in frozen silence.

"Who are they?" she demanded.

Weakly he tried to tell her, even muttered absurdly an introduction. Grandly she ignored it.

"Whose child is that?" she asked.

"Rabbush, rabbush," yelled the scion of the Pringles.

Jerry's nerves snapped. "It's her child, of course!" he shouted. "Whose could it be?"

Aunt Caroline's eye gleamed. "Whose, indeed? He looks across the brow," went on Aunt Caroline, who considered a secret marriage quite like something her erratic nephew might do, "quite a lot like Grandfather Middleton."

"No relation," said Jerry irritably. "Go to bed."

"Why is she here? Tell me that," pursued the inquisition.

"She lost the key to her house—got locked out—it's perfectly all right—we were at a party, you see, and—"

"The child, too, in his nightgown?"

Jerry groaned. Sylvia stepped forward, eager and ready to explain, but her host stopped her. He shook his finger at her furiously.

"You see, don't you, what your confounded nonsense has got me into? The least you could do would be to get that child quieted down and let us all get a little sleep."

Sylvia wept. "Take me home—at once—" she begged.

Mr. Middleton, looking distinctly older and much less dependable in red dressing-gown and floppy pajamas than he had looked in evening dress, paced the floor.

"No," he declared. "No. I'll do nothing of the kind—not until I've had some sleep. You quiet that child."

HE PAUSED hopefully. Georgette, his housemaid, looking calm and resourceful in a uniform which did not betray by a single wrinkle the haste with which it had been donned, had just entered the room.

"He is seeck, the little one?" she inquired.

"Take him," shouted Jerry. "Take him downstairs with you—"

Sylvia held the child closer.

"You could do nothing," she told the willing Georgette. "He wants his rabbit—he always has it in bed with him—he can not sleep without it."

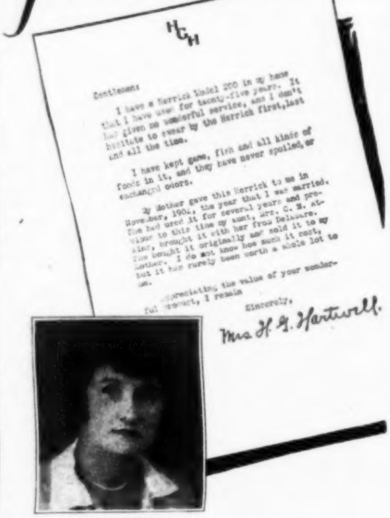
"Rabbit?" murmured Georgette. She brightened. "Not the live rabbit? *Non?* —Then I, I have the rabbit. My husban's little nephew leave here the rabbit when las' he visit Emil and me. But wait a moment."

She turned to go.

"Tell Emil," called Aunt Caroline, "to bring us coffee at once. We are all going mad in this terrible racket."

Georgette returned quickly. In the arms of the sobbing baby she laid a plush rabbit. He felt it, his eyes still blinded with tears. He clutched it to him in a silence so sudden that no one dared, watching him

a HERRICK *refrigerator serves two Generations*



HGH

Gentlemen:

I have a Herrick Model 200 in my home that I have used for twenty-five years. It has given me wonderful service, and I don't hesitate to swear by the Herrick first, last and all the time.

I have kept game, fish and all kinds of foods in it, and they have never spoiled, or exchanged odors.

My Mother gave this Herrick to me in November, 1904, the year that I was married. She had used it for several years and previous to this time my aunt, Mrs. C. M. Atkins, brought it with her from Delaware. She bought it originally and sold it to my mother. I do not know how much it cost, but it has surely been worth a whole lot to me.

Appreciating the value of your wonderful product, I remain

Sincerely,

Mrs H. G. Hartwell.

THE HERRICK

Is Built For Lasting Service

Solid construction, thick HERRICK Insulation, and high quality linings comprise a few of the superior HERRICK features—your assurance that every HERRICK will give just the kind of service described in Mrs. Hartwell's letter above.

Constant circulation of cold pure air prevents any exchange of food flavors or odors. Foods keep deliciously fresh for days.

Write for interesting miniature catalog

HERRICK REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
115 River Street, Waterloo, Iowa

★

HERRICK
THE ARISTOCRAT OF REFRIGERATORS

★WYANDOTTE BRINGS CLEANLINESS TO THE WORLD'S GREAT INDUSTRIES . . . AND THEREFORE INTO YOUR OWN HOME

In 1892, a business man stepped from a train at Wyandotte, Michigan, seeking a supply of soda-ash for his plate-glass plant at Toledo. A fellow passenger had told him he might find it at Wyandotte.

The business man was Captain J. B. Ford. His chance visit was successful. Not only was a steady supply of soda-ash assured, but one of the most far-reaching weapons in the world-wide war on dirt and disease was forged! For the products of the great Wyandotte salt mines, and the limestone deposits at Alpena, Michigan, subsequently acquired, proved themselves admirably suited to the manufacture of effective cleaning materials.

To produce these, Captain Ford started The Michigan Alkali Company and its associate, The J. B. Ford Company, at Wyandotte. Today the Wyandotte Indian, symbol of Wyandotte products, is familiar in every part of the globe . . . in Singapore and in Havana . . . in England, Denmark, Java . . . at the tip of South Africa and the Andean capitals of South America. It is known in every land—and every industry.

Great hotels, clubs, office buildings are kept spotless with Wyandotte. Hospitals depend on it for the cleanliness so vital to them. Refrigerator cars, lumber, canned foods—all are cleaned with it.

The name *Wyandotte* stands for not one but scores of products, each designed to do a particular job superlatively well. For years, Wyandotte chemists have worked in co-operation with representatives of other industries, helping to solve their cleaning problems . . . developing new products to accomplish new tasks.

Dairymen, launderers, bakers, meat packers . . . all look to Wyandotte for cleanliness. And through them, this cleanliness comes to your own home. The bread for your table is prepared and baked in utensils made spotless with Wyandotte. Canned foods are packed under sanitary, wholesome conditions. Beverages come in sparkling, sweet-smelling bottles.

Cleanliness means health. And Wyandotte products are on duty for you . . . throughout the world . . . bringing cleanliness to the industries that affect you vitally. The J. B. Ford Company, Wyandotte, Mich.

Progressive laundries use a special Wyandotte product for washing clothes . . . clean and soft . . . without damaging the most delicate of fabrics. ■ *From top to bottom, most of the world's buildings are cleaned with Wyandotte.*

Even the bottles in which your milk is delivered are made spotless and sparkling with Wyandotte. ■ *In hospitals, where cleanliness is of greatest concern, Wyandotte products are widely used . . . in laboratories, lobbies, kitchens.*

WYANDOTTE

Trade Mark

CLEANS THE WORLD

NEW-*STAINLESS*
Terek Table Coverings

EVERY woman will appreciate these new household helps—lacquered tablecloths and luncheon sets that *never need laundering.* Imagine it—work, worry and laundry bills saved. No need to scold when things get spilled—no danger of white spots on your table made by hot liquids—no changing tablecloths at every meal.

◆

Terek is the smart table covering for 1930. Its pattern is taken from rare old Irish linen; it comes in white and four charming colors: maize, sea-crest green, cameo blue and peach, with a distinctive drawn border. In addition it has a soft fleecy back which safely cushions your table top from harm. You will find Terek tablecloths and luncheon sets priced as low as $2.50 in nearly all department and house furnishing stores. Be sure, however, that you get the genuine TEREK. Other cloths somewhat similar in appearance and purpose lack the wearing and draping qualities of the genuine Terek and often are not even completely waterproof. Genuine Terek is identified by the gay, modern package and the Terek seal on the back of each cloth. Look for it before you buy.

Introductory Offer

To introduce Terek to you, we will mail you a handsome full-size tray cloth, 12x18 inches in size, sent prepaid with interesting booklet and color samples for only 25c. Mail coupon to Wellington, Sears & Company, Dept. G-3, for this fine value.

TEREK
Manufactured by
ATHOL MFG. CO. · ATHOL, MASS.

WELLINGTON, SEARS & Co., Dept. G-3,
77 Franklin Street, New York City.
I enclose 25c for Terek tray cloth.
Name..
Street..
City and State..

The Blue Plush Rabbit

with tense awe, to break it. Then his sight cleared. He stared at the thing in his hands. It was plush, yes; and its ears were long and drooping. But it was *pink.* It had *two* eyes. It was not his rabbit. He flung it from him wildly and once more filled his lungs.

"This is awful," said Jerry and sank down upon the bed, his face buried in his hands.

Aunt Caroline was saying something, trying to make herself heard above the din. Sylvia was reiterating her demand to be shown the railway station so that she might take the child and go home. The Pringle child was screaming . . . When this was all over, Jerry was thinking, he would go to the farthest jungle where there would be only men and animals—where there would be no women—no marriage—no children.

THE precipitate entrance of Emil with a violently rattling tray of china and silver broke into his thoughts.

"This pairson," panted Emil, glancing behind him, "he insist to come up—he push me—"

A dark young man in a sadly wrinkled overcoat stood in the doorway.

"Jimmy!" gasped Sylvia.

"Rabbush?" James, III, had caught sight of his father.

Jimmy strode forward without a word From the pocket of his overcoat he produced something, which he settled with the practised touch of a familiar task into the fat curve of his son's arm.

In the miraculous deathly silence which followed, his voice sounded clear and stern. "I don't see," he said, as he took the child from Sylvia's aching arms, "how you could have forgotten his rabbit."

Jerry Middleton, looking a mixture of relief and rather ashamed friendliness, stepped into the strained pause. "Look here, Pringle," he said, "I'm sorry. No harm done and none meant. Just p-part of the p-party."

Jimmy glanced over Jerry's shoulder and looked at Aunt Caroline. She looked like his own Aunt Bessie, a lady of Victorian ideals, a lady about whom there could be no nonsense whatever. He drew a short breath of relief and grinned at everybody with an engaging hint of apology.

"I'm sort of an old-fashioned fool about a lot of things," he said. "Sanctity of the —well, you get me anyway. That sort of thing." He took Middleton's outstretched hand briefly. "Come on, Sylvia. Let's go."

"But you," said Sylvia, and Middleton wondered why it was not in the nature of women to let well enough alone, "you went off with that—"

"Mrs. Harlan?—Sure I did," said Jimmy coolly. "I drove her all over the country. I called her bluff. Some stepper-out, she is! After all that fine talk of hers about stepping out, and how she and her husband understand each other perfectly, she begins to cry and says he never will forgive her and he'll take her children away from her. I told her—reminded her—that she'd said she loved me—" Middleton started and gazed thoughtfully at his finger-nails— "and so she'd have to run away with me . . . Well, anyway, I took her home after a while and handed her over to old Prent, who wasn't particularly excited, and told him to wash her mouth out with soap. And then I came here."

He frowned. "Fooling with people's lives. Filling my wife's head with a lot of tripe."

The way he said "my wife" made Sylvia feel exactly like a naughty child who has just been spanked.

"See what I mean, Middleton?" Jimmy shot his question suddenly.

Middleton had the grace to redden. He nodded. "Sure," he said earnestly. "Absolutely poisonous business. Bad for the home and—er—everything."

The Butcher –
The Baker –
The Candlestick Maker

Tracks! Tracks! All over your lovely linoleum! But what a joy to know that no matter how ugly or sticky the spots, off they come with a quick *swish* of the mop, provided, of course, you first give your linoleum a coat of B/C Linoleum Lacquer! Its hard, smooth, transparent surface keeps dirt and stains on top—out of the pores! Two coats a year are all that are necessary! B/C Linoleum Lacquer brightens and beautifies both old and new linoleums.

B C
LINOLEUM LACQUER

Sold by paint and flooring sections of department stores; also hardware, paint, furniture and flooring dealers; or mail coupon with 25¢ for half-pint trial can of B/C, regular price of which is 60¢.

USE TRY-IT-YOURSELF COUPON BELOW.

B C
BECKWITH CHANDLER

LINOLEUM
LACQUER
Swish—and it's clean!

BECKWITH CHANDLER CO., Dept. 513
201 Emmett Street, Newark, N. J.
Enclosed is 25c to cover mailing costs on a half-pint can of B-C Linoleum Lacquer, the retail price of which is 60c.
Name ....
Address ....
Dealer's Name ....

W. R. ROACH writes of fine foods

A story of ideas and ideals
by the Dean of independent
packers of vegetables
and fruits.

Mr. Roach is a pioneer in the development of pedigreed seed. As an organizer and Past President of the National Canners Association, he has been deservedly honored for the many improvements he has sponsored.

HAND IN HAND WITH THE HOME

By

W. R. Roach

Founder of W. R. Roach & Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan, Packers of Hart Brand Canned Vegetables and Fruits

"Rich Man, Poor Man, Beggar Man, Thief,
Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant, Chief - - -"

ALL are men and all must eat. That is our job, Lady who Makes the Meals—yours and mine. Whether they are mature or still too young to be classified in that ancient nursery rhyme—all men are children when it comes to food. That is why you and I shoulder such a tremendous responsibility. You must cater to their individual tastes; spur their jaded appetites with new and appetizing dishes. You must preserve the vigor of full-grown bodies with a well-chosen variety of vegetables and fruits; build health and strength into the youngsters with tasty meals that have a superabundance of true food values. And I must go hand in hand with you. I must furnish the yardstick by which you measure the foods you buy. I must make known quality synonymous with "The Brand You Know By Hart." I have done so.

FIFTY years ago I was an amateur farmer in a rather small way. Pedigreed seeds were my hobby, so I naturally drifted into the business of selling them. From there, it was but a short step to packing a brand on which I was proud to place my name. I learned a great many things in those early years—and I had a great many ideals about this business of food. The first label that bore the Red Heart—thirty-nine years ago—was more than a trade-mark. It was a pledge. It is still a pledge that the product it marks will be always of the highest quality. To maintain that quality it has been necessary to expand the activities of W. R. Roach & Company constantly—to gain control of the choicest acreage—to erect canning plant after canning plant in strategic spots so that every product is packed within two hours after picking. Hart Brand Vegetables and Fruits are now grown on nearly 50,000 fertile acres of vegetable gardens and orchards in America's richest soil where trees, bushes, plants and vines teem and flourish with the product of pedigreed seed. A corps of able scientists conduct constant tests and research in an endless endeavor to improve quality and flavor. Vigilant watchmen, trained for their duty, police the widespread acres and guard the crops against the ravages of nature.

MAKE my ideal your yardstick. It is the steadfast principle of a vast and far-flung organization that goes hand in hand with you in your search for finer foods. Because of it, millions throughout the world know that "The Brand You Know By Hart" stands, and will always stand, for quality unexcelled, flavor unsurpassed, freshness unimpaired, and food values that are a vital part of every meal. Packed under the Hart Brand label, there are a complete assortment and endless variety of the finest vegetables and fruits. You can get them from your grocer in sizes that range from the 10 cent tin for two, to the full family quantities. Look for the Red Heart, illustrated below, on every can. Insist on Hart Brand products. If your neighborhood grocer does not carry them all, write us.

★

HART BRAND VEGETABLES AND FRUITS

THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

No Need to "Do Without" if You Let Us Help You Earn More Money!

WHY should you "do without" things for yourself, your home, and your family when we make it so easy for you to have them?

Our friendly plan of earning money is so simple—so convenient—so pleasant in every way.

It's just a matter of helping us take care of the new and renewal subscriptions to Good Housekeeping, Cosmopolitan, Harper's Bazaar and our other splendid magazines, in your own neighborhood.

In just an hour or two daily—while you visit friends or chat over the telephone—in the daytime or evenings—indoors or outdoors—you can easily earn enough money right along to buy the things you have always longed for.

Miss Rachel H. Stannard of Massachusetts, who has earned hundreds of dollars with us, writes: "The work has helped me to renew many old friendships and make many new ones, and has netted good profits."

Send for Full Details TODAY

Dept. GH-530B, Good Housekeeping,
57th St. at 8th Ave., New York, N.Y.

Please send me full details and a FREE Money-Making Outfit at once, without any obligation on my part.

Name..

Street..

City..............................State..........

Your Profits Start At Once

Young and old, men and women, thousands are now earning with us in their leisure moments. You need no experience—no training. We show you exactly how to begin and how to earn your first dollars *at once!* Soon, perhaps, like many of our helpers, you may have a spare-time income of over $150 a month!

Surely a plan as fine as ours is worth looking into, isn't it? It will take you only a minute and a postage stamp to ask us for full information. Why not do so at once—*TODAY?*

YOUR "PERMANENT" WILL LOOK BETTER AND LAST LONGER IF YOU SET IT EVERY FEW DAYS WITH

WEST ELECTRIC

WATER WAVERS

For long or bobbed hair

10 cents each and worth every cent!

ONE HALF ACTUAL SIZE

WEST ELECTRIC Water Wavers don't break, bend, rust or get out of order. *If one does, we'll replace it free.* They're made of round aluminum tubing—light as a feather. There are no seams or edges to injure the hair. Finest steel music wire gives proper tension for *any* thickness of hair, and patented ball lock prevents unfastening. At Department and 5 and 10c stores everywhere.

WEST ELECTRIC Aids to Beauty include also Hair Wavers, Curlers and Nets. Look for the WEST ELECTRIC Girl and the Orange and Black cards.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and 60c in stamps for a set of 6 and we will ship direct to you.

West Electric Hair Curler Corp.
515 N. BROAD ST., PHILADELPHIA

Be Your Own Interior Decorator

You can easily make the most attractive pillows, slip covers and curtains with that much desired tailored finish if you will use

WRIGHT'S BIAS FOLD TAPE

Interesting, practical suggestions for making these articles and many others as well are given in our

New Sewing Book

We will send you a copy of the new Spring issue and a three yard sample of tape for 10c. Send for your copy today.

Wm. E. Wright & Sons Co.
Dept. 840 Orange, N. J.

The Blue Plush Rabbit

He waved a hand toward the shining coffee things. "How about a little eye-opener?"

Jimmy shook his head. "Time to go home. Thanks just the same. Come on, Sylvia."

Sylvia threw on her wrap, her eyes thankful and thoughtful. Only Jimmy, only a husband, could have understood about the rabbit. This was Marriage . . .

James Worthington Pringle, III, slept peacefully against his father's shoulder. In his elbow snuggled a blue plush rabbit with long, drooping ears and one red-glass, button eye.

May Meals

(*Continued from page 95*)

water, 1 teaspoonful each of minced onion and parsley, ⅛ teaspoonful salt, and a dash of pepper. Pour into a frying pan in which 1 tablespoonful of fat has been melted, tipping the pan to grease the sides. Cook over medium heat until bottom of omelet is set, lift to let uncooked portion run under, and continue until omelet is entirely set. Brown top under broiler heat. Serve with Brown Sauce. Serves 6.

Brown Sauce: Melt 2 tablespoonfuls fat in a saucepan. Add an equal amount of flour and stir until smooth. Add 1 cupful cold water, stirring constantly. Bring to a boil, add 3 tablespoonfuls Chinese soy sauce, and let boil 1 minute longer.

Browned Rice: Melt 2 tablespoonfuls fat in a large saucepan. Add ½ cupful uncooked, washed rice and stir until rice is golden brown. Add 2½ cupfuls boiling water carefully (for much steam will rise), add ½ teaspoonful of salt, cover, and let simmer about 25 minutes without stirring or until rice has absorbed all the water and is dry and flaky. Serves 6.

Chili Crackers: Cream 2 tablespoonfuls butter until smooth. Add ½ teaspoonful chili powder and blend. Spread on 6 crackers and crisp in a hot oven of 400° F., or under a low broiler heat until golden brown.

Fish Fillets with Tomato and Olive Sauce: Dip 6 individual fish fillets in one beaten egg, then in ⅓ cupful finely sifted cracker crumbs. Sauté in 4 tablespoonfuls fat until tender and golden brown. Meanwhile melt 4 tablespoonfuls fat, add 1 onion, finely minced, and cook until onion is tender; add 4 tablespoonfuls flour and stir until smooth. Add 2 cupfuls canned tomato sauce, 1 cupful stoned and chopped green olives, 1 teaspoonful salt, and ⅛ teaspoonful pepper; stir until blended and hot. Pour over fish fillets which have been arranged on a hot platter, and serve. Serves 6.

Chocolate Cream Pudding: Melt 2 squares chocolate, add 4½ tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, ¼ teaspoonful of salt, 3 tablespoonfuls sugar, and ½ cupful cold water. Meanwhile scald 1½ cupfuls evaporated milk mixed with 1 cupful water in the top of a double-boiler. Pour a little of this scalded mixture on the chocolate mixture and blend. Add this to the remaining scalded milk and stir constantly until mixture coats the spoon. Cover and cook for 25 minutes, stirring occasionally. Beat one egg slightly, add 3 tablespoonfuls sugar, and pour the pudding over the egg mixture, stirring constantly. Combine thoroughly and return to the double-boiler to cook a minute longer. Add 1 teaspoonful vanilla, beat up well, and pour into cold wet molds or sherbet glasses. Chill. Serves 6.

Creamed Eggs with Chili and Rice: To 2 cupfuls well-seasoned, medium white sauce add 1 teaspoonful chili powder and 6 hard-cooked eggs cut in quarters. Meanwhile cook 1 cupful rice, season it, and arrange it in a border around a platter. Pour egg mixture in the center. Serves 6.

Canton Gingerbread: Add ½ cupful finely chopped preserved ginger to your favorite gingerbread recipe, substituting ¼ cupful of the ginger sirup for an equal portion of the molasses called for.

Next Fall...

lovely
as
ever

Safe from moths protected this new, easy way

No longer need you fear moth damage to your lovely coat, blankets and other wool and fur things.

This year—in your own home—you can pack them away safely and easily—and at a cost of only a few cents per garment.

A new preparation makes possible a simple and effective way to guard against the costly ravages of moths. *Dichloricide* — a white, crystalline substance. Unlike moth preparations that are effective only against the adult moth, Dichloricide destroys both moths and their larvae (the worm state in which moths feed on wool and fur garments).

Scattered in clothing, Dichloricide crystals give off a penetrating vapor that permeates every inch of the fabric. To human beings this vapor is harmless, but to moths and their larvae it is deadly.

When used according to the simple directions, Dichloricide gives protection for wool, fur or fur-trimmed garments. Next fall you will find them as lovely as ever and quickly ready for wear. Any remaining odor will disappear after a few minutes airing.

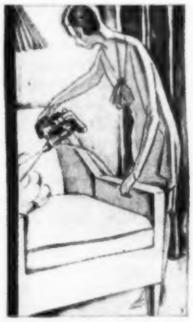
Keep Dichloricide on hand. Use it whenever you are packing away wool or fur garments. A pound package is sufficient to protect an average trunk full of clothing and may save you hundreds of dollars worth of damage. Get a package today from your druggist. Merck & Co. Inc., Manufacturing Chemists, New York City.

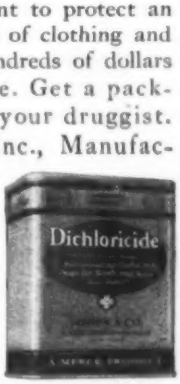
Recommended by Vacuum Cleaner Manufacturers

Upholstered furniture, unless protected, is frequently a breeding place for moths.

Leading vacuum cleaner manufacturers now recommend blowing Dichloricide fumes into the corners and crevices with your vacuum cleaner.

Dichloricide is furnished as standard equipment with Premier Spic-Span and The Regina, and as extra equipment with the General Electric Hand Cleaner. Other makes are equipped to use it.





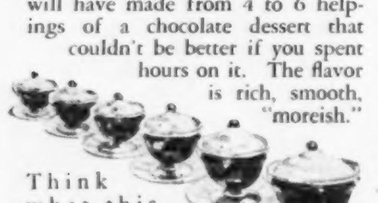
Dichloricide is guaranteed by Good Housekeeping.

DICHLORICIDE

KILLS MOTHS AND THEIR LARVAE

Less than 5 minutes

You won't believe this until you try it yourself. And then you will be *delighted!* Take a package of MY-T-FINE—add two cups of milk—that's all you have to do—*and in less than five minutes* you will have made from 4 to 6 helpings of a chocolate dessert that couldn't be better if you spent hours on it. The flavor is rich, smooth, "moreish."



Think what this means when you haven't the time or energy to work over a recipe for dessert—when company comes unexpectedly—when days are too warm for cooking—and whenever you want a new, captivating chocolate flavor that will please all the family. It is "mistake-proof" and it is so easy and simple to make that it avoids littering up the kitchen with a lot of materials and utensils.

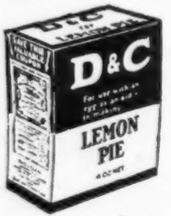
MY-T-FINE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

chocolate dessert

not only tastes good—it *is* good—it's chock-full of nourishment—the children love it and it's good for them. No other dessert is more economical.

★
MY-T-FINE
CHOCOLATE DESSERT



Identify the original and genuine by looking for the green package. If your grocer hasn't it, use the coupon, and you will also receive *D & C for making Lemon Pie*, a ready-prepared product that ensures "a perfect pie every try".

UNITED PROFIT-SHARING COUPONS

On Every Package

Use the Coupon

MY-T-FINE CORPORATION,
882 Third Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. City

Enclosed is 25c in stamps, for which send me postpaid, 2 packages of MY-T-FINE Chocolate Dessert (Plain and Nut Flavors), and 1 package of D & C for making Lemon Pie.

My Name ....
Address ....
My Grocer's Name ....
His Address .... MY

Stars and Scissors

(Continued from page 47)

half of that rivalry, *ach!* we'd never be finished! Our audience would be going home. "But they wouldn't be *asleep* at any rate." No, my dear, certainly not *asleep*. Such a fight!

When Hammerstein announced an opera, the Metropolitan would often announce the same opera. They did everything to upset him—tried to hire his singers and to buy them off. But in that they didn't often succeed. Mary Garden, for instance, would never sing for anybody else.

He was the first one who tried to get Toscanini to this country. In fact, my husband went to see Toscanini in Milan to persuade him to come over, but that was impossible, so Hammerstein got Campanini instead.

Ach, that was a conductor for you! He was with Hammerstein from the beginning. He was the king pin there, for he was a great stage manager and had a wonderful hold over everybody. Very strict at rehearsals, never saving with the orchestra (or any one else); consequently they always had to be paid over-time, to the despair of Hammerstein. No matter what it cost, the orchestra must stay. He was just as exacting as Toscanini. Later on he went with Hammerstein to London and opened the opera house there.

HAMMERSTEIN brought out the beautiful modern operas never before given in this country—"Electra," "Louise," "Salomé," "Pelleas and Melisande," "Griselidis," "The Juggler of Notre Dame," "Thaïs" and a revival of "Faust" with Mary Garden as *Marguerite*. And I tell you now that her *Marguerite* beat all the other *Marguerites* that ever were sung.

That's a marvelous list for you, all in those few years, and he gave them all gorgeously. As the story-books say, Mary Garden had the world at her feet. Everything was at high pitch. It was all a revelation to the public.

And I'm glad to say I was right in the middle of it. I was one of the first who helped Hammerstein. He came to us in great excitement and said:

"Now I want you to make the costumes for my operas. I want you to have entire charge. You *must* help me. You won't lose anything. But I've used all my money to build the opera house, so you must trust me for a time."

Well, my husband was very undecided and upset at this. He said, "Shall we do this, I wonder?"

"Yes," I said. "I *don't* wonder! Yes, we will!" (My dear, what did you say? "You always had your own way, didn't you?" What a question! Well, maybe.)

Anyway we put in $20,000 of our own money. Of course, all our friends said, "The Freisingers will lose everything."

But I said, "No—I don't believe it."

Well, I was right. As always I followed my hunch. We made everything that first season, and soon after the opening Hammerstein paid me $40,000 in one check. Not a penny did he owe me. We made opera after opera.

Ach, what a time that was! Of course, I couldn't do all this work in my own place, so I hired a floor in Shane's building in Forty-first Street, and there I had cutters, tailors, painters, hat makers, sewing women, sewing men, and scores of people, because we had sometimes to make a whole opera in a few days. What that means you haven't the slightest idea. No, not if I should talk until to-morrow! All the embroidery even was done in our place—everything. All the jewels were arranged in crowns and so on; all the feather trimmings, the gold work, the bead work, the laces—everything done in our place. The crowns and the armor came from a local man, but everything else was turned out in our shop.

How I worked—day and night! It was living again my first years at the Metropolitan.

Hammerstein never allowed any one in the wings at the opera. His chair was the only one there, and he always sat in it sometime during every performance. Even there his great cigar was in his mouth and his silk hat on his head.

He was full of ideas, but never mixed himself up in the musical end of matters—never interfered with that marvelous conductor of his. Campanini was the absolute master.

Hammerstein adored Mary Garden natually, and her word was law. And they used to fight, I tell you, but it was always friendly fighting, which is often very amusing. She demanded certain things—the setting of the scenery, arrangement of furniture, etc. She controlled that. Sometimes she'd want the scenery entirely repainted, and say to Hammerstein, when he'd grumble:

"You *must* do it. In Paris we have it so and so."

My dear, he used to go wild and say, "Paris, *Paris*, PARIS! Everything here is *Paris!*" Then he'd imitate her, striding up and down like a tragedy queen. " 'This is the way they do it in *Paris!*' We're in America now," he'd storm, "and this is the way we do it *here!*"

Of course, that's all the good it did him, for Mary always had her way. She and Campanini were the real masters. And it was right they should be.

THE reign of Hammerstein was the reign of Mary Garden—except the first season. Then it was Melba who came to his rescue, and this is how it happened. Hammerstein was long on male singers, but short on women singers his first season. Bonci was his great card, a most famous tenor. Then there was Maurice Renaud and Dalmores, dramatic tenors; the wonderful French baritone Gilibert, Ancona, and the lovely contralto, Bressler-Gianoli (well remembered to this day). His best sopranos were Pinkert, a Polish singer, and Donalda, a Canadian soprano. But there was no shining star of a *prima donna* flaming in his sky that first year, until Melba saved the day with her appearance in "Traviata" on January 2, 1907. How he got her is a good story, so I shall tell you about it.

Melba made her début ten years before at the Metropolitan and won great laurels in London and Paris with the De Reszkes and Lasalle. She was a great favorite in New York.

Melba's was an exquisite voice, fresh and lovely—flute-like, her tones were. Like Patti she tossed them off like silver bubbles, everything so easy. *Ach*, again I say all really great opera singers are born, not made. Their voices seem so spontaneous—the gift of nature. No matter what happens, they'd sing just the same, teacher or no teacher. Yes, yes, I know what you're thinking! I'm coming back now to the Melba story.

Well, Hammerstein, it seems, had been chasing Melba (in Paris) to get her to come over even before the Manhattan opened. Hammerstein tried every way to persuade her to come, and as a high climax to his efforts (she always refusing—don't ask me why!), he one day tore a package of banknotes out of his pocket, and scattered them all over the floor of her room at the hotel. Then off he rushed, leaving Melba speechless, surrounded by thousand-franc notes! What do you think of that? That's a gesture for you! And just like Hammerstein, my dear, in those crazy, magnificent days

Stars and Scissors

Melba gathered up the notes (can't you see her on all fours, picking them up?), but she put them in the bank in his name. The next day back he came to learn his fate, and in spite of the banknotes she was still adamant. He left her, saying:

"You'll come to me yet. You'll come. Mark my words!"

And he was right, for she did come and helped win his great fight the first season at the Manhattan. Every seat was sold for her début. All her rich society friends (and she had lots of them) turned out *en masse*, predicting she'd be ruined because she wasn't singing at the Metropolitan. But they all came to see her "ruined" just the same, which was the main thing.

I remember it all so well. The ticket sale was so great extra chairs were put in. Pandemonium it was, for the chairs were arriving (and being put up) during *rehearsal*—to the pounding of hammers.

Ach! those poor singers—how they stormed—such confusion! And poor Hammerstein had tripped and fallen down during rehearsal, hurting (almost bursting) his head. My dear! Well, it all came off in triumph in spite of everything. These are the miracles of the opera!

Melba in "Traviata" made a red-letter night, and it saved the day for Hammerstein. She stayed through the season and was a great attraction for high society, which came in crowds to the Manhattan and turned the tide. Yes, the Melba nights made great gaps at the Metropolitan, for Melba drew the audiences away, and the great war was the talk of the town.

By no means must we forget that the clever Hammerstein got Calvé also to jump into the breach later on. She came in March and sang "Carmen" nine or ten times. Another triumph right on the heels of Melba's departure, and again she drew the crowds and again saved the day.

Now back to Mary Garden again, for you can't talk of Hammerstein without her. She made his venture a world success, and he gave her the opportunity for all her big rôles. I was one of the lucky ones who saw her début in Paris, years ago, in "Louise."

"Louise" was Charpentier's new opera. The star, Madame Caron, was sick, and at a few hours' notice Mary Garden, then unknown, jumped into her place. Well, I shall never forget it. She was simply gorgeous, divine in voice and appearance. And her acting! *Ach*, all the Parisiennes stood on their heads that night, I tell you! Such an ovation as you cannot imagine. They were dumbfounded at this unknown young singer. I was as crazy as the rest.

MY DEAR, it's impossible to tell the sensation she made in "Louise." It was at the Opéra Comique, and Charpentier (the composer) was himself conducting that night, adding to the excitement. This was soon after his opera had its première. Although successful from the first, it was Garden's performance that night that made it the world attraction it's been ever since.

Well, there's only one Mary Garden. She is the greatest singing tragedienne to-day. She has the divine spark as no one else.

So many things go to make her success—her great dramatic power, her skill as an actress, too (don't forget that)—a voice she can do *anything* with—besides shake out a few high notes! And such intelligence, feeling, artistry—*ach!* she has everything. She does everything with her whole heart and brain and voice—to make whatever she's singing supreme. There's not her match anywhere, I tell you, and all may come and learn of Mary Garden something about stage craft, gesture, singing, even walking and movement on the stage. Many a singer knows nothing about that!

And surely nobody ever knew the character or worked more intelligently over her costumes than Mary Garden. What a pleasure to do anything for her. Such understanding she has! Never a false feeling, always absolutely right.

And to realize that to-day this supreme artist—through musical politics, I suppose—is never heard in this, one of the first cities of the world. Now, that's something to think over, and very few people think about it because they don't stop to think about anything very long. To hear her, one must travel to Chicago or to Boston for the few times she's there. Perhaps one day the musical public will wake up to they're losing. Now, what you don't hear at the Metropolitan, you won't hear anywhere else.

I MADE Mary Garden's costumes for years. Her "Salomé" costumes were something to dream about. Day and night I worked, and she herself helped—with her own hands! Her "Salomé" *première* in New York—that was another night of nights. Why, people fought for tickets. This was the high sensation of Hammerstein's last season, but it wasn't the first performance of "Salomé," for Conreid did it two years before (in 1907) at the Metropolitan, with Olive Fremstadt as *Salomé*, and beautiful she was, too.

But there was only one performance then, for *en masse* the whole bunch—subscribers, stockholders, and even critics—were so disgusted that Conreid was forbidden to repeat the performance. He couldn't help himself, so he gave up his rights to the opera. Two years later Hammerstein produced it with Mary Garden. My dear, people still talk about her *Salomé*—a marvelous performance; terrible, yes, but a great artistic achievement on the part of Garden and the whole company.

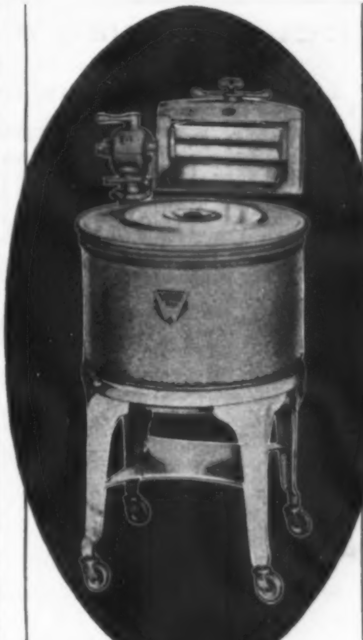
It was one of her big rôles, and given many times at the Manhattan. But it was in "Thaïs" that she is most spoken about, and in that she made her début in America on November 25, 1907, with Renaud, the great French singer.

This won the real triumph for French opera. Garden was a sensation, and Renaud ran her a close second. A vision of seductive beauty (I made that beautiful *Thaïs* costume), and her acting amazed the audience. *Thaïs* and *Louise* were her very greatest rôles.

Yes, my dear, the great glittering star in the Hammerstein heaven was Mary Garden. There's a tall chapter in this, but now we'll speak about the production of Straus's "Electra," for which I made the costumes—still another sensation; Hammerstein's reign was full of sensations. What a job! My head went round, like in the old days at the Metropolitan.

Hammerstein had the great courage to put on "Electra" here before any one else. It had been produced in Dresden (Straus, the composer, conducting), the world *première*; and was an excitement all over Europe, and a great innovation. Straus insisted on a most realistic performance, even demanding real sheep and other animals (*bulls*, he really wanted) on the stage!

Mary Garden was not in "Electra." Whoever was to have sung *Electra* didn't come over—something happened at the last moment—and Madame Mazarin, an unknown Belgian singer, stepped in the breach. The first performance was another night of wildest excitement. The house was crowded, the audience just holding their breath, to see what would happen. *Ach*, there they sat, amazed (and some of them horrified), for old "Electra" is a tale of horror, and Straus's music (if you call it music) was dinned into their ears. The orchestra banged and pounded and crashed; the singers shrieked and yelled from start to finish. But it was a triumphant performance, and the opera



The New
VOSS
. . . which cleans by the hand-washing method

The new Voss—embodying one of the greatest improvements since the invention of the first washer—is now available at Voss Dealers everywhere.

The Voss is the one and only washer which employs a *Floating Agitator.*

You wash in the suds at the top

The Voss Agitator washes in the suds at the top

Dirt always falls to the bottom

An Exclusive Feature

The Voss Floating Agitator, illustrated above, washes in the clean, active suds at the top of the tub, away from the dirt which settles to the bottom. It washes the daintiest garments as safely as you could by hand, and the heaviest, dirtiest garments just as cleanly—*because it duplicates hand-washing action.*

Other Voss Features: Beauty of line and finish; Porcelain enamel tub; Movable parts fully enclosed and running in oil. Requires only 22 inches floor space; General Electric Motor; etc.

"Washing Machine Builders Since 1876"

VOSS
VOSS BROS. MFG. CO.
DAVENPORT, IOWA

DOLLFUS-MIEG & Cie, SOCIÉTÉ ANONYME
Founded in 1746 A. D.
MULHOUSE-BELFORT-PARIS

BRODER
STRANDED
SEWING
KNITTING
DARNING
TATTING
PEARL AND
CROCHET
COTTONS

DOLLFUS-MIEG & Cie. SOCIETE ANONYME
HIGH QUALITY
D·M·C
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FAST COLORS
MULHOUSE-BELFORT-PARIS

SILK AND
LINEN.....
THREADS
COTTON
BRAIDS
BOOKS..
ON ART
NEEDLE-
WORK...

COTTON, FLAX & SILK THREADS
FOR ART NEEDLEWORK
Can be procured from all Art Needlework Stores

Safe
for
all womankind
. . to use regularly

IN her search for absolute cleanliness—*surgical* cleanliness—the modern woman makes strict demands upon the antiseptic she chooses for purposes of feminine hygiene.

Her first requirement is this: the antiseptic must be *safe*—safe to use regularly. It must be non-poisonous and non-caustic. Her second requirement is that the antiseptic chosen must be *effective*. It must furnish genuine protection, absolute cleanliness—cleanliness in the real surgical ★ sense of the word.

The answer to all these requirements is *Zonite*. This new antiseptic cannot harm or poison, even if swallowed accidentally. Yet it is *far stronger* in its effect on bacteria than even carbolic acid in any dilution that can be allowed on the body. "Powerful but safe to use"—that is Zonite.

Send coupon below for booklet, compact in size but full of feminine hygiene information. Or buy Zonite at any drugstore in the U. S. A. or Canada. In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1.00. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION G H-05
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.
☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name.......................................
(*Please print name*)
Address.......................................
City.......................State.......................
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

ENDS
CORNS
FOREVER

SAFE, SURE RELIEF

The minute you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, corn pain ends. But that isn't all. Once gone, corns need never come back if you apply Zino-pads where the shoe rubs or pinches. Their protective feature *removes the cause*—friction and pressure of shoes—and the soothing medication they contain is quickly healing.

Cutting your corns may lead to blood-poisoning, and harsh liquids and plasters expose the toes to acid burn.

Zino-pads are absolutely *safe*—so guaranteed. Thin, dainty, cushioning.

Sizes for CORNS,
SOFT CORNS, CALLOUSES and BUNIONS

At all Drug, Shoe & Dept. stores—35c box.

Dr Scholl's ★
Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

Stars and Scissors

Miracle-Showman was vindicated — puffed up with pride, and well he should be, for hadn't he put over the most German of all modern German works with an entire company of French singers? And done it so that even the hard-boiled German critics said, "Bravo, Hammerstein!"

Madame Mazarin had a personal triumph as *Electra*, and of course fainted right away at the final curtain in true prima donna fashion, only this time it was *real!* "She deserved to faint," you say. I should say so. No press work about that faint! She used to faint after the rehearsals, too, so terrible was the strain on her nerves. But she was in the front rank of singers after that.

The great rôle of *Clytemnestra* was sung by Gerville-Réache. Hammerstein tried hard to get Schumann-Heink for that part, as she had created it at the Dresden *première* years before. But Heink refused (stubborn as a mule, Hammerstein said), declaring once was enough for her! Even for *her* (the Heink) who could do anything. Well, once was enough for all the singers, I tell you, if you could have heard them talk! Even so, Hammerstein gave it seven times that season. A terrible job—for me, as well as the singers, please don't forget that!

YES, Showman Hammerstein had won his great battle artistically, but not financially. There were always rocks rising up in the path, and it was in one of his rocky moments that the Tetrazzini star shot up in the musical heaven. She'd already made a furore in London, so Hammerstein began his negotiations for her. At the same time the Metropolitan, too, was trying to get her, but Hammerstein succeeded and got her for the season 1908-9. She made her début in our old warhorse, "Traviata," again, and became a craze in New York for a short time, as she did in London. She had a dazzling technique. Her singing was like fireworks, but, oh, my dear, fat—I should say so!

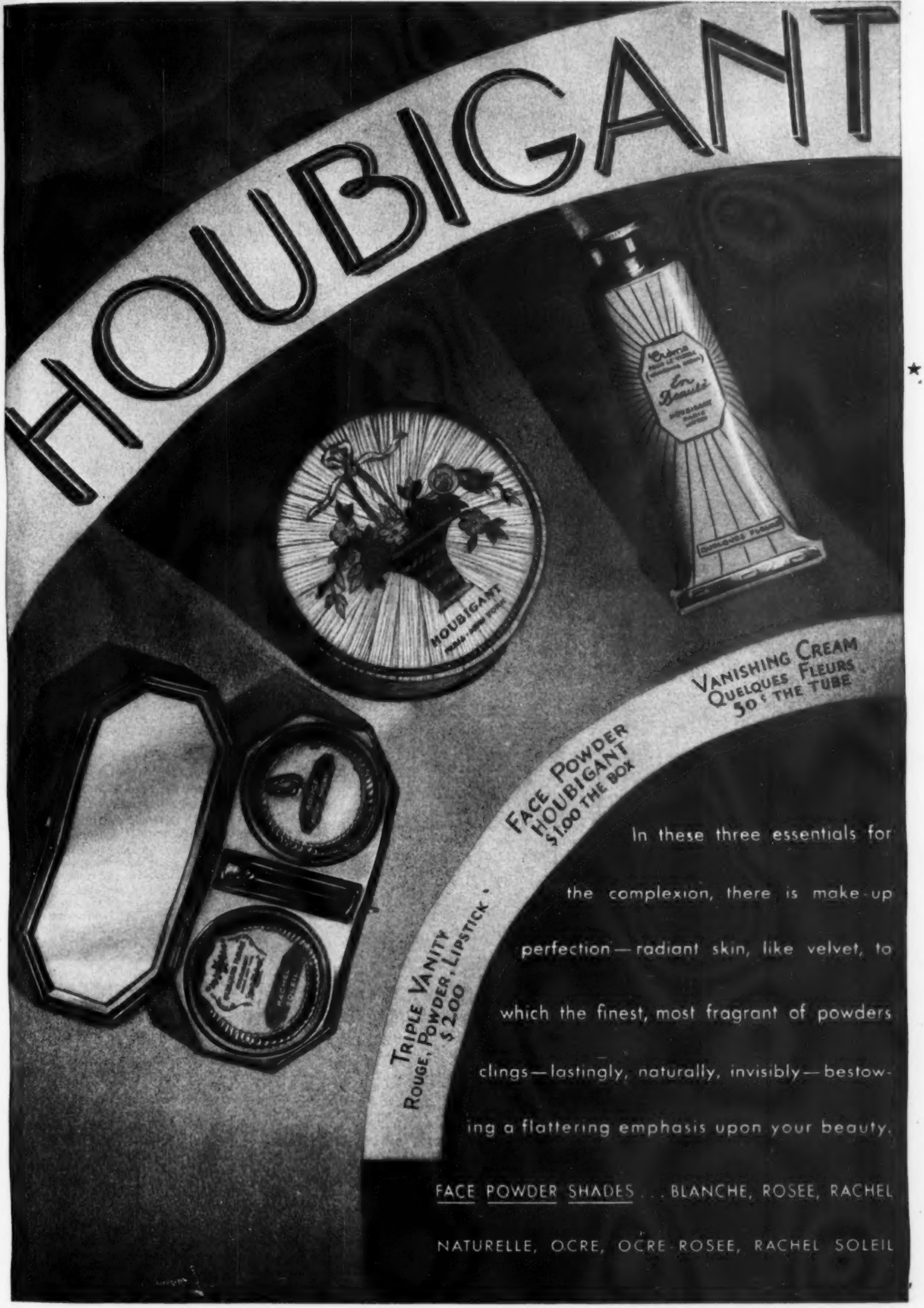
Tetrazzini was the sister-in-law of Campanini, the great conductor, and not to be forgotten, this same Campanini was the younger brother of another marvel of his time, Italo Campanini, the golden-voiced tenor, who tore at the heart strings in the old days at the Academy of Music as tenors must always do.

The Metropolitan was blazing away with Sembrich, Eames, Homer, Fremstadt, Lina Cavalieri and Nordica and Melba (for one season), Geraldine Farrar, Schumann-Heink (also for one season), Dippel, Scotti, Van Rooy, Plançon, Goritz, Burgstaller, and Caruso; while Hammerstein at the Manhattan was luring the curious and eager public with Mary Garden, Gerville-Réache, Trentini, Pinkert, Melba and Calvé for one season, Tetrazzini for special performances, Bressler-Gianoli, d'Alvarez and De Cisneros; and Dalmores, Renaud, Gilbert, Arimondi, du Franne, Sammarco, Ancona, and Bonci. These were the mighty song-birds warbling against each other in a song-fight to the finish!

Hammerstein was torn in two with the struggle with the Metropolitan, the lodestar for all the great singers in the world.

The sky was actually flaming with the sharp-shooting—and the press, the lobby, and musical gossip were rolling and thundering round the town; short of actual bloodshed, I tell you, they stopped at nothing! Well, we all love a good fight, and I certainly loved this one! Hammerstein put up a great fight, but finally, in spite of all his successes, he couldn't stand up against the Leviathan, and they bought him off. And as all the world knows, and as I've already said, he built an opera house in London when he was banned from New York.

That venture only lasted a year, and


HOUBIGANT
VANISHING CREAM
QUELQUES FLEURS
50¢ THE TUBE
FACE POWDER
HOUBIGANT
$1.00 THE BOX
TRIPLE VANITY
ROUGE, POWDER, LIPSTICK
$2.00

In these three essentials for the complexion, there is make-up perfection—radiant skin, like velvet, to which the finest, most fragrant of powders clings—lastingly, naturally, invisibly—bestowing a flattering emphasis upon your beauty.

FACE POWDER SHADES . . . BLANCHE, ROSEE, RACHEL NATURELLE, OCRE, OCRE-ROSEE, RACHEL SOLEIL

Decorating Ideas

planned for you by Good Housekeeping Studio of Furnishings and Decorations

Whether you are planning a new home or just refurbishing a bit here and there, these folios by Good Housekeeping Studio will help you. Prepared by the Studio's staff of skilled decorators they bring you practicable and authentic ideas for putting new charm into every room. Illustrated.

☐ Colorful Modern Bathrooms—Paint—Paper—Tile	25c
☐ Styles and Materials for Window Draperies (New)	25c
☐ Porches, Terraces and Sun Rooms	25c
☐ Painting and Stenciling Furniture and Refinishing Natural Wood Furniture (New)	25c
☐ Decorative and Practical Treatments for Woodwork and Walls	25c
☐ The Principal Periods of Furniture Design Since the Twelfth Century	25c
☐ Carpets, Rugs and Floor Finishes	25c
☐ Smart New Slip Covers and How to Make Them	25c
☐ A Spanish-Italian Living Room	25c
☐ How to Equip the Clothes Closet	25c
☐ The Ideal Living-Dining Room	25c
☐ An English Renaissance Living Room	25c
☐ Lamp Shades and How to Make Them	25c
☐ Early American Living-Dining Rooms and Bedrooms	25c
☐ A Typical Colonial House (Dr. Shippen's)	25c
☐ Hand Made Rugs, Hooked, Braided and Woven	25c
☐ Decorating Details and Terms You Ought to Know	25c
☐ Arranging Comfortable, Charming Living Rooms	25c
☐ Color in Your Home	$1.00
☐ Bedrooms for Every Member of the Family	25c
☐ Dining Rooms of Various Types for House and Apartment	25c
☐ Dressing Tables, Bedspreads and Sofa Cushions	25c
☐ Furnishing a House for a Family of Five	25c
☐ Making the Most of Nondescript Rooms	25c
☐ A Garden Calendar	50c

☐ **Binder for bulletins you already have $1.00**

Check those you want. Send stamps, money-order or check (not cash) to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City. Print name and address clearly.

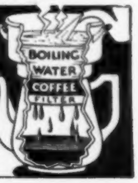
NEW brilliance for silver, nickel, tile, enamel, glassware—the polish of 100 uses—actually beneficial to the hands.

Ask for

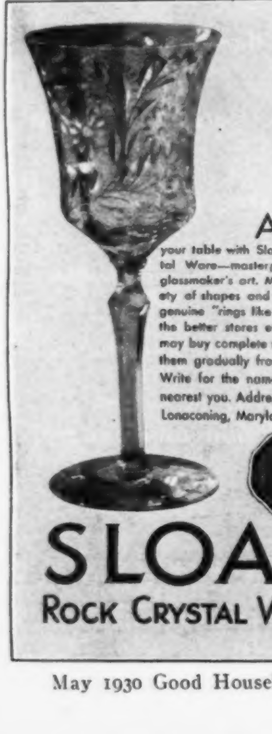
WRIGHT'S SILVER CREAM

TRICOLATOR MAKES ★ Better Coffee

ASK AT YOUR STORE



WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
TRICOLATOR CO.,INC.
5TH AV. AT 20TH ST., N.Y. DEPT. G.



ADD charm to your table with Sloan Rock Crystal Ware—masterpieces of the glassmaker's art. Made in a variety of shapes and patterns, the genuine "rings like a bell." From the better stores everywhere you may buy complete sets, or acquire them gradually from open stock. Write for the name of the store nearest you. Address, Sloan Bros., Lonaconing, Maryland.

SLOAN
ROCK CRYSTAL WARE

For the millions.. who would enjoy a real VACATION

SEATTLE
center of **The CHARMED LAND**

THIS BOOKLET will prove particularly attractive. Its pictures—its text—about this thriving city—younger than some of its more than 400,000 citizens—and the "Charmed Land"—this cool, evergreen region of great forests, snow-clad mountain peaks (Rainier, Baker, the Olympics), of lakes and streams, and Puget Sound—of charm and wonder—will thrill you! You can include California in your trip at little extra fare. Clip and mail the coupon.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
Room 75, Seattle, Washington
Please send me, FREE, your illustrated booklet.

Name ________________
Address ________________

Stars and Scissors

back he came again—now don't ask me why or how; I don't know *everything*, my dear. But strange as it may seem, he right away announced he was going to build another opera house, breaking his solemn promise and defying his old rival, the Metropolitan! As the children say, "And when they got unto the end, then they began all over again."

Yes, indeed, the war began all over again. The Metropolitan haled him to court. Back into the operatic arena he jumped—cigar, silk hat, and all! The public was shocked at his daring; the newspapers, as always, were fascinated by his doings. But this time he met his Waterloo.

But even that wasn't until after he'd broken ground for the new opera house at Lexington avenue at Fifty-first street, borrowing money, defying any one to stop him, that the crash came. Why, my dear, he went so far as to say that he'd open his opera house on a certain night in November, 1913, at eight o'clock precisely, and he really believed it!

Ach, it was an awful mess—lawsuits, newspapers, advisors, contractors, singers—all muddled up. The end came when the Metropolitan got an injunction stopping him from going ahead.

But he did complete his opera house—his last one—though it wasn't used for opera but for moving pictures and such, until some years later, when the Chicago Opera Company came there for a few seasons. Hammerstein was broken then. It was too much. My dear, the flame went out of him—body and spirit. A few years later, in 1919, he died. Poor Hammerstein!

NOW for the Metropolitan. We must still talk history for a few moments. Conreid was at the helm while the Hammerstein fight was on. He'd run the famous old Irving Place Theatre for years and went to the Metropolitan when Grau retired, and he it was who first produced "Parsifal" in America, against all European sentiment, the wishes of Wagner himself, and almost broke poor old Cosima Wagner's heart. That's a whole little story in itself; I come back to that in a minute.

It was really Conreid who brought Caruso to America. Conreid succeeded Grau with everything in good condition. He had contracts with all the favorite artists and, best of all, the contract with Caruso which he got from Grau. He had a contract with Fremstadt, and also (in reserve) Geraldine Farrar. But Caruso was his great high spot.

Under Conreid French opera (the big feature of Grau's time) was on the wane. One of the high sensations of his régime was the production of "Parsifal," on December 24, 1903, when the beautiful Ternina sang *Kundry*, and Burgstaller was *Parsifal*. "Parsifal" was given special performances at double the regular price. Orchestra seats soared to $10, if you please.

It was a huge success and became such a craze, my dear, it soon had as much drawing power as a popular light opera. The reason was that it had created all kinds of shows, even lectures with stereoptican pictures, etc., and a great deal of talk (also a law suit)—the usual rivalry, too, for Henry Savage in 1904-5 produced it in English on tour. Started in Boston and played it all over the country.

And I made the costumes—another story. Later we come to that, for although, my dear, you always accuse me of talking like an encyclopedia, we're not writing one—that would be a continuous performance. I'm only giving the great figures in my career as costumer. There's only time for half of them, the people who've gone through my seventy years, but they're props strong enough to hold up the house of memory we're building.

Stars and Scissors

Toscanini's coming was the great event at that time. I knew him quite well, as I went always to rehearsals when Destinn and Caruso sang. Toscanini was very strict. Just on the minute you must be in your place, even the great stars. They were all afraid of him—Caruso, too, who was his friend.

Perhaps you've heard the story of his first rehearsal with the orchestra. No? Well, the rehearsal was for "Aida." Toscanini is the one conductor in the world who always conducts without the score! There's a miracle for you! Well, the orchestra knew nothing about Toscanini, they were used to easy-going conducting at that time, so when this unknown, dapper-looking man took up the baton, they just thought, "Oh, here's another one!" And "Aïda" (that old war horse)—*ach*, the musicians could play it backward, in the dark! Sick to death of it they were. So when Toscanini came into the conductor's stand, the men, with groans and sighs (and a little bit of muttering, maybe, under their breath), took up their instruments to begin. But Toscanini—*ach*, Toscanini was too clever for them! He right away knew what they were thinking, and, my dear, he struck hard with his baton on the desk and said,

"Bring me the 'Götterdämmerung' of Wagner."

My dear, they were paralyzed! They thought, "What can this little *Italian* do with a great *Wagner* opera?" They soon found out! He started them off, conducting that terrific opera without a note. And they were lashed and beaten into a musical jelly by him! *Ach*, he brought them to his feet quivering, worshiping, and he's had them there ever since.

BEETHOVEN is his ideal. People never expected that from an Italian you could get German interpretation greater than from a German, but so it is. I often spoke with him—in French, of course, for he didn't speak English then. He was always very agreeable, courteous, and very quick. He wasn't very tall—thin, elegant, and almost dapper in his evening dress—not like the usual long-haired conductor. He was in his high thirties then—very gentle-spoken, but his eyes full of fire.

He was always explaining matters with his hands—he talked with them, and very wonderful, powerful hands he has, too.

He played the cello as a young man, and first conducted by accident. The conductor had fallen sick, and he was such a fine musician he jumped in that night to save the opera. This was in South America. He's had a great career. He's been conductor at La Scala (the famous opera house in Milan) for years. From the beginning absolutely a devotee of Wagner. He fought for him in Italy in the days when Wagner had to be fought for, and people were ridiculed for producing his operas. At the Metropolitan he was a revelation, and in the whole world today there is not living one conductor like him.

He's one of the immortals living in our midst, and *Gott sei dank*, you can still hear him in this great city! He can still lift you off this earth with his magic—right there at Carnegie Hall, and the Metropolitan.

Now for real *American* showmen—"We have a few of our own. We don't have to import them all, you know." You're right, my dear; I should say not. We'll begin with Henry Savage—I worked many years for Savage. He was very nice, but very strict, and often, I'll tell you (*sotto voce*) a little bit stingy! If he took a liking to a person, all was well, and he'd call you right away by your first name. I was always "Elise" to him—after the first five minutes!

Savage was in the real estate business in

THE CHARM OF COLOR

THESE TINTS

will wash beautifully!

Nothing tints like a *concentrated* dye. The tints you get with Putnam almost deserve to be called permanent . . . they remain clear and bright for so many washings.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes have made tinting so much simpler. Their highly *concentrated* strength gives new brilliance to color—penetrates more thoroughly—banishes danger of streaking.

Only a pinch or two of the dye is needed. It dissolves instantly even in cold water—dipping the garment gives the tint.

Don't confuse Putnam with ordinary "tints." Putnam means *concentrated* dyes. Used in boiling water, they are America's best fast colors. In cold water, they are America's finest tints. 15¢ at your dealer's.

TINT
with
PUTNAM
FADELESS DYES
They DYE – *They* TINT

Now you can have
TINTED LINENS
for just a few cents

Why pay twice the price for tinted linens when you can tint your white ones at almost no expense.

Have any fashionable shade you want . . . rose, blue, orchid, yellow, peach and pale green for sheets, pillow slips, boudoir pillows, dresser sets, towels, breakfast and bridge sets, dinner damask, etc.

32 Page Book FREE

New, wonderful ways to tint and dye. How to bleach out dark colors . . do expert dry cleaning at home, etc. Just mail the coupon.

Monroe Chemical Co.
1212 Oak St., Quincy, Ill.
Please send your free booklet to

Name……………………………………
Address……………………………………
City…………………………State……………

Keep Lamp & Radio **Wires Off the Floor!**

The new easy way! A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of six colored clips to match your cords, 10c.

JUSTRITE PUSH CLIP

FITS BACK OF BASEBOARD OR MOULDING

If your 10c store or hardware dealer cannot supply you, mail stamps to us.

JUSTRITE MFG. CO., Dept. 2125
2070 Southport Ave. Chicago

Won't Mar New Wall Paper
To display pictures, use
Moore Push-Pins
or
Moore Push-less Hangers
10c Packets All Dealers
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

For style,
quality and
economy—

Dolly Madison
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BED SPREADS

Other spreads are not the same
Ask to see the Labeled Name

DOLLY MADISON
Bed Spreads

Write for free illustrated booklet

Send 25c for Doll's Bed Spread

GEORGE ROYLE & CO., *Mfrs.*, Philadelphia

A Color Scheme for a Spring

BRIDGE TEA

FLOWERS

pink, yellow, orange tulips and daffodils

MENU*

Mint Tea with green ice cubes — 20
Water-cress sandwiches Olives
Rolled sandwiches with pimento filling — 29
Little tea cakes — 14
with colored frostings — 20

A drop of Mint Extract on each slice of orange in tea gives it a new different flavor to match the little green ice cubes bobbing about in it. The tea cakes that look so extravagant are homemade. You just divide the frosting into quarters, flavoring each to match its tint—raspberry for the pink ones, orange for orange, lemon for yellow, almond for green.

Doubly Delicious Desserts

** Numbers in the menu refer to pages in Doubly Delicious Desserts.*

The Hostess Box

All you need to make the simplest refreshments take on a party air is the HOSTESS BOX, a smart little red kit with 4 assorted Color Tabs (made from U S Certified Colors) red, orange, yellow, green—and 4 ½-oz. flasks of assorted Fruit Flavors to match. All sorts of hints for color schemes and uses for Color Tabs come in *Doubly Delicious Desserts* with every box. Incidentally, a Hostess Box makes a novel bridge prize sure to be appreciated. Send for one before your next party.

Made by the makers of your old favorite

BURNETT'S VANILLA

To the BORN COOK DEPT GH5, Joseph Burnett Co., 437 D Street, Boston, Mass.

☐ Enclosed is $1 (west of the Mississippi, send $1.25). Please send me postpaid a HOSTESS BOX containing 4 Color Tabs and 4 ½-oz. Flavors to match, also the recipe book, Doubly Delicious Desserts.

☐ 10c enclosed for Doubly Delicious Desserts only.

Name.......................................
Street....................*City*...............
State...........................

Stars and Scissors

Boston—in fact, he was always in it—but he was crazy about the theatrical business and went into it and made a fortune. He had big success for years and he did many important things. He produced "The Merry Widow," by the way—the most enchanting light opera, my dear, ever written.

How many productions I've made for him! But like Grau he was very close in little things. He gave me full power to produce the very best, but I had to account for every tiny thing before a contract was signed. Other managers would say, "Go ahead, O. K.," after the estimate was in. Not Savage—you'd have to sit for hours and estimate all over again every single item—such as linings, hooks, buttons. Even *thread,* my dear, had to be figured to the last spool! *Ach,* it used to make me sick.

Then, when all was settled, he'd still call me back and say:

"Now, Elise, don't you think you charged just a bit too much for those buttons? Couldn't you save something on them? Do we need quite so *many* buttons on each costume?"

"*Ach! Ach!* Mr. Savage," I'd say, "we need far *more* buttons than you're willing to give! This is terrible! You take away all the pleasure of working when you are so stingy."

"Well," he'd laugh (of course), "have it your way about the buttons, but save on something *else!* How about the gold braid?"

So it didn't make any difference! He was always cutting me down! What a man he was!

NOW I've a funny little story about how close Mr. Savage was. Cheridah Simpson was leading lady in one of his companies, a very handsome woman and a great favorite with him. She was in my place one day and saw by accident a costume I was making for Pauline Hall—all white and silver; beautiful it was. So she rushed right away back to Savage and told him about it, and said *she* must have a white and silver costume, too, for her new production.

"All right, all right," he said (for he pretended he never opposed her very much), "of course you can have it if you want, but if it costs more than I've arranged, I'm afraid you'll have to pay the extra out of your own pocket."

Well, that time she didn't care! She liked the thing so much she must have it, so back she came to me and ordered a gorgeous silver costume for herself—much finer than Pauline Hall's.

The next day Savage sent for me and said: "Now, Elise, I'm going to put on a big march in a certain scene, and I'd like some very beautiful silver costume for the girls, too, but they must be *cheap,* Elise, cheap; otherwise I can't have thirty-two girls in that march! We *need* thirty-two girls, but I'll have to cut down to *fifteen* unless you make the costumes very cheap."

"*Cheap*—silver costumes, *CHEAP!*" I said. "*Ach,* Mr. Savage, that can't be done."

"Oh, yes," he said, "yes, it can! You can do it somehow. These girls must all be dressed in silver armor. Silver armor," he repeated, "and it must be cheap!"

"There is no cheap silver armor," I cried. But he wouldn't listen to me. Well, I didn't know what to do, but I felt I must please him anyway (as I was then just starting with him), so I thought hard for a minute and then said,

"Well, Mr. Savage, can you pay as much as $50 for each costume?"

He thought hard for a minute and finally said: "No, Elise, no. That's a bit too much! I really can't go beyond $49.25 for each costume."

"Mr. Savage!" I cried. "Mr. Savage! *What* are you saying?"

"Yes, $49.25, that's what I'm saying," he said. "That's the limit for these thirty-two girls."

"*Mein Gott!*" I whispered. (I couldn't speak from surprise.) "*Mein Gott!* Let it stand! I'll make it $49.25 for each costume, and what I can't buy for that I'll *give* you," I said, thinking to shame him, maybe!

But nothing doing, as you say here.

He only answered: "Good—$49.25 it is. I *knew* you could do it."

So first I got a cheap man to make the armor. I ordered a spear and a helmet that cost $10. Not real, my dear; fake, of course, but looking very bright. Then I bought bolts of material and silver trimming—that cost me another $10. (I got it by the *bushel!*) Then I got silver sequins, also by the bushel! Then, my dear, came the stroke of genius! I rushed to a big shop and bought a lot of *cheap corsets* ($2 each), and on the corsets I sewed the bright silver sequins! I covered them all over—and they really looked like silver cuirasses, my dear, they really did. They were gorgeous.

You've no idea how wonderful those girls looked when they came marching out. Savage, of course, was tickled to death. And best of all, I actually made $7 myself on each costume, which shows that labor didn't cost then what it does to-day (*or corsets, either*) and that I was as clever as Savage himself! My dear, those $49.25 costumes looked like they cost $200 at least.

From then on I was the official costumer for all the Savage productions.

SAVAGE was a very clever producer and rarely had failures. He had a funny system of his own for casting his actors. My dear, it was by weight and measure, we might say, and color. For instance, when he was putting on a big production, like "Everywoman," for each character he decided they must measure to the *average* height and weight, because, he said, to make a play of this character popular with thousands of people, the leading characters must not be extraordinary, unusual, but like the *average* woman in the audience, who could say as she looked on:

"*I* might be that woman. That is as I look. Why, *I* could play that part."

I did "The Prince of Pilsen" for him and "The College Widow," too. One day at rehearsal one of the girls started that queer American walk (I think it was called "the kangaroo walk") that was all the rage then. She was walking across the stage, and Savage noticed it for the first time. It was very funny—they bent their heads 'way forward, swaying their hips and humping themselves 'way out in the back. The shoulders were quite stiff. It was ludicrous, my dear—impossible to describe. Anyway, the minute Savage saw this girl humping across the stage, he shouted:

"Stop! Stop! I can *use* that walk! It's very effective—it will make that scene a big hit!"

Then he said to the Clifford girl (that was her name), "Now, listen, Clifford, I want you to show all these other girls how to walk that way. Then I want you to show George Marion (he was the stage manager). Then he can rehearse you all, and next rehearsal I want every girl in this show to walk exactly like that."

Afterward every one took it up—the society debs insisted on walking that way, to the great chagrin of their mothers. Everybody tried it—swaying their hips and sticking their heads out like turtles; that's what it was like really, a turtle out of its shell. It became the great fashion and fad for several seasons.

Savage was always very clever. He noticed that walk immediately and saw he could make great use of it. He never liked it (he really thought it was hideous), but he

Stars and Scissors

saw he could *use* it with great effect, and he did.

Raymond Hitchcock played in the big production of "King Dodo." He was another clever comedian. I made a unique costume for him in that. He'd a funny way of talking *to* his audience. He'd look out into the audience and say, "Why, here's so-and-so," or, to some one coming down the aisle: "Why, here's Mrs. Jones coming in. She's *late!*" He always talked to the audience from the stage, and they loved it! Eddie Foy did it years ago, Ed Wynn does it, and of course Will Rogers, so it's no surprise nowadays. Years ago people didn't know what had struck them. They thought it a great novelty and very daring! I don't wonder you laugh!

Savage, like Hammerstein, always had the opera bee in his bonnet. In his early years he organized the Castle Square Opera Company in Boston, then later brought it to New York. And he was so ambitious as to rent the Metropolitan from October to December, calling it the Metropolitan English Opera Company. He had a fine list of singers — Fanchon Thompson, Grace Van Studdiford, Mae Cressy, Grace Golden, Minnie Tracey, Zelie de Lussan (all Americans, by the way), Francis Rogers, a well-known concert singer, William Pruette, Clarence Whitehill (now at the Metropolitan), Forrest Carr, and many others beside. And all American, I repeat, all *American.*

He did lots of operas and had much success. Also, not to be forgotten, was his fine performance of "Parsifal" in English, and "Madame Butterfly" also in English, a really big achievement.

He had a long career, successful to the end. Though he retired from active business, he always more or less had a finger in the theatrical pie. He died not so long ago. *Ach,* my dear, how many have gone that I worked for! Savage and I had many a mighty bout together, but he's still one of my vivid, happy memories.

AND now and again we come to something that gripped the theatre from Maine to the Pacific—the great theatrical trust of Klaw and Erlanger and Charles Frohman. The Frohmans (Dan and Charles) are forever linked wih the American stage. Dan Frohman was the manager in the old days of the famous Lyceum Company. Like Augustin Daly's great stock company, with the incomparable Ada Rehan, it was an institution of the town.

But Charles Frohman is another story. He was younger. It was Charles Frohman who made so many of the stars whose names glittered in the great electric signs outside the theatre that had become the fashion. Maude Adams was the bright and particular jewel of his theatrical crown—the most popular actress in America for years.

Charles Frohman had the usual "poor boy" story to start with, and became the great manager of the time. You didn't need a contract with him. The old saying, "His word was as good as his bond," was true of him. He was very sharp and took a long look ahead. Why, he even bought up all the great playwrights for years in advance (especially Barrie)—a regular orgy of play buying. He was purchasing even their *unborn* plays, which certainly took courage as well as money. He first produced in this country "Peter Pan" and "The Little Minister" and "What Every Woman Knows" with Maude Adams. I did many productions for him.

He was always sitting at his desk when you went to see him. Very agreeable he was, but very brief. He never wasted a minute. But when you shook hands with him, *ach!* that was something to remember. I've always thought you get the true impression of a person when you take his hand. And well I recall the first time I shook hands with him. I came into the room, and he looked to me, sitting squashed down in his big chair, like an idol—until you saw his eyes, very fiery—burning, they were; he seemed to look deep into you in the instant. And when he shook hands, why, I felt a whole battery going up my arm! A small hand he had, and very soft, until he grasped yours; then it was strong like iron and full of electricity. Such power, my dear! You felt the great force in the man and why he accomplished all he did.

Frohman had a great career as a manager for many years. He met an awful death—when the *Lusitania* went down, he was drowned. But he died bravely like a gentleman. Many an actor can thank him for a career.

A BOOK could be filled with the fights and doings of the theatrical trust which controlled all the theatres in the country. Heaven help the poor managers outside it (Belasco and Fiske were the principal ones). *Ach,* my dear, their companies had to play in barns, town halls, skating rinks—wherever they could. At that time roller skating was all the rage, and every city had a big skating rink, which was lucky for the managers not allowed to play in the trust theatres.

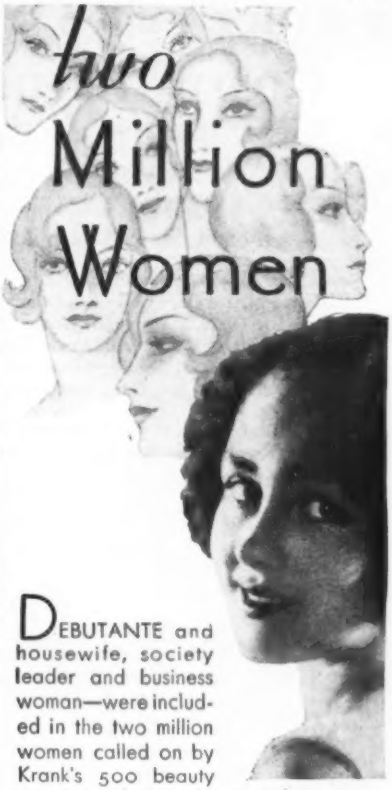
Well, every dog has his day, and the all-powerful trust had an extra long one, but it, too was upset by another trust—the Shuberts—three young clothiers who stepped down from Rochester, N. Y., and put them on the run.

"That was another great fight, and still going on behind the lines." I should say so, but I don't think we'd better go into that, do you? We've been in so many fights; they're not any more a novelty for our audience. "But if you talk to them about the theatres and opera, you must talk about fights—that's what they live on—rivalry, with a big R." Certainly!

And anyway we must tell a little about this fight, because we're talking seriously about the theatre, and that trust was a grim business. It was Sam S. Shubert who was the real beginning of the Shubert trust. He made the start. He'd run stock companies in Rochester and Syracuse and then sent out companies on tour in the famous old Hoyt plays, "The Texas Steer," "The Milk White Flag," and such. So, when he'd made money enough, he stepped down to New York to look around and see how he could lose it, his friends said.

Well, he soon discovered the old Herald Square Theatre was then empty and a kind of Jonah, so the managers thought, so he up and bought it cheap, and put on Augustus Thomas's play, "Arizona," which he was also able to get because all the big showmen had turned it down. Well, my dear, it made some money, which showed that the big boys are sometimes mistaken. And then young Sam Shubert got hold of the Casino Theatre—another Jonah of the moment. Then he had two theatres. By that time he felt strong enough to go to the managers' associaion and ask to join it, but he was told by the powers that be that he wouldn't be allowed to have another theatre in New York, and the sooner he went back to Rochester, the better.

My dear, the story goes on just like a real fairy-tale. He next met a man with money who was willing to help him. On the way to meet this man, he was killed in a railway accident, poor fellow! Then the other two brothers (Lee and Jake) came on the scene and carried on the work he began, and succeeded, after mighty struggles, in becoming a powerful trust. They organized and built theatres everywhere and called themselves "the Independents," and got other independents to join them. Mrs. Fiske, Francis Wilson, Richard



DEBUTANTE and housewife, society leader and business woman—were included in the two million women called on by Krank's 500 beauty teachers during the past five years.

These two million women, in their own homes—before their own mirrors—in cold prosaic daylight, received evidence of the wonderful cleansing and toning properties of Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream. These women will tell you that the present clearness and fineness of their complexions is due to the twice daily use of Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream.

Containing rare oils—it forms a perfect cream of finest consistency—melting at skin temperature, it enters the pores and eliminates waste and foreign material—producing a soft beautiful skin texture, simply glowing with health.

Its most delightful fragrance reminds you of the rarest of spring mornings—each application being a delight to the senses and skin alike.

Purchase today a large jar of Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream $1.00, (slightly higher in Canada) or **send the coupon** and 10¢ for a generous trial size jar. ★

Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream	$1.00
Krank's Honey Rose—a cold cream	1.00
Krank's Skin Health—a tissue cream	1.25
Krank's Mentho Lemon Foundation cream	.75
Krank's Floral Breath Astringent	1.00
Krank's Skin Health Face Powder	1.00

Tested and Approved 4250 Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health Good Housekeeping Magazine

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS
krank

A. J. Krank Co., Dept. 53, St. Paul, Minn.

For the enclosed 10c, please send trial si
Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream and you
"Beauty and Health."

Name ....

Address ....

POCKETBOOK PROTECTION

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING'S ADVERTISING GUARANTY

Good Housekeeping's policy is to make its advertising pages a thoroughly reliable and trustworthy source of information.

Before it accepts the advertising of any product, Good Housekeeping carefully investigates its merit. Products which come within the testing scope of Good Housekeeping Institute or the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health must be tested and approved before they may be advertised in Good Housekeeping. These products are marked with a star (*) in the advertising pages.

Good Housekeeping, further, examines every advertisement offered to it for publication and makes every effort to assure itself that essential claims are justified.

AND THIS IS YOUR GUARANTY: If you purchase a product advertised in Good Housekeeping and find it unsatisfactory, we will carefully investigate your complaint. If the product is defective it will be replaced or your money refunded.

Restores the charm and newness of porch furniture — saves repainting

You wouldn't hang a dirty curtain— Why polish over dirt?

THAT'S exactly what you do when you use ordinary furniture polishes and waxes without first removing the ingrained dust and soil.

The new Liquid Veneer removes the dingy film while it polishes. You actually polish *off* the dirt. You get down to the original surface and make it like new because you beautify the original finish—not the dirt over it.

Wonderful, too, for dusting. Your furniture will not need polishing so often. No greasy film. 4 oz. 30c; 12 oz. 60c; 60c size and 30c polishing glove, 75c.

Send 15c—for toy Midget Mop, sample bottle, and helpful booklet, "The Care of Fine Finishes." Address Liquid Veneer Corporation, 105 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

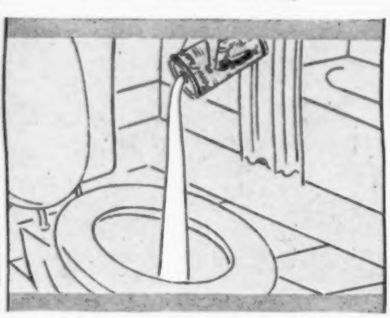
The NEW

LIQUID VENEER

etter *Because it Cleans*

ood Housekeeping

All germs...all dirt...swiftly FLUSHED away



NO LONGER need the modern housewife perform that most unpleasant of all tasks—scrubbing an unclean toilet bowl.

Such a thing is old-fashioned now. Sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the bowl, follow the directions on the can, flush, and watch the toilet grow spotless before your eyes—snow-white. And you have the satisfaction of knowing that this simple operation provides perfect sanitation, killing all germs, eliminating all odors, and reaching even to the hidden trap which no brush can touch.

Free yourself from household drudgery. Sani-Flush is sold by grocery, drug and hardware stores in convenient punch-top cans, 25c; in Canada, 35c. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of* MELO—*a fine water softener.*)

Sani-Flush

CLEANS CLOSET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

Stars and Scissors

Mansfield, and later on Brady, Belasco (for a while), and the famous old theatrical man, Joe Brooks, left the old trust and went to the Shuberts. And so it went.

Well, now, my dear, I think I'm a pretty good historian. I've squeezed a whole volume into a few sentences, and that's all that should be expected of any one, even a costumer who can turn geese into swans. It explains matters up to the present time, when the Shuberts are still going strong in New York as well as throughout the country. In fact, there are *two* theatrical trusts in New York running side by side, though many people don't know it. Here they are enemies, of course, but on the road—they work together! "They trade behind the lines," as the old saying is. *Ach*, that's the theatre! One really must laugh.

"It was Barnum who said the American public loved to be fooled. Did you know that?" Surely, my dear, I knew he said that. That's as old as I am! You can always fool them—not only the Americans; everybody *loves* to be fooled, for people really never grow up. In their hearts, 'way down deep, they always believe in Santa Claus to the end of the chapter. I do at seventy-three, and I'm sure you do, too. Otherwise how could we be talking so nicely together?

"We always end on a high spot. That's good drama, good acting, good showmanship; and aren't we giving our audience all three? I should say so—and a little history thrown in, for good measure. But there's more to come—another Arabian Night—a Theatre Night, next time. Not a prima donna in the lot! And an interesting night we shall make it for our patrons—of information and—pleasure. I expect great things of you. So go—while they're clamoring for more."

Surely, my dear, surely. And on that good promise, again I say—*"EXIT!"*

"The Drama's laws—the Drama's patrons
give—
For we who live to please—must please
to live."

CURTAIN

(*To be continued*)

Windows That Sparkle

(*Continued from page 87*)

will need no ironing. There are a few glass-curtain fabrics that do not respond to washing and must be dry cleaned, so if it is at all possible, test a sample of the material before trying the curtains themselves.

Simple ruffled curtains, so often used in bedrooms, kitchens, etc., can be ironed perfectly on an ironing machine at a tremendous saving of time and labor. Iron the ruffle first, either by feeding it straight in over the roll, as we have shown, or by ironing it over the end of the roll. In ironing our kitchen curtains in the Institute we found it a little easier to iron the ruffle at the center of the roll, so the bulk of the curtain could fall on the flat surface of the ironer and need not be held at the end of the machine. When the ruffle has been ironed, lay the curtain straight over the roll, allowing the ruffle to hang over the open end.

There is no greater test of fabric colors than constant exposure to strong light, as in the case of window curtains. For years Good Housekeeping Institute has advocated the use of fast-colored fabrics. Now a number of manufacturers are offering curtain materials that neither fade in the sun nor in washing.

The taking down of window draperies for a thorough cleaning of panes, rods, woodwork, shares, and draperies seems like a large task, but it can be delayed if weekly attention is given to brushing the draperies and wiping off other surfaces. The blue haze which appears so often on the window panes can often be taken off by rubbing with a soft, dry cloth or a slightly moist chamois.

The Land of Fire

(*Continued from page 63*)

offer, should extend so grim a greeting to the outsiders whom her sister republics of South America welcome so cordially.

Apart from this experience we found immediate and continuous enjoyment in store for us in the little city which, originally founded as a convict settlement, has changed both its character and its name and has become the thriving and cosmopolitan port for the great sheep-raising territory of Patagonia. Besides many pleasant tea-parties, there were formal entertainments. I went to a delightful dinner, the night after I reached Magellanes, at a beautiful house owned by an English family—for there are many Britishers in Patagonia, over a fifth of the developed land in the territory belonging to them, and ninety percent of the administration of the great *estancias* lying in their hands—while the Intendente and Señora de Chaparro invited us, immediately after our arrival, to one of the most elaborate and elegant luncheons I have ever attended.

Among our first callers in Magellanes had been the Argentine consul, Señor Mango, and his wife. They were among our fellow-guests at this luncheon; and as we went on afterward to the races, Señor Mango outlined for me the plans that he had completed for a trip to Gallegos, which would take us across the tip of the mainland, and into Argentina. The Governor of the Argentine province of Santa Cruz, Don Julio Berdera, had placed his car at our disposal for this journey, so there was no reason why we should not start out the following morning. We would break our journey first at the great *estancia* of San Gregorio, belonging to the Menendez-Behety family; and it was the intention of young Don Francisco Campos Menendez—the only member of the family in town at present—to accompany us. He would join us at the race-course in order that he might be introduced to us beforehand.

A Patagonian Estancia

I had hardly assimilated the details of these pleasing plans before an extremely attractive young man in uniform joined our group, and was presented to us as our prospective host. He had with great good luck—so he informed us—secured permission for three days' leave from his colonel in order to go with us to San Gregorio; and much as he regretted the absence of his parents, he hoped that our first visit to a Patagonian *estancia* might still be marked with some elements of comfort and pleasure.

Mid-morning of the next day found us well-started on our journey in the Governor's motor and accompanied by the charming Don Francisco.

From the first moment that I glimpsed the endless expanse of tableland known as the Pampas, I loved it in all its aspects. Little, abrupt hills rose and fell; seagulls—*gaviotas*—drifting inland from the Straits, dipped and rose with undulating grace; wild geese—*abutardas*—or *caiken*—as they are variously called—strutted solemnly away from our intruding presence, not in swarming flocks, but in isolated couples, for this is "the season of the nests"—though every now and then there were three geese instead of two, we were forced to draw the reluctant conclusion that there are bigamists among the *abutardas!* While all about us there were sheep, young sheep, middle-aged sheep, old sheep, ewes which had apparently put the levity of youth behind them, lambs whose one concern was to frisk—twin lambs often, frisking with each other, and sometimes even triplets, still more frisky! There are over two million sheep in Patagonia. It seemed as if we saw most of them as we went along our way! And seeing them it was hard to realize that less than fifty years

Keep Your Foot at its Smallest and Smartest in Drew Arch Rest Shoes!

With all the lovely lines of the slim new silhouette flowing downward to the foot . . . the shoe accepts a new prominence and oh! such responsibility! Like a portrait of Paris, the styles and colors and leathers of Drew Arch Rest Shoes . . and the exclusive Drew Arch Rest Construction, hidden in the heart of every Drew Shoe, will keep your foot small and young and graceful always. Most styles $8.50, $10 and $12.50 at your dealer's. Send coupon below for the Drew Folio of Footwear Fashions.

The Miriam

DREW ARCH REST Shoes for Women

"keep the foot small"

The Kildare

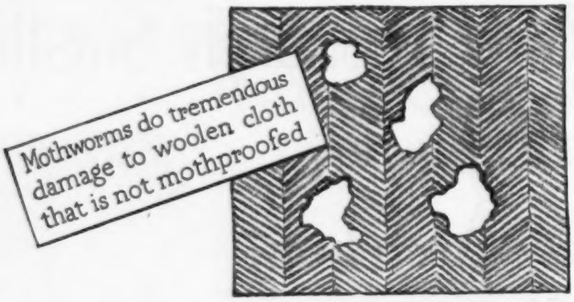
The Irving Drew Co., Portsmouth, Ohio G. H. 5-30

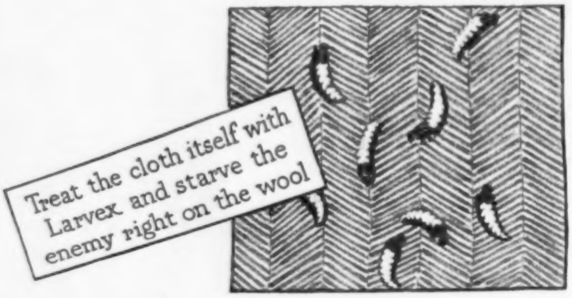
Please send me my complimentary copy of the new Drew Folio of Footwear Fashions.

NAME

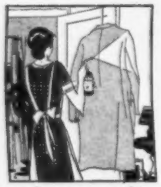
ADDRESS

CITY STAT


Mothworms do tremendous damage to woolen cloth that is not mothproofed


Treat the cloth itself with Larvex and starve the enemy right on the wool

You can't fight moths like other insects


Mothproof coats, suits, with Spraying Larvex. Costs less than pressing or cleaning.

Furniture or rugs of wool or mohair are mothproofed by Spraying Larvex.

Blankets and *washable* woolens require special *Rinsing* Larvex for mothproofing!

OTHER insects are troublesome, but they can be fought when and where they *become* troublesome. In the case of moth damage you must begin *your* work before the mothworm begins *his*—and you don't see him until the damage is done!

This is why *Larvex* is a great discovery. Larvex treats the cloth itself in such a way that the mothworm will not eat. He starves *right on the wool*. It's a new principle entirely—sure, safe and quite different from mothballs, spraying insecticides, mothbags, wrapping in newspapers, etc. Larvex goes to the bottom of the moth problem. It is not a moth-killer, but a genuine moth*proofing* agent.

Spraying Larvex for some purposes
Rinsing Larvex for others

Larvex in "spraying" form is used for coats, suits, upholstered furniture and all other fabrics that cannot be washed. Simply spray it on the cloth. It is very economical, only $1 for a full pint. A whole year's mothproofing of a suit of clothes actually costs less than a single pressing. And you can let the suit hang just where it is, ready to wear if you *should* want to use it.

The "rinsing" form of Larvex comes in a powder. You dissolve it in water, placing in this your blankets, sweaters, stockings, baby clothes, etc., just like rinsing. Package containing enough for two tubfuls, 50 cents. You can store your washable woolens or keep them ready for use without worry about mothholes.

Both forms of Larvex—Spraying and Rinsing—are odorless, non-injurious and non-inflammable. They represent an entirely new principle in dealing with the moth problem. Sold by drug and department stores everywhere. The Larvex Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York, N.Y.

LARVEX

SPRAYING

coats, suits, upholstery, rugs
her fabrics not washable.

G

s, sweaters, stockings
shable woolens.

d Housekeeping

THE LARVEX CORPORATION GH-M
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, free, your book "You Can't Fight Moths Like Other Insects," that tells me how to end moth damage.

Name ....
Address ....
City .... State ....

ago a distinguished traveler in Patagonia—Julius Beerbohm—recorded with surprise, that he once beheld "four or five sheep grazing, with which, judging by their splendid condition, the pasturage of Patagonia evidently agreed!"

One sheep requires an average of a hectare—about two acres and a half—for pasturage, and a flock of twenty thousand sheep, with a value of five dollars apiece, is considered small; so the size of the *estancias* is immense, and the stretches of undulating plain over which one passes without glimpsing any sign of human habitation are long and wide. It was afternoon before we caught sight of the great *frigorifico* (freezing plant) of Puerto Sara, and our motor turned up the long, broad driveway to the Big House, built of concrete and surrounded by immensely tall, white, wooden fences which serve as a windbreak. Tennis courts, conservatories, and gardens surrounded it; a profusion of potted plants bloomed gaily in its curving, glass-enclosed entrance; and beyond the wide hall with its spreading staircase a coal fire burned brightly before a table hospitably set for lunch.

I realize that this letter would be much more thrilling if I could interpolate here a graphic description of roughing it on a Patagonian sheep farm. But truth compels me to admit that the only discomfort I underwent came from the cold—for though San Gregorio, in common with many other *estancias*, is equipped with steam heat, the Chileans, like the English, prefer to keep their houses much cooler than we do, and the *calefaccion* is generally in a state of acquiescence. Aside from this, the visit was made under conditions of considerable luxury and manifold diversion. My bedroom was beautifully furnished in mahogany and bright with flowered chintz hangings, and it had an adjoining bathroom. There were five similar guest chambers in the house; and there were two dining-rooms, two drawing-rooms, and spacious service quarters. During the daytime we could ride or hunt or devote ourselves to the leisurely and prolonged inspection of the great plant. In the evening there was music, for one of our company was a skilled pianist; there was dancing—the Chilean *Cuequa*, the Argentine *Pericon;* and there was bridge of a scientific and sophisticated order.

Patagonian Hospitality

The old Spanish formula of welcome, "*Està es su casa*"—this is your house—pronounced as a guest crosses the threshold, is nowhere more literally interpreted than in Patagonia. Every traveler must go long distances through uninhabited regions, over rough tracks and against bitter winds, to reach his destination, and there is usually no inn available when hunger assails him or night overtakes him; but he can count on food and shelter at any *estancia* where he chances to stop. This may be a magnificent establishment like San Gregorio, or it may be a humble one; but in either case there is never any question about the "convenience" of having company. It is always convenient. It is the custom of the country, the unwritten law of the land, and it is more than that. It is the treasured privilege.

Inevitably it was with great regret that we said good-by to Don Francisco and our fellow-guests and left the *estancia;* but once on the track again, we found the open country around us even more interesting than that which lies between Magellanes and San Gregorio. There were still the sheep, still the *abutardas* and *gaviotas;* but there were countless hares as well, scurrying across our path; there were vultures, and the bleached skeletons of animals which gave grim evidence that these birds had not gone hungry; there were dapper, dust-colored wild ostriches; there were guanacos, those curious,

The Land of Fire

tawny mammals of Patagonia which have been vividly described as having "the head of a camel, the body of a deer, the wool of a sheep, and the neigh of a horse," and whose ultimate destiny is to provide rugs of extraordinary warmth, thickness, and luxuriance! We crossed the frontier late in the afternoon (get out your atlas, and see how this boundary line between Chile and Argentina bisects the tip of the continent and Tierra del Fuego!), and as we approached Gallegos, the roadside was strewn with dark lumps of solidified lava from the extinct volcanoes which we passed. After we had crossed the river from which the town takes its name, and entered the port itself, we had the unique experience of finding that in this remote part of the world we were to stay in an *frigorifico* owned and operated by an American company!

Ultima Esperanza

The next morning, bright and early, we were on our way again, with our objective for the night Ultima Esperanza—that beautiful Chilean territory traversed by the tip of the Andes, which owes its name and its discovery to a thrilling adventure: for a band of pioneers from Gallegos, led by the doughty German, Captain Eberhard, having found it impossible to penetrate overland—for there were not even tracks at that time—to a part of the country which they guessed to be both fertile and lovely, attempted to reach it by the roundabout route of the Straits of Magellan and the Chilean fjords—the "canals," as they are usually called. The explorers suddenly found themselves sucked into the rapid current of a narrow channel, and realizing that it would be impossible to turn their boat and steer it back to safety, they cried aloud that their last hope—*su ultima esperanza*—lay in discovering a safe harbor beyond. Miraculously they were swiftly swept out of their peril into a port of ineffable beauty and peace, while beyond them lay the promised land which they had almost despaired of reaching, but which surpassed their every expectation.

Ultima Esperanza, then, was our next objective; so we left hospitable Gallegos and started out to find it across the wide, rough pampas of Las Leoneras, past salt swamps lying lightly on the tufted grass, and toward a mirage which spread a shallow shimmer of blue along the horizon.

For seemingly endless miles there was no change of scenery; then late in the afternoon this underwent an abrupt transformation. We suddenly came upon masses of trees—the first we had seen in days—which looked, to our astonished eyes, as if they were covered with hoar-frost, they gleamed with such sparkling brightness in the sunshine; and it was a still greater surprise to discover that this appearance was deceptive, that the trees were, as a matter of fact, completely bare, and that it was their dead, gray trunks and branches that shone with such ghostly radiance. But beyond these arboreal spectres lay verdure; and in the distance, above the slopes and domes of lesser mountains, the trenchant peaks of Paine pointed toward the sky. These peaks stand unassailable, and beyond them lies country unexplored to this day. There is something awful and remote about their majesty; their magnitude is overpowering, a grandeur unconfined and ungoverned, passing the limits both of physical boundaries and human comprehension. We had come to the place of last hope—the Ultima Esperanza of the pioneer—lying between the relentless sea and the insurmountable hills; a place mystic in its symbolism, poignant in the privilege of prayer which it revealed, miraculous in its fulfilment of petition, and divinely lovely as only such a place could be.

We spent the night at the Estancia Cerro

CLEANSING TISSUES
KLEENEX
KLEENEX
PRICE 50¢
THE SANITARY WAY

"Kleenex is so dainty for removing make-up! Nothing else seems really clean and sanitary after one has used these absorbent little tissues."

Betty Compson

Brilliant star of the R. K. O. productions, "Street Girl" and "The Case of Sergeant Grischa."

Kleenex comes in three safe, lovely tints—and white

Why Kleenex is safest to remove cold cream

It's the sure way to free your pores of dangerous dirt and grime . . . without stretching or irritating skin

NEVER use germ-laden cloths to remove cold cream! Kleenex is the clean, the *safe* way. These delicate tissues are so very soft and absorbent they just *blot up* the surplus cold cream, along with any lingering dirt and cosmetics. The pores are left really clean.

And immaculate cleanliness is the first rule of beauty care. Bacteria, you know, start most complexion troubles, such as pimples and blackheads. And bacteria thrive on dirt.

There's still another way in which Kleenex protects your skin. Because of its amazing absorbency, Kleenex makes hard rubbing unnecessary . . . the rubbing that beauty experts believe an important cause of large pores and wrinkles.

You'll find Kleenex invaluable for handkerchief use, especially for colds and hay fever. Use a fresh, clean tissue each time, then discard it. Thus you prevent infection . . . save laundry . . . and avoid reinfection from cold germs. Ask for Kleenex at drug and department stores.

Kleenex

TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bu
Chicago, Illinois.

Please send a sample of Kleen

Name................................

Address................................

City................................

In using advertise

Castilla, in sight of all this splendor; but we wanted to get closer to it still; so once more we started out early in the morning, taking the track to Estancia Cerro Guido, the last possible shelter that we could seek. The days are long at this time of year—it is light by four in the morning and still light after eight at night—and we had thought beforehand that we should be able, between those hours, to get as near to the Paine as it is possible to penetrate, and still return to sleep at Cerro Castilla. But as we slowly progressed, through scenery increasingly superb every instant, we became more and more conscious that so superficial an impression would never satisfy us. And when we reached our intended destination, and our cordial German host and hostess suggested that we should prolong our visit with them and push up the Rio Paine to the Laguna Amarga, we did not hesitate a single second.

With Herr Lauezzari and the *Gnädige Frau* to guide us, we wove our way along the winding river which takes its name from those dagger-like peaks above it, past the bland, expansive Laguna Sarmiento, and into the hollow among the hills where the Laguna Amarga—the bitter lake—lies like a glittering emerald sunk in a setting of jade and jasper. The air is crystalline in its clarity; an effervescent spring of icy water bubbles at our feet; a flock of flamingoes, feathered in fiery rose, float like flowers on the surface of the lake. There is complete tranquillity here. But on the mountainside the wind suddenly seizes the smooth snow and sends it swirling in puffs and spirals and cascades down the blurred slopes. The storm, however, is only transitory. All the time the sun shines above it and below it; and after it is over comes the peace of evening, illumined by the glow which spreads from sky to summits and from hill to valley.

We returned to Cerro Guido late in the evening, filled with supreme contentment—for surely it is not often vouchsafed to any one to gaze upon a scene of such flawless beauty and perfect purity as that which we had beheld; and I was still conscious of this supreme contentment as I drifted off to sleep in the biggest bed I ever saw—under the softest, wooliest, whitest sheepskin in the whole world, I am sure!—in front of an open fire that spread its glowing and generous warmth all around me.

En Route Again

The next morning I woke invigorated and refeshed, and said *auf wiedesehen*, hoping it was true that there was no permanence in my farewells to Cerro Guido and Herr Lauezzari and the *Gnädige Frau*, and that some day I should return to see them all again. But this time there was no chance of prolonging my visit unless I was willing to give up going to Tierra del Fuego, which I had traveled eight thousand miles to see. So once more we pushed on and began our preparations for our next adventurous voyage.

These preparations proved more difficult to perfect than we had foreseen. The "Land of Fire" appears to be close to the mainland, but this is due to the extraordinary clarity of the atmosphere; the two points are, as a matter of fact, separated by a channel about twenty miles wide. But there is no cable connection; there are no boats running regularly; and there are no means of transportation for hire on the island. So would-be visitors are faced with the necessity of securing a motor-car, by fair means or foul, in Magellanes; of waiting watchfully for some kind of craft that will convey them and their automobile across the Straits; and of depending upon the tried and trusted hospitality of the region for sustenance and shelter.

This is the plan of action which we pursued, and finally we saw the neat little sedan

It could have been

SAVED with MOTH-GAS

Now! Millions of women have learned that

"MOTH-GAS"

a proven, successful discovery—

KILLS MOTHS

SEE how "Clothes Savers" are effectively used to KILL Moths, Eggs, and Larvae. They may be hung on hooks in closed closets, clothes hangers in garment bags, in tight chests or placed in any tight container or closed space where you wish protection against moth damage.

Vaporizing Rings of Protection

"Moth-Gas" is constantly vaporizing from Clothes Savers. This gas *quickly* envelops the materials and penetrates even into their texture. No moths can survive it. It is harmless to humans. Does not stain. Full strength! Its effectiveness is not reduced by devices that *retard* evaporation. The odor readily vanishes.

Your Clothes in a "Blanket of GAS"

10¢ each

Economy Size *6 for 50¢* *in metal container* slightly higher in Canada

Avoid Substitutes! Get Genuine Clothes Savers
At Drug, Department and House Furnishing Stores

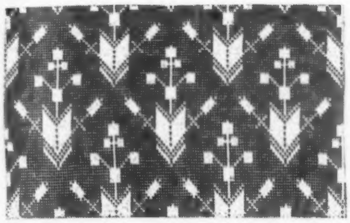
Take advantage of this convenient, economical method of protecting your clothes, furs, rugs and blankets against destruction by moths.

THE LEWY CHEMICAL CO., *Established 1887*
165 PERRY STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

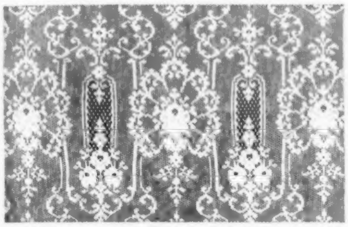
MOTH-GAS
CLOTHES SAVERS
-KILLS-
MOTHS · · EGGS · · LARVAE

Housekeeping

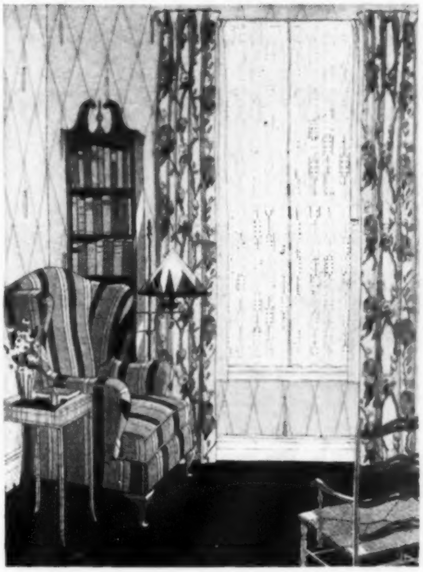
F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.

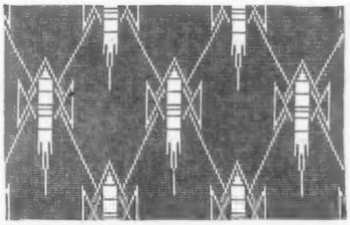


Net No. 82, 23 inches wide. Maize and Peach colors. 10c per ½ yard.

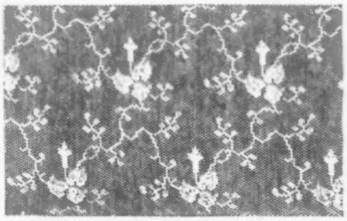


Net No. 47, 23 inches wide. Natural and ivory colors. 10c per ½ yard.





Net No. 65, 27 inches wide. Natural and ivory colors. 10c per ½ yard.

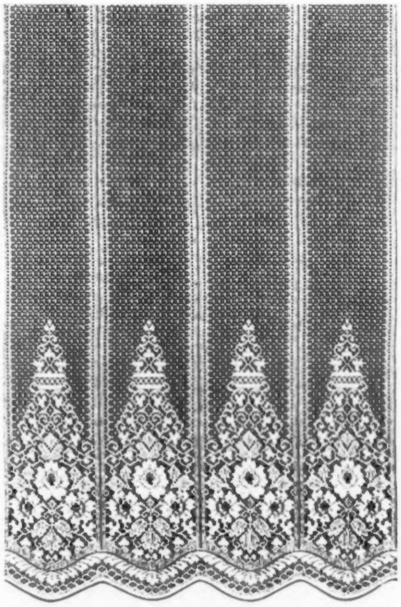


Net No. 45, 23 inches wide. Natural and ivory colors. 10c per ½ yard.

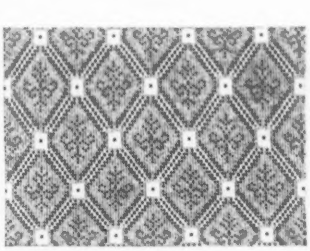
You can have Modern curtain designs economically

ARE your windows dressed with Spring and Summer charm? These inexpensive nets, with their attractive modern patterns, will give airy freshness to any room. They are exclusively designed for the 1827 Woolworth stores. It is also very easy to make curtains for the whole house from these ready-to-sew Woolworth Panel Nets, shown at the right and left. They are attractive, economical, durable. They wash beautifully.

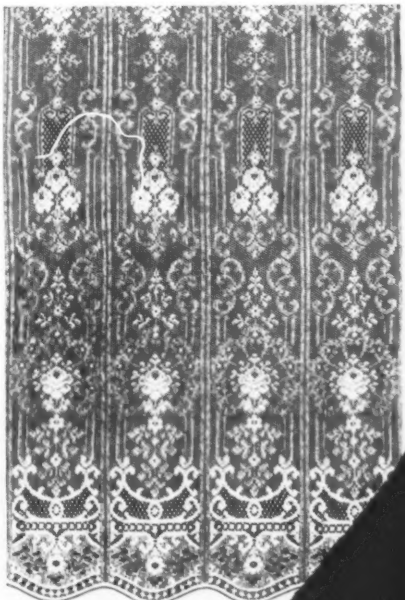
☆



Panel Net No. 104, 2¼ yds. long. Natural color only. 10c per section . . 5½ inches wide.



Net No. 54, 36 inches wide. Natural color only. 10c per ½ yard.



Panel Net No. 106, 2¼ yds. lo
only. 10c per section . . 5

The Land of Fire

that had been generously loaned to us hoisted on board a diminutive vessel called the *Minerva*. The deck space being almost entirely used up by our car, we decided to climb into the sedan and—so to speak—crossed the Straits by automobile!

The decision proved a happy one. Sheltered from the bitter wind and still situated in the bow, we were able to secure an unobstructed view of our surroundings. The sky, partially veiled by soft massed clouds, revealed, as these shifted and lifted, the deep rich tones of the Patagonian blue unlike any other blue in the world; the swelling water shone like quicksilver; and between sky and sea flew and floated those mysterious birds of poetry and fable, the albatross. It seemed, in very truth, as if we ourselves had embarked in "a painted ship upon a painted ocean," so great was the feeling of unreality which permeated our senses. And even after we had safely landed at the little port of Porvenir and had begun to climb the snow-capped range that lies immediately beyond it, this sense of unreality persisted. Indeed it increased rather than diminished; and when we reached the weird, wild forest that lies midway across the island, it found its culmination among those strange, stark trees beyond which, on either side, lie scattered lakes and isolated boulders, endless plains and impenetrable mountains, but always solitude.

How can I make this Land of Fire seem real to you when I must admit on my own confession that it did not seem real to me? Our days in the open began early in the morning and ended after dark, for we carried food with us, and ate it as we went along—near a snowy slope, beside a shallow lake, once even in the middle of the enchanted forest. We did not know where the track lay, and sometimes we lost it; but eventually we always found it again, and with each succeeding day the sense of complete detachment from the world, from its cares, its complexities, deepened and increased.

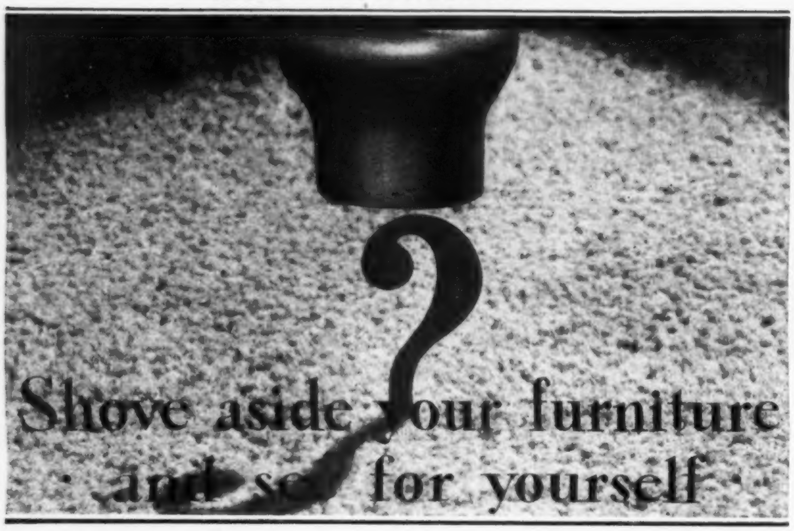
On Our Way Again

Suddenly, inevitably, this blessed sense of detachment came to an end. We returned to San Sebastian a second time—to the simple, spotless, little white house with its hawthorn hedge and its fostered flowers which had taken such a strong and such an immediate hold upon our affections.

Mournfully we packed, hastily we dined; then, setting off in the darkness, we motored until nearly midnight. At seven the next morning we were on our way again; and by night we were back again in Magellanes, with its almond cakes and its spiderfish, its rosy-cheeked children running through the wind-swept streets, its low-built houses of corrugated iron with their tilting flagpoles, its brave little trees bursting into fragrant buds on the pleasant plaza, and, beside the storage vessels anchored at the breakwater, a waiting ship which, when it next leaves port, will take us up the western coast . . .

So I must go away; but I shall take with me a "vision of a new heaven and a new earth." This is not only because I have journeyed through a land different from any I have ever visited before—vast, untrammeled; a country sparsely settled, but one which sends its exports into every corner of the globe, and which will send more and more in years to come. It is not only because I have penetrated to remote, inaccessible places of unviolated beauty. It is rather because I have seen the spirit as well as the substance of Patagonia; the spirit which has surmounted and transfigured a desolate wilderness; the spirit which has interpreted the meaning of hospitality in its most literal and its most lovely sense; the spirit which has entered into the souls of human beings and has made them brave and strong and

The NEGLECTED *Inch* ~*are your floors and rugs Its Victims ?*



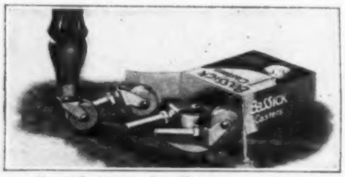
Bassick Casters and NoMar Rests Will End This Havoc Forever

Equip your furniture with NoMar Rests and see what a difference they make. NoMars spread the weight flat on the floor and move smoothly. The polished brown Atlasite base adds a touch of finished appearance.

Buy the socket type where furniture legs are bored for caster sockets. The "Drive-on" where legs have no holes.

For furniture which must be moved easily and often buy Bassick Casters. Replace those old dragging, squeaking, floor damaging casters with easy rolling, quiet Bassicks. There is a Bassick Caster for every need in your home — casters which lighten housework and save your floors.

Go to your nearest hardware or house furnishing dealer for Bassick Casters and NoMar Rests. Mail the coupon for complete information.


Bassick Casters for all purposes at your hardware or furniture supply dealer.

Bassick NoMar Rests are available in 4 sizes, priced as low as 50 cents per set of four.

Bassick

For 34 years the *buy-word* for fine casters and furniture rests

SICK COMPANY, Bridgeport, Conn. GH-2
descriptive literature showing where and how to use Bassick Casters and NoMar Rests.

State

The Land of Fire

free. And this is the spirit which I have seen, and which I shall never forget.

My voyage from the land of fog to the land of fire is over; but the best gift from the kindest fairy who attended my christening has never seemed so wholly mine before!

Always affectionately yours,

Frances Parkinson Keyes—

On the Trail of Vitamin C

(*Continued from page 102*)

that destroys vitamin C. Compare the values in the last part of my table with the home-cooked section. At one time, not so long ago, people did not attempt to use canned fruits and vegetables as sources of vitamin C, because they thought or were taught that cooking destroys vitamin C. This situation led me to a measurement of vitamin C units in commercially canned foods, a study that has now gone on continuously in my laboratories for six years. Again facts for generalities. The test surprised me. Compare canned cabbage unit with boiled cabbage unit, canned spinach with stove-cooked fresh spinach. In spite of the fact that the canner cooks his spinach much longer than we do in the home and at higher temperature (70 minutes at 240 degrees Fahrenheit), the canned spinach was more than twice as rich in vitamin C as the home-cooked product (.141 ozs. against .353 ozs.).

We finally discovered the reason. The destruction of vitamin C in food is not brought about by heat so much as by contact with air while hot. It happens that the canner has always, by placing his foods in a can and sealing it before sterilization, excluded air to a greater or less degree. This air exclusion shows its value in the retention by the canned food of more vitamin C than is found in foods cooked in an open kettle with free access to air.

But again beware of generalizations. Canned foods are not richer in vitamin C than raw foods. Not all canned foods contain vitamin C. If the raw product is low in vitamin C, the canned product will be still lower in that content. We found certain foods poor sources of vitamin C by our test method, and canning certainly does not create vitamin.

While we are on this canning story, caution is necessary about another matter. I found that whole canned tomatoes retained practically the entire vitamin C unit strength of the raw product. But if we separate the juice by mechanical means before we can it, if that procedure permits the juice to become thoroughly aerated before it is sterilized, this added air may bring about a definite destruction of vitamin C. The way the juice is handled before canning is significant, and we can not guess its unit value. These new bottled and canned juices must be measured before we know their real value, and that takes time.

My little table, then, is offered not only as partial information on specifically measured products, but to point a lesson. Ultimately such measurements will permit us to ask the manufacturer to drop his generalizations and tell us real vitamin content. We shall then be able to buy a certain quantity of each vitamin just as we buy sugar or flour, bread or candy. We must not be impatient with the manufacturer, for this quantitative method of measurement is new, time-consuming, and costly. Ultimately, however, it must replace vague descriptions, for only when we can actually compare foods in vitamin unit content can we tell whether whole wheat is a cheaper source of vitamin than spinach, and act accordingly.

**You too—
on short notice, can
have Hair that is
Lovely and Alluring**

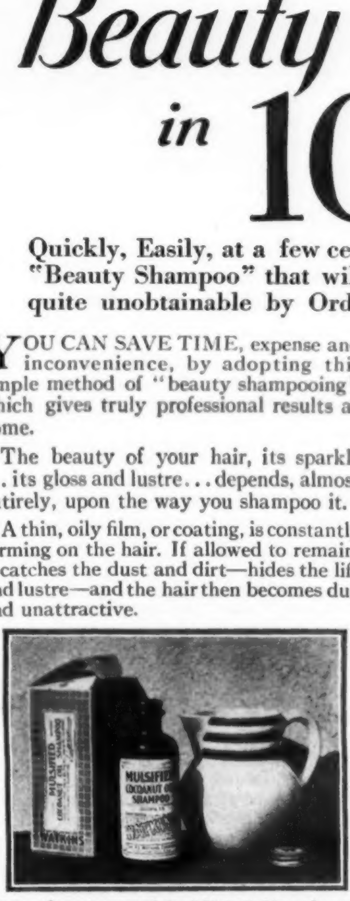
A "Beauty Shampoo" in 10 minutes

Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost — you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing" which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle ... its gloss and lustre... depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.



Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of ... soft, rich, creamy lather ... which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural ... color tones ... of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shamp
and just see how quickly it is don
how easy your hair is to manage,
lovely it will look. See it spark
new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified
Shampoo at any drug store
counter, . . . anywhere i

In using advertisemen

32 PAGES OF PLANS, COLOR SCHEMES...

WHAT! is this the KITCHEN?

EQUIPMENT FOR YOUR KITCHEN

FREE—*mail coupon*

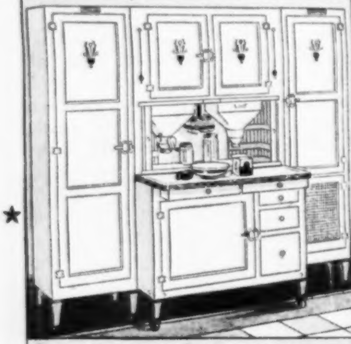
YOU'LL be glad you sent for this interesting booklet. It shows you how easy it is to develop just the color scheme you want, with walls, woodwork, cretonnes and your Hoosier equipment creating a charming, harmonious ensemble.

You'll see how, merely by rearrangement and the addition of a Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet, you can so simplify and centralize your work as to save 40% of the time you now spend in the kitchen!

Attractive Hoosier breakfast room furniture harmonizes with whatever cabinet you select.

Just fill in the coupon. Learn for yourself why so many women have found this booklet a helpful manual in furnishing the home. *Write for your copy, today.*

For as little as $39.75, plus freight, you can have a genuine Hoosier, designed especially for the small kitchen.



LOOK FOR THE HOOSIER *Name-Plate* . . . YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE *Genuine* HOOSIER

OOSIER MANUFACTURING CO.
Gray Street, New Castle, Indiana
se send me your new free booklet
Sl ted in color, on furnishing the
and breakfast room.

....
....
......*State*............

The Fool of the Family

(*Continued from page 83*)

snorted. He knew that—most unjustly—she thought he was to blame for this calamity, because he had brought them to London. The baby had never been ill until they came to London. He throve on any food—Gemma's milk, goat's milk, pickled cabbage and beer. But since she went to work, they had had to put him in an up-to-date crèche, with weighing machines and sterilizers and starched nurses with college certificates; whereupon he pined, grew thin, caught colds, and cried at night.

Now he was ill, really ill, and it was all Sebastian's fault, because he would live in London. Whenever he came back to their room, this reproach was hurled at him, until he was glad to be going so soon to Paris. But he answered her gently, for he was sorry for Gemma. He knew that she was very tired.

"You go out and enjoy yourself," breathed Gemma in a fierce whisper. "You go out looking like a duke in disguise, while I have to slave to keep you. I'm sick of it, I tell you. Sick of it. I've had enough of it After this you can look after yourself, d'you hear? You needn't come back here thinking I'll keep you. You can look after yourself. I never want to see you again. You and your flashy white tie! It's crooked, anyway."

Sebastian straightened the tie which was so incongruous an adornment in Hatfield Buildings. Then, bethinking himself, he took it off and began to undress. Gemma glared at him resentfully, but at a little whimpering moan from the baby her grievances were forgotten in a fresh passion of anxiety.

The dress-suit would have to be packed in something if it was to be taken to Paris. Sebastian had no suitcase, only a knapsack, but he found under the bed a cardboard dress box, in which he tenderly laid his new coat, boiled shirt, and white waistcoat. Taking his day-clothes down from a peg, he put them on, and Gemma asked if he was not going to bed.

"I'm going to sit up with him for a bit," said Sebastian with a nod at the baby, "so that you can get some sleep. You haven't slept for two nights."

"You won't hold him still enough."

"Yes, I will."

She was too tired to argue. Once or twice already she had nearly fallen off her chair with fatigue. She let him take her place in the low chair by the fire, and carefully they transferred the sleeping child from her arms to his. The little head lolled back peacefully against his waistcoat, as he settled himself for his vigil. Gemma staggered to the bed and fell across it just as she was.

SEBASTIAN sat alone, with his gray thoughts, beside the low, blue fire. Fenella had said that it was wrong. How wrong? Why wrong? who first invented all this talk of right and wrong? Life and its urgencies was short enough: why should he waste his precious days affixing these queer labels to his manifold desires? He had wanted to create a piece of music. Sometimes it had seemed impossible, but he had done it Hour by hour, in poverty, hunger, and squalor, he had wrested out the beauty of it. He had got what he wanted, though he all but starved himself in the getting of it. Nothing, nothing in the world, had been allowed to come between his will and his purpose. He had spent no energy in trying to discover a moral sanction for himself. He wanted to do it, and he did it. Now he wanted Fenella. Where was the difference?

She belonged to Caryl. He knew that she did, just as he belonged to Gemma. Caryl would suffer if another man got her. The wrong must lie in giving pain to Caryl. But if Caryl knew nothing about it, then he would feel no pain, and there would be no wrong.

He shifted the baby's weight a little. It lay limply against his heart, and as he peered down into its tiny, pinched face he wondered if it was worse or better. The whimpering moans had stopped, but it was not asleep. He saw the eyelashes twitch, and then it looked at him—a long stare of shattering, mournful intelligence that startled him.

Never till that moment had its existence meant very much to him. It was not his child. But he had accepted it as part of Gemma, as he might have accepted some little animal to which she was attached. He had never thought of it as the germ of a man, a creature who would one day feel and know and want as he did. This exchange of glances, this unspoken message from one person to another, came as a complete surprise to *him*. He leaned over the baby eagerly. But its lids fell once more, and its head lolled back. The moment of communion was over.

All the immensity, the intolerable shortness of life unrolled itself before Sebastian like a desert land. He could not endure to think of it. The end was not more terrible than the beginning, this first looking out of a naked mind upon strange things and strange faces. What had Gemma done, what had her drunken sailor done, what had God done, to bring this creature here?

"We have very little time," he murmured, leaning over the baby. "Don't waste it. Very little time."

INDEED he had very little time. At eight o'clock he was to meet the Birnbaums at their hotel, for they were flying to Paris. He must be getting ready. As gently as he could, he put the baby down in its basket cradle and pulled up the dingy coverlet. It lay quite still, breathing loudly and quickly, but it did not wake.

Still on tiptoe, he gathered his possessions together, strapped up the knapsack, and tied a piece of string round the cardboard dress-box. So much luggage was a nuisance, and the Birnbaums might think it shabby, but if they did, they would have to buy him a suitcase, preferably an expensive leather one which he could pawn later on.

Lighting the gas-ring, he made himself a cup of tea, for he was thirsty, and he poured one out for Gemma before he woke her. At his call she sat up with a bounce, pushing the rough tangle of hair out of her eyes.

"Oh, what is it? Is he worse?"

"He's all right. He's sleeping beautifully. He slept all the time."

"Where?"

"I put him in the cradle. He didn't mind. Here's some tea, Gemma. Drink it while it's hot."

But she was kneeling beside the cradle, peering, pulling down the coverlet with quick, furtive movements, shivering with fright.

"He's not better," she said hoarsely. "He's worse."

She snatched him out of the cradle and took him over to the light, ignoring Sebastian's caution not to wake him. She was frantic.

"Why does he breathe like that? Sebastian! I don't believe he will wake. - He's frightfully ill."

"He was awake a few minutes ago. He opened his eyes and looked at me."

"Oh, why wasn't I there! Why did I sleep?"

Sebastian put her tea on the table, with the saucer over it to keep it hot, and began to drink his own in hasty gulps. The church bell down the road was ringing in a cracked monotone for a seven o'clock Celebration, and he knew that he must go.

"Trigorin will give me some money," he said, "and I'll send it to you. Then you needn't go to work for a bit, and you can look after him better."

His voice was drowned by a passing train, and he thought that she had not heard him.

"Do drink your tea, Gemma."

"Oh, don't worry me!"

"Take him to a doctor. He'll get him all right again."

"He looks so different. I—I almost wish he'd scream again."

The church bell stopped. It was late.

"Gemma!"

"Yes—what?"

"Would you rather I didn't go?"

"Go? Where?"

"To Paris. Don't you remember? I've got to—"

"Oh, yes. I forgot. I thought it was yesterday still."

"Shall I not go? Shall I stay here? I can't leave you like this. I—"

"If you'd gone sooner," said Gemma in a voice of suppressed fury, "it would have been better for me and for him. What use do you think you are to me? You've killed him. Yes, you have. You and your music. I hate your music. I had to go away and leave him, because you can't keep yourself. Don't you pretend that you care for anything or anybody in the world but your blasted Ballet. Because you don't. I hope it'll be a failure. Yes, I do. I hope the people will hiss it off the stage. They ought to. And if they knew how it was paid for, they would. Now you go! Go! Go!"

Sebastian went.

CHAPTER XXII

"FENELLA! Hullo! Fenella!"

"Speaking."

"It's Caryl, darling."

"Hullo, Caryl!"

"What happened to you last night?"

Without preface, without a moment's respite in which to collect her wits, she was being called to account. Caryl's voice, coming thinly over the wires, sounded peremptory. All the anxiety which had consumed him during the night had put an edge on it. She hardened in resentment, though if she could have seen his face in the call-box at Waterloo station she would have been sorry for him.

"Last night?" she parried coldly.

"Heinrich gave me a message. He said that you'd gone home. That you weren't well."

"Yes?"

"Weren't you well?"

"No. I mean yes. I was quite well."

"Then what happened?"

"Caryl!"

"Yes?"

"Hold on a minute while I get some bedroom slippers. My feet are so cold."

"What? Aren't you up yet?"

"No. It's only eight o'clock. I've only got on my dressing-gown, and it's freezing."

"Good heavens! Run and put on something warm."

She took her time over putting on something warm, and Caryl in the call-box had to put in two more pennies while he waited. At last he heard her say,

"Well?"

"What happened?"

"Nothing. I was rather tired, and I didn't see you anywhere, and I decided to go home."

"Oh! you went home? I was so worried about it. I thought you must have gone on somewhere else. I thought Heinrich had made a mistake. Because when he told me you were ill, I rushed off and rang up Hyde Park Gardens, and they said you weren't back yet. You'd had loads of time to get back. I thought at first you'd gone on to some other party I hadn't heard of, and then in the middle of the night I thought you might have been run over or something. I've been gibbering with fright all night. How could it have happened?"

This was unspeakable. A lie, a bare-faced, inevitable lie was bearing down upon her. She could not possibly have told it to his face, but the telephone concealed her blushes.

"I—I came home."

"But they said—"

"They must have made a mistake. I don't think any one saw me come in. Any of the servants, I mean."

"Oh."

He believed her, but he was puzzled. She could hear that in his voice, though he was three miles away.

"Then nothing happened? Nothing dreadful?"

"Nothing! Nothing!" she cried eagerly, relieved beyond measure to remember that nothing that had happened was quite so dreadful as it might have been.

"Sure you're all right?"

"Perfectly. But very cold. I shall catch pneumonia. Goodby, Caryl."

"Fenella!"

"Yes?"

"You're not angry with me?"

"Of course not. Why should I be?"

"I thought you sounded angry."

"I'm only cold. Goodby."

"Goodby, darling. What did you say?"

"I said goodby."

"Goodby, Fenella!—I say! Hold on a minute."

"Yes?"

"Shall I come round tonight?"

"No. Not tonight . . . I've got to go out with Mother."

"Sure you're not angry?"

"No. Don't be silly."

"You are. When I see you, I'll make you tell me."

"Oh, Caryl!"

"What? What?"

"I've got something I must tell you."

"Yes?"

Not on the telephone! She could never say it on the telephone. And she could never say it to his face. She must fight for time somehow.

"I—I'm going away to-morrow. It's just settled. Till after Easter. I've got to go to Sidmouth."

"To where?"

"To Sidmouth. With my mother and father. They wanted me to go, but it wasn't settled. They always go in the spring, you know. And I really think I ought to go, too."

"But I never knew . . . Till after Easter? Oh, Fenella! How dreadful!"

"I—I ought to go. I don't want to."

"You'll hate it, won't you? Do say you'll hate it."

"Of course I shall hate it. I must go, Caryl."

"But shan't I see you before— Hullo, Fenella? Fenella? Are you there still? Don't ring off. Oh, curse it all!"

HE CAME out of the reeking, tobacco-haunted call-box swearing and hunching up his shoulders in exasperation. For though he tried hard to blame the exchange, he knew that it would not do. He had not been cut off by accident. She had meant to do it. She knew that her voice was cold and angry. She knew that she had not said one loving word to him. Something much worse than a street accident had happened. She was estranged, and he would never know why, unless she chose to tell him.

Could it be because he had made her dance with Sebastian? He wished that he had asked her that. Because he had sometimes thought that she did not like Sebastian, and he had wanted very much to see a friendship between these two who were everything in his life. Perhaps he had been wrong to force it on her. But then she must have liked it, because she had gone on dancing with Sebastian for a needlessly long time. Caryl had watched them with a rejoicing heart, thinking that he had never seen her look so lovely, longing to get her to himself again, afraid to interrupt a *tête-a-tête* which might be the beginning of a sympathy between them.

He could not think it was that. But of any other offence he was entirely guiltless. And in any case it was unpardonable, quite unpardonable, to ring off like that. He would like to tell the exchange what he thought of it.

A fog, dense, suffocating, and cold, like the

Here is the native Swiss dish—as a maid of the wooden shoes would make it. Aunt Ellen's Swiss Noodles. For the recipe, write "Aunt Ellen," Dept. A, The Griswold Kitchen, Erie, Penna. Ask also for Aunt Ellen's Booklet on Waterless Cooking.

IN ALL THE YEARS TO COME

IT MAY be that in all the years to come there will never be a skillet like the Griswold Cast Iron Skillet, for there never has been one in the three-score years of its existence. A skillet so evenly thick and pure of iron that you can entrust to it the most fragile foods, and it will not let them scorch. Or you can entrust to it the most stubborn foods, and it will always make them tender.

The cover also is of thick cast iron, with patented rings that do self-basting.

Wouldn't it be easier to do perfect cooking if you had the perfect tools? Griswold Cast Iron Skillets are at hardware, department and housefurnishing stores. Price from 40c up. The Griswold Mfg. Co., Erie, Pa.

GRISWOL

Reg. U.
Pat. O

In using advertiseme

"A CLEVER HOME MAKER" they say

–and wonder how she can get furnishings so tasteful and so much like her

THAT secret can be yours too! Satisfy the most discriminating taste in furniture, floor coverings and radio, at prices you can afford. *Choose* from the stock of a nation-wide wholesale institution—and *buy* from

Your Local Dealer

Ask him for a Card of Introduction which admits you to any Peck & Hills exhibit. Because it saves for him it saves for you. If he cannot give the Card ask us for names of dealers who can.

FREE BOOKLET—Now ready, revised edition of "Correct Care of Home Furnishings." Ask for Booklet G-5. Address nearest house.

MANUFACTURERS - WHOLESALERS - DISTRIBUTORS
Peck & Hills FURNITURE CO.
Coast to Coast
FURNITURE - DRAPERIES - FLOOR COVERINGS

Houston
Fort Worth
Denver
Salt Lake City
hoenix
Antonio
Angeles
San Diego
San Francisco
Fresno
Sacramento
Oakland
Portland
Seattle
Spokane

fog in his mind, hung over the streets round the station. It was getting yellower, more opaque, every moment. Between the lamp-posts it was blackest midnight. Dejectedly he felt his way back to Tansley Street, stumbling over the hidden curbs and dodging the trams that loomed up suddenly, like juggernauts, above him. He had not breakfasted, and he had a heavy day's work in front of him.

"I'll eat something quickly and go straight down to the office," he thought.

But he did neither, for in the hall his landlady met him with a note which had come by special messenger while he was out. It had been hastily scribbled by Sebastian at the Birnbaums' hotel before they left for Paris.

"Dear Caryl: [he read]

"Be a good man and look up Gemma today. The baby is ill, and she ought not to be alone. I have to go. I think the baby is very ill. I'm going to Paris. She should have somebody to help her. I'll send money when I have any; lend her what she wants.

J. S. S."

He went at once, because he had to be at Kraut's by ten, and there would be no time later on. He did not think that such a summons could be ignored. Sebastian was not generally an alarmist where the misfortunes of others were concerned. So he rescued his attaché-case and ran back to the station, munching a piece of bread-and-marmalade on the way.

WHEN he got out at Drayton Park he found that the fog was thicker than ever. There was no seeing anything more than a couple of yards away. The way was difficult to find, for he had been to Hornsey Street only once before, to go through some manuscript with Sebastian. But he knew that he must be near it, because he could hear the sound of a train close by.

Suddenly he was in a slum. The air, even through the fog, grew staler and ranker. Fragments of paper and garbage rustled about his feet, and he felt that the sky was shut out by mountainous, crumbling houses. He could just read the name over each cavernous doorway. The benevolent, optimistic Victorians who had caused them to be built as model dwellings for the poor would have groaned to see them now. A stench of poverty poured down the stone staircase, which was so dark that Caryl had to feel his way up with a hand on the greasy wall.

A fragment of Sebastian's score came into his head, as he clattered up through the darkness—three phrases on the oboe which ravished him whenever he thought of them. He did not know why they should have returned to him just then, except that Sebastian must have gone up and down these stairs so often possessed with them.

"He can't have known where he was," thought Caryl. "He can't ever have looked at the place. But that poor Gemma!"

No voice answered at first when he knocked at the door. He craned up to see if he had found the right number, and knocked again. Then a shrill, queer chant rose up suddenly in the muffled gloom:

"Leggie over leggie,
The doggie went to Dover . . ."

It broke off with a gasp and a wail. He pushed open the door and looked into the fog-laden room. After the stairs it seemed quite light.

"Gemma!"

She took no notice. He did not think that she had heard him.

"Gemma! How is he?"

"Hush! Don't wake him."

"Is he better?"

He shut the door and came over to look, but Gemma pulled a shawl quickly over the baby's face, hiding it.

"Didn't I tell you not to worry me when he's ill? Go away."

"Why don't you take him to a doctor?"

"I'm going to. When he wakes up."

"Is he asleep?"

She gave him a quick look, a mad look, full of anger and suspicion, and in the midst of his pity he felt a sudden cold repulsion, the instinctive, alarmed recoil of the sane man from the lunatic. He could not speak to her. He could not reason with her.

Mastering his terror, he waited until she pulled back the shawl to take another anguished look at her child's face, and this time he was too quick for her. Two seconds were long enough. He let her go, so much shocked that he could only swear.

Oaths or words of kindness were all one to Gemma. They had no sense for her. Nothing remained in her clouded mind save the dread of loss, of finding her arms empty. She knew that every one was against her. When babies died, they took them away from their mothers. That was what Caryl had come to do.

She must be quick and crafty, so that nobody should come near. The way to the door was clear. He was trying to edge round behind her. She measured the distance and darted, slamming the door behind her in his face. The dark stairs were not strange to her. Long before he had groped his way to the street, she was away, running with her pitiful burden into the fog.

He did not even know which way she had gone, but a woman at the doorway to Ruskin Buildings had seen her go past, and he set off in a pursuit that lasted half the day.

Caryl felt as though the fog would never lift and this nightmare never be over. It was nearly mid-day. Long ago he had rung up Kraut's and explained that he could not come to work that day. It seemed that he was continually explaining to everybody in London that his brother's wife had gone mad and was lost in the fog. Over and over again he said it, like a man struggling in a dream. And all the while, above the fog, in clear blue air and sunshine, like a creature of another world, Sebastian flew to Paris.

THE worst was over before he found her. Other hands had taken the baby away from Gemma, and Caryl was spared the pain of seeing it done. He found her sitting, half-asleep, on a bench in a room all covered with official notices, while three stolidly compassionate policemen tried to make her drink some tea. He sat down on the bench beside her and took her hand.

"Gemma dear, I've come to take you home with me."

She looked at him with eyes that saw nothing.

Gemma made no resistance when the policemen carried her out to the taxi, and now she lay quite quietly, her head on Caryl's shoulder. Sometimes he thought he heard her whispering.

"What, Gemma?" He bent his head to listen.

". . . The doggie went to Dover . . ."

"Oh, hush! Hush!"

He was taking her back to his rooms in Tansley Street, because he could think of no other place. It was unthinkable that she should return to Hatfield Buildings, and at his house there were two capable women, his landlady and Mrs. Eccles, the wife of the blind man on the ground floor. Also there was a little bedroom at the end of the hall, which she could have until a better lodging could be found for her.

As they drove south, the fog lifted a little, and across the river it was quite light. Gemma lifted her head, looked about her, and asked in tones that were almost collected, where they were going.

"Back to my house," Caryl told her. "I'm going to look after you."

"Why?" she flashed at him.

Caryl said quickly: "There's a woman, a

lady, in my house who wants a girl to help her. Mrs. Eccles. Her husband is blind, and she has to go out to work all day. She wants somebody to look after the children."

"Are they babies?"

"No, no. Quite big. Four and five." He hurried past the perilous topic. "And there's a nice little room where you can sleep."

"Oh, but I can't sleep in. I've got my own baby to look after."

"Then we'll make some other plan," said Caryl. "Now we must get out. This is Tansley Street."

Gemma came in meekly and sat on Caryl's bed while he interviewed the landlady. Once more he had to tell his dismal story, but he hoped it was for the last time.

The landlady was very kind. She agreed to let Gemma have the little back room and proposed putting her to bed at once. But Gemma would not go to bed. She was demanding to see Mrs. Eccles.

"Caryl said there was a lady here that wanted a girl to work," they heard her say. "Is there or isn't there? That's what I want to know. Is there or isn't there? Because if there isn't. I'm wasting my time. I'll go. I've got a child of my own to look after."

The landlady appeared at the head of the stairs with a face full of distress and whispered, "I can't do nothing with her, she's that excited!"

The stony torpor was over, and all day Gemma talked. Caryl fled at last from the sound of it, because he felt that he could bear no more. She had promised to stay until Mrs. Eccles came back, so he went to put in a few hours' work at Kraut's. When he returned at seven o'clock, that shrill, excited torrent was still pouring through the house in Tansley Street. Mrs. Eccles met him in the hall, looking grave."

"I think we ought to send for a doctor," she said. "She's very queer, poor little thing. She —she thinks her baby is still alive. She never stops talking about it."

Caryl hung up his hat and stood still, thinking it over and listening to Gemma's voice in the next room.

"She knows all right," he said. "But she doesn't want anybody else to know it. She's daring us to say it."

"But must we—"

"I'll have to. Are the children in there?"

"No. They're in bed. Do you know, she has done a lot of work. She's done all my darning for me. But she won't stop talking. She's driving us all mad."

CARYL went into the Eccles' sitting-room, pulling himself together for the last and worst effort of that ill-starred day. Captain Eccles was sitting by the fire, patiently listening, though his mouth was grim. Gemma had a darning basket beside her. She was saying:

"Of course, if I could, I'd like to find some work in the country, where I could have him with me altogether—"

"Gemma!"

She whipped round on him in a moment, defensive, ready to defy him.

"You mustn't talk about your baby to Captain Eccles."

"Mustn't? Mustn't? Why not?"

"It's not fair."

"How d'you mean? What d'you mean? Not fair? I'll talk to any one I—"

"He's got quite enough to put up with. He's blind, you know. He's never seen either of his own children."

"Never seen—never seen—"

"He puts up with it. He doesn't pretend he isn't blind. He can't. And you mustn't pretend, either. You won't ever see your baby again, and you know it."

"Never seen—never see—"

Her face began to work and twist, and her wild eyes, that never quite saw anything, grew suddenly attentive as she turned them on the blind man by the fire. As if he felt that she was looking at him, he said quietly:

"Yes. That's quite true. I've never seen them. I never shall."

She put out her hands in front of her as if to ward it off, to push away the knowledge of his blindness and her own loss. Caryl thought that she would faint, and he ran to catch her. She pushed him away. Her head went down on the table beside the basket of mending. A vast wave of sorrow and understanding had broken over her. But it seemed as though they waited for a hundred years before they heard her weeping.

CHAPTER XXIII

Gemma would not go with Caryl to the baby's funeral. After the first outburst of grief she shrank from any mention of her child. She seemed to recover quickly, though she was still mournful and subdued when she had nothing to do Mrs. Eccles kept her very busy When Caryl, as tactfully as he could, tried to tell her of the arrangements he had made, she looked almost sullen.

"What's the use?" she asked. "I don't want to hear all that. When people are dead, they're dead. Seeing them buried won't make them alive again."

"And I've written to Sebastian," said Caryl tentatively.

"Have you? Well, I suppose he'd better know what's happened."

"He'll be very sorry, Gemma."

"No, he won't. Why should he? It wasn't his child."

"He'll be sorry for you. You know, he wrote to me—that day—and asked me to look after you. That's why I came to Hatfield Buildings."

"He did? Sebastian did?" Gemma looked surprised. "How queer!"

"I don't think it's queer at all," said Caryl. "You were in trouble, and he'd had to go and leave you."

"It was no business of his if I was in trouble. I told him that before he went. I told him never to come back." She brooded darkly. "I quite lost my temper."

"But you didn't mean it? You'd take him back if he came?"

"Perhaps he won't come."

"Oh, yes, he will, some time or other. Because there isn't a woman in the world who'd suit him better than you do. What will you do when he does?"

Gemma had no idea. She did not know what she was going to do, as Caryl did. She would obey the impulse of the moment, and her impulses were like the weather; she could not foresee how they would turn out. Caryl might as well have asked her if it was going to be a fine day when Sebastian came back.

"If you love him, you'll take him back." Caryl told her. "If you don't love him, you won't."

"Oh—love!" She sniffed contemptuously.

Not for worlds would she have admitted that she loved any one at all.

Two days later she got a letter from Sebastian, and she brought it to Caryl to read, saying:

"There now! That's what I call a sensible letter."

Caryl read:

"DEAR GEMMA,

"I have got Caryl's letter, and I am very sorry about your baby. It is very hard for a mother to lose a little child because nobody else minds much. They are sorry for her, but they can have no idea what she has lost because she is the only person who has guessed, probably, what sort of man the child was going to be. It's a mystery to me how women have the courage to endure these things. Men couldn't

3 good oils Make 1 better oil

Even gold is combined with other metals to make it *better for the purpose* for which it is intended. And as gold is improved by blending, so does blending improve the three oils in 3-in-One.

One is an *animal* oil; one is *mineral;* one is *vegetable.* Each is a good lubricant; but combined, they form a *better* lubricant for all light mechanisms. Penetrates quickly. Prevents squeaks; reduces wear; makes operation smooth and easy.

3-in-One

Three Oils In One

Handy Oil Can
THREE IN ONE OIL
LUBRICATES CLEANS AND POLISHES
THREE IN ONE OIL COMPANY

O-72

USE regularly and freely on Sewing Machines and their motors, Vacuum Cleaners, Washing Machine Motors, Phonographs, Window Latches, Window Pulleys, Baby Carriages, Go-Carts, Bicycles, Roller Skates, Clocks, Locks, Hinges, Bolts, Tools.

Sold everywhere by good grocery, drug, notion, hardware, department and general stores. Two size Handy Oil Cans and three size bottles.

Manufactured since 1894
Three-In-One Oil Co.
130 William Street
New York • N.Y.

FREE SAMPLE
Also illustrated Dictionary of Uses. A postal request will bring both.

BRILLO
Cleans

QUICKER
CHEAPER
NO RAGS
NO POWDERS

Cleans as if by Magic!

As if by magic, Brillo cleans ALUMINUM—agate—glass—wood . . . In fact, these soft fibre lubricated pads and pure free-lathering soap clean practically everything.

Brillo saves time. No powders! Simply pass Brillo over dirty surfaces and dirt vanishes. Brillo saves work. No "elbow grease" required. Brillo saves money. The pads can be rinsed and used over and over. Brillo saves hands. It keeps them dainty.

Keep Brillo handy. Millions of thrifty modern housewives do!

BRILLO GUARANTEE
A new aluminum or other cooking utensil free for any BRILLO fails to clean.

BRILLO is sold at Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory and all 10c and 25c stores; and at leading grocery, hardware and department stores.

Generous trial package . . . 10c . . . write for it!

BRILLO MFG. CO., INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

IT'S NEW — *the Brillo rubber pad-holder. In separate package with Brillo Pad and Brillo Soap. Send for it—10c.*

THE NEW
BRILLO HOLDER
KEEPS YOUR HANDS
"OUT OF IT"

BRILLO
BRILLO
HOLD CLEANSE
BRILLO

G.H.-5-30

do it. But you are a woman so I suppose you know how it is done.

"I have sent Caryl some money for you, so that you need not work till I get back. I shan't come till the Ballet comes over, as Trigorin's choreography is not all that I could wish and there is a lot to be done still to the score. They have begun rehearsing over here, and they are going to open their London season with Primavera.

S."

"Not what you'd call a love-letter," observed Gemma, as he gave it back to her.

It was not. But he thought it a better letter than any of those which he had got from Fenella at Sidmouth, which were like so many doors shut in his face.

"Aren't you glad about Primavera?" asked Gemma, surprised at the shadow in his eyes. "I thought you'd be delighted."

"Very glad indeed," he said hastily.

"You don't look it. You always look as if you were moulting or something, these days. What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I don't get enough exercise."

Nothing could possibly be the matter. He had persuaded himself of that. It was all his own foolish imagination. Fenella had said that she was not angry, and her letters were so long and so kind and so full of a remorseful interest in his concerns that his want of faith in them seemed to be quite inexcusable.

"She will be back in time for it," he said thoughtfully. "I must see about getting a box."

"Who? Fenella? I suppose you'll go with her?"

Caryl said that he supposed so, but he said it so doubtfully that Gemma stared.

"Have you quarreled with her, Caryl?"

"Why, no! I—I don't think so."

"Surely you'd know if you had!"

"Oh, we didn't have words, or anything like that. But—"

"But what?"

He had a great desire to tell somebody. Perhaps, if he once told it, the whole thing would become unimportant. Perhaps he had brooded on it too long.

"We went to a dance," he said, "and I was looking after Toni downstairs. And Fenella went home without me because she was tired. And next morning I rang her up to know how she was, and her voice sounded—very cold, somehow. She *was* cold. I mean, it was a very cold morning. And she hadn't anything on but a dressing-gown. So perhaps it was that. And I wanted to go round that night, but she put me off because she had to go with her mother. So I didn't see her again before she went to Sidmouth."

"Well?"

"That's all, said Caryl, feeling foolish.

Gemma burst out laughing. "Of all the mug's games," she said, "this love business takes the gold medal. Is that really all? Has she written to you from Sidmouth?"

"Oh, yes."

"Love-letters?"

They were a great deal more loving than Sebastian's letter anyhow, so Caryl said: "Ye-es. She isn't awfully demonstrative in her letters, ever."

Gemma looked at him narrowly.

"But you have a sort of feeling that she's going to pass you up? Is that it?"

"She couldn't! She couldn't do it now, could she, Gemma? After we've been engaged so long, and when I've given up my music and gone into Kraut's and everything? After all, why did she ever get engaged to me if she didn't love me? She couldn't have changed."

"I don't know, I've sure," said Gemma. "As you know, I don't believe in all this love that people talk about. Why should she change?"

"Her people are against me. Now that she's away with them, they might work on her feelings. They think I'm not good enough for her."

"Oh, songs! She isn't good enough for you."

Caryl indignantly set her right about this. And Gemma explained that she had meant only that Fenella, if faithless, would be worth nothing at all.

"If she's good enough for you, Caryl, she'll stick to you. Don't worry. And if she isn't, you're well rid of her."

CHAPTER XXIV

WHEN Sebastian's check came, they went out and bought clothes for Gemma to wear at the *première* of the Ballet. Caryl was determined to make her buy the best of everything. It seemed to him that heretofore she had had so much the worst of everything. Her account of life in Hatfield Buildings, of the hardships of the dreadful winter, had moved him greatly, and he believed that, but for her supreme courage and loyalty, the Ballet of Primavera would never have been written. For her, at least, the evening should be a triumph.

But when the day came, she could not go.

"I just don't want to," she explained. "If I wanted to, I would. I always do what I want. But I don't. I couldn't sit it out. I've worked too hard for that thing. I know too much about it altogether."

Caryl argued and scolded, but he could not move her. And in his heart he understood what she meant. She had paid too heavily. The dead child, of whom she never spoke, was only a part of the price that she had paid. And he remembered how Sebastian's mother used to say the same thing about Sanger's operas. She never would go to see them performed. She said that she knew too much about them.

"You pop off and dress yourself, or you'll be late," said Gemma indulgently. "You're all up in the air with excitement, I can see."

He was quite ashamed of being so excited. Two or three times he rang up Trigorin's hotel and tried to speak to Sebastian, who had arrived the day before. But a last-minute rehearsal was going on, and Caryl gave up the attempt. Later in the afternoon Sebastian was reported to be asleep.

"Quite like old times," thought Caryl joyfully, as he kicked his shoes across the room.

He wished that more of the family had been there, to bring back that lost world. Sanger used to go to sleep, too, on the afternoon of a performance, and there was always a panic lest he should sleep too long, for the person bold enough to wake him generally got a beer-bottle thrown at his head. And the whole house would be filled with a great sound of washing, for the children always washed their faces before a concert, if at no other time, and odd people would be discovered shaving themselves on the stairs or arguing about something, and a message would come that the solo flautist had got the *grippe*, and the postman, bringing an important telegram, would be bitten by the dog.

Now there was nobody. They were all scattered over the earth. Some were dead and some were married; some had disappeared and some were making names for themselves. But none of them was there to keep company with Caryl or to make it once more a Sanger day.

On his dressing-table he found a curious little parcel directed to himself. It caught his eye as he wrestled with his tie. He opened it and found Sanger's gold watch which Sebastian had borrowed and pawned. He had thought that it was lost, and had greatly lamented it, but Gemma must have found it, for the direction was in her handwriting.

As soon as he was dressed, he ran down to question and thank her.

"Oh, that's nothing," she said. "I—knew where it was. But I didn't tell you because I wanted to give it to you for a surprise to-day. It's for luck."

"But where—"

"That's a secret. I'll tell you sometime. How nice you look! Have you got a clean handkerchief?"

"I always—"

"I know. *You* always have. Have you got the ticket for your box?"

"In here." He patted his waistcoat pocket. "Oh, Gemma, I wish—"

"Don't wish. I should only be a skeleton at the feast."

"Gemma!"

"Yes?"

"I'll bring him back with me, shall I?"

"Then take some salt to put on his tail."

"I'll bring him back," said Caryl, nodding.

She went with him to the doorstep and watched him running through the spring dusk, down Tansley Street, and round the corner. After him went the lamp-lighter. She stayed to watch him, too, until he got so far away that she could no longer see his mysterious figure crossing and recrossing the street, only the ever-lengthening double row of lights which he left behind him. She thought that she would like to be a lamp-lighter: they came out at the nicest time of the day, when the streets were blue and quiet. She wondered what they did in the daytime.

Tansley Street was very silent after the noise of Hatfield Buildings, where the trains rushed past the window all the time, while Sebastian wrote with both hands, and she, aching with tiredness, used to lie on the bed and dream of this night, a consoling, impossible night, when she would go swaying up the steps of a theatre in a cloak of rose brocade. Now the night had come. The brocade cloak lay on her bed inside the house. But she could not put it on. It belonged to somebody else. She was a casualty in this victory, and the wounded were best kept in the background.

Restless, at a loss, she wandered a little way along the pavement under the pale lamps. In spite of the dust and the miles upon miles of ugly brick houses, there was a sharp tang of spring in the air, a stirring of new life that no stone barriers could quite shut out.

It was late when she got back to Tansley Street. The house was dark, and everybody had gone to bed. So she went up to sit in Caryl's room, because she was cold and her own had no gas fire. She must wait up until he came, because he might bring Sebastian with him. He had said that he would, and now that this Ballet was done with, perhaps Sebastian would come. Perhaps already his new work was calling to him, and he would want to be at home.

She would hear the rattle of Caryl's key in the lock and the shuffle of their feet on the stairs, and Sebastian's voice saying:

"Hullo, Gemma! Got anything to eat?"

He would come down with her to her little room, and she would not have to sleep any more holding a pillow to her heart instead of a dead child. In the darkness he would tell her about the things he was going to do, and she would tell him of the new life she carried. It would be spring then.

CHAPTER XXV

GOING into the theatre was like arriving at one of Mrs. Ewen's rather Bohemian parties. The vestibule re-echoed with the same self-conscious babel. Fenella, hurrying after her mother out of the cold spring air, was deafened with it. Everybody in London was clutching and nodding and beckoning; there was no getting through them into the theatre. They might all have come there simply to stand and shout. More and more of them kept surging in through the doors, till there was no room to breathe.

She hated crowds. She wanted to hold herself remote from this one, shut in, intent upon all that the moment meant to her alone. She was going to see Sebastian again: nothing else mattered. Nobody else was alive. Nobody could feel as poignantly as she did, not even Caryl, for all his pathetic, heart-rending excitement.

"Hadn't we better go in?" she whispered impatiently, catching at her mother's shawl. "It's quite late."

"What, darling?"

"Can't we go in? What are we waiting here for?"

"We can't go without Caryl. Where is he?"

"He's paying the taxi. Do let's get out of this crush."

"Oh, there he is, coming in now."

CARYL was fighting his way in. His face, by this time, was perfectly green with anxiety and he scarcely heard the importunate greetings of those people who happened to know that he was Sebastian's brother. But Lady McClean took note of them, and she was pleased. On this particular occasion she was almost reconciled to Caryl's existence. She would have liked him even better if he had written Primavera himself, though even that would not have made her want him for a son-in-law. But he was, for the moment, much less of a pity than usual.

A noise of tuning and the great, surging murmur of a crowded auditorium came to them through the box door. In spite of the throng outside, the house seemed to be full already. Fenella felt as though she had never been in a theatre before, as if she had never looked out before upon the musicians tuning in their trough, the piled rows of faces going up and up to the roof, the flutter of programs, the sleek heads in the stalls. For the first time in her life she wondered,

"Will they like it?"

Always before, she had merely wondered if she would like it, herself. A drama, for her, would end at the footlights, and the crowd on her side of the house were just audience. But now she realized that this huge assembly of uncaptured, inattentive units must be bound together and made one before there could be any drama at all, and that the thing which might happen among them would be the supreme event of the evening. She looked anxiously at Caryl and whispered,

"Do you think they'll even listen?"

"One in fifty," said Caryl cheerfully.

"Then what have they all come for?"

"The Lord knows!"

"But how queer!"

It was queer and rather dreadful. Dreadful that this child of Sebastian's soul, this thing that he had wrought so painfully, must be flung to all these fools for their delight. Only one in fifty was worthy of it.

"What idiots!"

"You'll get used to it," Caryl told her, "when you're married to the family. You have so much of this sort of thing in front of you."

He leaned round to catch her smile, but she was not looking at him. She was watching for Sebastian and wondering how anybody would have room to play in that narrow grave where the musicians waited. Suddenly she gave a great start. Sebastian was climbing out of some hidden door between the harps. She could see the top of his long, fair head. A few people caught sight of him and began to clap. Lady McClean put both her hands out far beyond the edge of the box and clapped loudly over the heads of the people below, so that Fenella, driven half-frantic, exclaimed:

"Oh, don't! Oh, don't!"

Caryl moved to the stage side of the box and stood behind her chair so that he could see his brother better. He had never seen Sebastian conducting before, and he was consumed with nervous doubts. The lights were going down. But the arena below was full of noise and movement. More people kept crowding into the stalls. This pandemonium, this heaving mass of humanity, would never be charmed into attention. It was hopeless. Sebastian, tapping on his estrade, was leading a forlorn cause.

Only CLICQUOT offers this choice of 3 Blends

EACH one of these three Clicquot Club Ginger Ales is different. Each has its own distinctive flavor. Many people have tried only one, not realizing how the others suit different tastes or moods or occasions.

GOLDEN is rich and full-flavored, with the tang of real ginger in its spirited bubbles. An old-time ginger ale that is zestful and provoking to the appetite.

PALE DRY is mild and delicate, a perfectly balanced blend ideally suited for many recipe drinks. Pure fruit flavorings are more pronounced. It is delicious.

SEC is dry . . . the driest ginger ale made. It has the delicate trace of an elusive flavor all its own. Blends perfectly because it is a perfect blend itself. Popular wherever smart people gather.

Yes, all different in taste. But all made from the finest, purest ingredients. Aged 6 months in the making for rare mellowness of flavor. Fully carbonated to retain sparkling life. And, as a final guarantee of purity, put only into brand-new bottles—no bottle is ever used twice. Try each of them. See for yourself how each has a place in your home.

AGED 6 MONTHS IN THE MAKING

CLICQUOT CLUB *

GINGER ALES

The Eskimos—*Every Friday evening on your radio from W E A F and Associated Stations, at 9 p. m., E. S. T.*

Garments that touch Baby's Skin need Borax

HOW every little roughness hurts His Lordship's roseleaf skin! Especially the irritating ammonia residue so often left clinging to diapers. Put a little Borax in the washing water—it will neutralize the ammonia residue and save baby from chafing.

Then a final Borax *rinse* will remove every trace of unpleasant odor—every tiny, irritating particle of the soap itself! So use 20 Mule Team BORAX for all the clothes that touch baby's tender skin!

Safeguard His Lordship's Bottle

this scientific way. Wash out carefully with soap *and* BORAX. Rinse and put in a teaspoon of BORAX. Fill with water. Shake to dissolve. Let stand till morning. Then rinse again with clean water. *Boiling the bottle each day is unnecessary now, for Borax is antiseptic.* Ask your doctor about this safe, modern method.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 421
51 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name..

Address.......................................

The Fool of the Family

"Oh, why won't they be quiet?" she whispered. "Why must they come so late?"

"Hush!"

Caryl, looking down at that lifted bâton, saw and heard nothing else. He knew, before any one else knew, that there was music going on. It had not started; it was there, but still so soft that the noises of the theatre drowned it. Of the packed musicians in the narrow trough only two or three were playing. Nobody knew what they were doing save Caryl and Sebastian, who stood up very straight and stiff, scarcely moving the white bâton which he held.

The footlights threw a ruddy glow upon the base of the curtain. It towered up like an enormous cliff, a precipice, into the roof. Everybody was looking at it, gazing, as though they could actually see that other curtain which rose up in front of it, a web of sound, impalpable, exquisitely delicate, an airy barrier between themselves and the enchanted world which must lie behind it. The desire to see took hold upon them. Wave after wave, cadence after cadence, carried them forward against that towering cliff. It was rising. It was vanishing. The wintry hills of Tuscany slept in the sunlight, and the olive trees threw an eternal, classic shade.

"Who did it?" whispered Lady McClean, tugging impatiently at Caryl's arm.

"What?"

"The back cloth. It's so clever. It looks like hills, somehow, but it's only—"

"Hush!"

Did the leaves quiver in a sudden gust, or was it a whisper from the pit below? Fenella looked down and saw the harpists tilt back their shining burdens, moving all together just as Sebastian gave a queer little jerk of his shoulders. Another long gust swept across the listening hills, and hidden in the heart of it there was something growing, a rhythm, a faint, continuous drumming. She heard her mother flutter a program beside her, and whisper "Kropotkin!" And her eyes were drawn once more to the stage, where goat-men, fauns and satyrs, were creeping out of the rocks, snuffing the good air, tossing shaggy heads and hooves, bounding and leaping to the rhythm of a new-wakened world. But the nymphs, hidden in the dappled shade of the trees, were shy. They would not come out into the sunshine until the goatmen had laid a trap for them, stealing back into the rocks. Then, with a flicker of white arms, of flowery gauzes, the shy ones floated out over the bare grass.

The toilers in the pit were all poised over Sebastian's stillness. Not one of them was idle now—they were waiting and watching as the bâton quivered ever so little this way and that. Another queer, commanding jerk from his shoulders, and the force of them was let loose in a shapely, masterful tornado. The goatmen had rushed in upon their prey.

LADY McCLEAN dropped her program over the edge of the box and sat with her mouth open, wondering what she was going to see next. She was half-bewildered and half-scandalized. Afterward she declared that nothing, literally nothing, had been left to the imagination. This was not true. Everything, in reality, had been so left, but she was so little accustomed to an imaginative stimulus that she did not know it, and between the music and Trigorin's superb choreography she thought she was looking at an orgy. Before she had seen half enough, the whole shameless crew of them had run off into the woods. Their wild music was lost in the distance. A slower, statelier measure was stealing down the glade.

Young girls and men, bearing flowery branches, tripped two by two over the sward, and in their train some Tuscan prince, some Lorenzo and his Simonetta, came out a-maying from a walled hill town, he with a hawk upon his wrist, she with her apron full of flowers. Smiling, urbane, amid their rustic court, they trod a Sarabande. But danger danced invisibly beside them. Sometimes a hidden discord went shuddering through the gay smoothness of their dance, an omen of the summer which might never come, of the traitor's dagger, the poisoned cup, and the ends of all those smiling princes who knew so well how to greet the spring when the world was younger and more perilous. This hour might be their last, and so they danced proudly with danger. Peasants had raised a dais for them in the shade, and there they sat, with all their court about them, to watch a Masque of gods and goddesses, of the Graces flitting hand in hand, of Persephone fleeing from her somber lover, and, on a gale of harps, Zhigalova herself, a rosy, floating cloud, the goddess of the morning.

Even Caryl, who thought all this dancing an interruption, who had never taken his eyes from the bâton, even Caryl was forced to look at her. For she moved like nothing mortal, and of all those flying maidens she alone was never captured. She was the poignant, unpossessed beauty which is in every spring, which returns upon the winds of every May, to the young a promise and to the old a memory.

FENELLA thought for a moment that it was her mother who was making all that senseless noise. And then she saw that Caryl was doing a sort of war-dance by himself in the back of the box. Why? Because they were liking it. All those people who had frightened her so much, and whom she had quite forgotten. Great waves of sound, like breakers on a beach, were coming up from the arena, below. Cheers poured down from the roof. She was cheering, herself. When the red curtains parted, she wanted to cry, though Zhigalova, grimacing at the box above their heads, was no longer the Aurora whom they were cheering. Out they came, in a long string, passing hand-in-hand in front of the curtain. The light, streaming up, threw strange shadows on their painted faces, and in the middle of them, looking as if he belonged to them, came Sebastian, a splash of black-and-white amid a whirl of color.

"They're shouting 'Sanger'! Caryl! Do you hear? They're shouting 'Sanger'!"

"I know," said Caryl, still dancing about in the back of the box. "I've heard them do it before. Oh, Fenella! Didn't he do it well? I never thought . . ."

Sebastian and Aurora were taking a call together. The smell of flowers drifted up over the noise—carnation and myosotis. One, two, three, four bouquets: Sebastian had to hold them for her. He was smiling at her. And Fenella felt a quick, sharp stab of jealousy. The curtains fell together again. The lights went up, and the noise of cheers was lost in a rush of movement and chatter. Everybody was getting up, crowding for the doorways, making the most of the interval before the next ballet.

"And now," cried Lady McClean, "you must take me down, Caryl. I want to see the next one from the wings. It will be so amusing. And I must meet your brother. I can't tell you how much . . ."

"I don't know if any one would be allowed—" began Caryl diffidently.

But she swept all that aside. Of course, he would be allowed to take her anywhere, he, a Sanger, the brother of Sebastian. But they must hurry. She did not want to miss anything, and ever so many people would be going behind.

"Wake up, Fenella. Caryl's going to take us down."

Fenella shrank back and said hastily that Heinrich might be coming round to their box. She did not want to meet Sebastian again in all this crowd. She wanted time to collect herself a little.

"But you can't stay here alone, darling!"

"Yes. I'd like to be alone."

"Not all through the next Ballet? I'm going to watch it from the wings."

The Fool of the Family

"Truly I'd much rather. I don't want to miss Herr Heinrich."

Caryl was led off, though he would much rather have stayed in the box with Fenella. But, on the other hand, he was eager to see Sebastian. The performance, as a whole, had delighted him so much that he hardly knew what he was doing. He could think of nothing but Sebastian's conducting and those queer little jerks and shrugs which had swept an orchestra to triumph.

"I'll come back as soon as I can," he whispered as they left the box.

But Fenella did not hear him. She only wanted to be alone. She could not even face the semi-privacy of the box, where people opposite could see her face, and she went into the little passage behind, where she could get used to this vision of Sebastian, unconscious of her, smiling and holding bouquets for La Zhigalova.

He was the same man who had kissed her at Steineck, who had pursued her all these months. She wanted him to herself; she wanted to take him away from all this noise and these people who shouted at him, to see him once more lost to everything but the passion which she could inspire. She was jealous of everything, everybody, who claimed him: La Zhigalova, Trigorin, even Caryl with his brotherly possessiveness.

"Caryl doesn't love him," she thought angrily. "Caryl only thinks of him as a musician."

Through the half-open door of the box she could hear the murmur of a crowd talking. It sank away. The lights went down again for the second Ballet. She sat down upon one of the three steps up to the box and leaned against the wall, listening dreamily, with closed eyes, to the strange, hard noises of a Stravinsky Prelude.

There was nothing to do now but to wait for Sebastian, because life had no meaning until she should find herself in his arms again. He was not a person as Caryl was; he was a state of mind. When they were apart, she could get no comfort from the thought of him. She knew nothing of his life or his ways of thought; she had nothing to remember save her own overpowering response to his demands. In the past six weeks she had tried to think it out, but she had been forced to admit to herself that she loved him for no reason at all, except that he had it in his power to make her divinely happy. She was certain of that, and she believed that people do not feel like that unless they are meant for each other.

The door at the end of the passage banged. They were coming back. She opened her eyes and saw Sebastian facing her.

(*To be concluded*)

Let's Have Pie

(*Continued from page 89*)

chilled egg whites until stiff; then gradually add the sugar while beating constantly, allowing 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar for every egg white. Arrange the meringue unevenly on the pie. Bake in a slow oven of 300° F. for 15 minutes.

It was at an Institute guest luncheon that we first served *Deep Dish Rhubarb Pie* for dessert, and a huge success it was! Wash 3 lbs. of rhubarb stalks and cut into ½-inch pieces—there should be about 8 cupfuls. Combine with ¼ cupful water and 3 cupfuls sugar and simmer slowly 10 minutes, or until partially tender. Add ½ cupful flour and 1 cupful sugar, mix thoroughly, and turn into a greased baking dish. Dot with 3 tablespoonfuls of butter and cover with pastry which has been rolled ⅛ inch thick and to the shape of the baking dish. Press the pastry down well around the edges and make several short slits in the center of it. Bake in a hot oven of 450° F. for 10 minutes. Then reduce the heat to 400° F. and continue baking for 30 minutes. Serve with cream.

For *Deep Dish Raspberry or Blueberry Pie*, prepare 4 cupfuls of the cleaned, fresh fruits. Add ¾ cupful to 1 cupful sugar and 4 tablespoonfuls of flour. Arrange in a greased baking dish or individual casseroles and top with pastry as directed in Deep Dish Rhubarb Pie above. Bake in a hot oven of 425° F. for 20 minutes and then reduce the heat to 350° F. and bake 20 minutes longer.

No pie incites more joyous "oh's" and "ah's" than a juicy cherry or blueberry pie with a crust that "melts in your mouth." Yet so many housekeepers tell us that such pies are their despair because they will "leak juice." Of course, there is much in the way this pie is put together—however such a pie should never be attempted without adding either flour or quick-cooking tapioca to "hold in the juices."

Here is the Institute's best *Blueberry Pie* recipe, and it does not leak juice. Wash 4 cupfuls cleaned blueberries, drain, and combine with 1 cupful sugar, a speck of salt, and 4 tablespoonfuls flour. Meanwhile prepare the recipe for Pie Crust as given previously in this article. Line a 9-inch pie plate with half of the pastry rolled to ⅛ inch thickness, having about ½ inch overhanging the plate. Moisten the edge of the pastry with cold water and fold it inward, even with the edge of the plate. Moisten the edge again. Fill the pie plate with the prepared berries. Then lay over the berries the rest of the pastry, which has been rolled to ⅛ inch thickness with several incisions made in the center to allow the escape of steam. Trim off the surplus pastry around the edge of the pie and then press the edges together with a fork dipped in flour. Bake in a hot oven of 450° F. for 20 minutes, then reduce the heat to 350° F. and bake 20 minutes longer. Two and one-half tablespoonfuls of quick cooking tapioca and 3 tablespoonfuls of water may be substituted for the flour in this recipe and will keep in the juice perfectly.

For *Red Raspberry Pie*, combine 3 cupfuls cleaned raspberries, ½ cupful sugar and 2 tablespoonfuls flour and use as a filling for a double-crust pie prepared as suggested for Blueberry Pie, above.

For *Blackberry Pie*, combine 3 cupfuls cleaned blackberries, 3 tablespoonfuls flour, and 1 cupful sugar and use as a filling for a double-crust pie made and baked like Blueberry Pie, above.

For *Cherry Pie*, combine 4 cupfuls stoned, fresh sour cherries, 1½ cupfuls sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls cornstarch, 3 tablespoonfuls flour, and a dash of salt. Use as a filling for a double-crust pie made and baked like Blueberry Pie.

For *Rhubarb Pie*, prepare 3½ cupfuls rhubarb cut in ½ inch pieces, add 2 eggs beaten, 1¼ cupfuls sugar and 4 tablespoonfuls flour and use as a filling for a double-crust pie prepared and baked like Blueberry Pie. If preferred, 1½ tablespoonfuls of quick-cooking tapioca and 1 tablespoonful of water may be used instead of the eggs and flour.

Fruits of all kinds can be used in tarts, with or without top crusts. For Blueberry, Blackberry, Raspberry, or Rhubarb Tarts, prepare the same fillings suggested above. Meanwhile roll out the pastry to ⅛ inch thickness, cut into 5 inch rounds with a cooky cutter, and fit carefully into muffin pans. Fill with the desired mixture. Then cut smaller circles of pastry in the center of which make 2 or 3 small slits. Moisten the edges of the pastry with water, cover with the upper crust, and then press the edges together with a fork dipped in flour. Bake in a hot oven of 450° F. for 15 minutes and then decrease the heat to 350° F. for 15 minutes.

DUXBURY
Comb Back
Chair
2058-1
BUTTERFLY
TABLE
518-0
YOUTH'S
JOHN
HANCOCK
Arm Rocker
2059-4
DUXBURY
Side Chair
2080-1
HITCHCOCK
Side Chair
2016-1

Send For This Nichols & Stone Booklet

ARTISTS and writers combined to make "The Charm of Wayside Inn" a charming and beautiful booklet, describing the lovely character of the famous old tavern as well as modern day usage of Windsor Chairs. Send for your copy of this booklet—free on request.

At the same time let some nearby dealer in furniture show you how delightfully Nichols & Stone Windsor Chairs harmonize with any furniture in any home. Inspired by priceless originals that "came over in the Mayflower," Nichols & Stone Windsors have true Colonial character at extremely reasonable prices. Available in red or Tudor mahogany, antique maple finish or in the white wood which you can finish to match your present furniture.

Genuine Nichols & Stone chairs are identified by the Nichols & Stone shop mark underneath the seat and the gold and brown shield-shaped historical tag attached.

NICHOLS & STONE CO.
THE HOME OF WINDSOR CHAIRS
Gardner Mass'tts

NICHOLS & STONE CO., *Dept. D-30*, Gardner, Mass.
Send free copy of Wayside Inn Booklet and nearest dealer's name to
Name..
St. & No............ City & State..............

Spring Days *suggest* salads
. . . . *why not one of* chicken *tonight?*

Yes, a chicken salad—the finest you ever tasted—prepared in just a few moments!

A tin of R. & R. Boned Chicken made of carefully selected, U. S. Government inspected (*) chickens cooked in solid nickel kettles and prepared as only Richardson & Robbins know how to do it—makes such a salad possible... It's the easy, economical way of having many delicious chicken dishes.

Try this recipe some night soon! Have more time to enjoy spring-time pleasures and give your family a delightful surprise at the same time!

CHICKEN SALAD

1 small tin R. & R. Boned Chicken
2 hard-boiled eggs
4 slices boiled beet
1 cupful chopped celery
Mayonnaise Dressing
A few tender celery leaves
Salt to season

Cut the boned chicken into small pieces and mix it with the chopped celery and the yolk of one egg, chopped fine. Mix thoroughly with the mayonnaise. Arrange in a mound on a cold dish. Decorate with the beet and white of egg cut into shreds; also the celery leaves. Sprinkle over mound the remaining egg yolk pressed through a sieve.

Recipe tested and approved by
Good Housekeeping Institute

R. & R. Boned Chicken comes in six and twelve ounce tins. On sale at the better grocers. Try it!

(*) Every chicken is certified and passed by the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

R&R

Richardson & Robbins

Established Since 1855 at Dover, Del.

RICHARDSON & ROBBINS
BONED
CHICKEN
DOVER
DEL USA

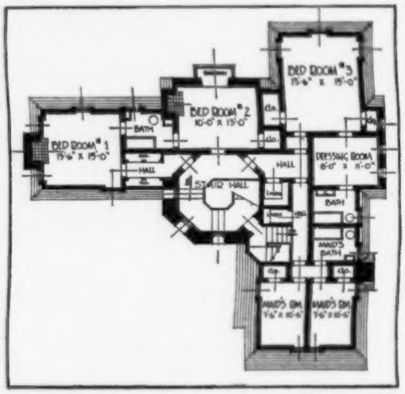
★

French Provincial Interiors

(Continued from page 58)

studding, and shows also the deep niche in one of the octagonal walls balancing the stone fireplace. Opposite the front door are French doors which in the summer would stand open. This would necessitate removing the ivy stand and small table which are part of the fireside group for the winter.

Scale has been carefully considered in the furniture used—two fireside seats, two small tables, a *poudreuse*, and three chairs. The style chosen is the French Provincial. The chairs and benches are of solid walnut frame work with rush seat brightened by gay chintz cushions. Two pairs are of red dotted fabric on a yellow ground. One more important cushion (and more expensive as well) is of flowered chintz, which is also used for the wall piece hung over the *poudreuse* under a small gilt mirror of French design. A large mirror would have been expensive, and perhaps overpowering for the space, whereas this arrangement gives color and charm at much less cost. The *poudreuse* is a delightful piece of French furniture, which folds up and looks like a table. In reality, a center section lifts up and reveals a mirror. On each side a leaf folds back and elongates the table and also reveals a space where powder, comb and brush, and toilet accessories are placed. It is a delightful piece for a hall such as this.


BED ROOM #1 13'6" x 15'0"
BATH
HALL
BED ROOM #2 10'0" x 15'0"
STAIR HALL
BED ROOM #3 13'6" x 15'0"
HALL
DRESSING ROOM 8'0" x 11'0"
BATH
MAID'S BATH
MAID'S RM
MAID'S RM

This is the second-floor plan of the French house. The first-floor plan is on page 52

When it comes to *color*, in such an interior there are all sorts of possibilities. Since the walls are plain, and since gray is a cool color, it is necessary to use bright colors, and rather dashingly! So we chose for the curtains a chintz in a French design in red with a yellow figure—just the reverse of the cushions, which have a yellow ground with red dot-like figure. The curtains were made important by hanging to the floor, but held back by metal tie-backs. They are on drawstrings; and the rod from which they are hung extends a little beyond the frame of the window. It is curved at each end, giving a "return" which allows the curtain to be drawn wide open and so permit the French door to open without interference. A more somber note, but a colorful one, is the small piece of tapestry in reds and blues, which hangs on the stairs. This delightful bit of modern craftsmanship could be used by the most fastidious. In a small wall space opposite the stairs is an old bell pull of needlework. Modern strips can be obtained or a needlewoman could make one in crewel work—a type of fancy work much in vogue today.

Ornaments are largely a matter of *individuality.* The hall has few, but those few are most important. The stone niche was a problem. We tried various things, jars of flowers, etc., only to discard them for the charming little pottery figure of a Madonna in color against a background of ivy. The ivy is potted and set in a black metal hanging wall piece. It seems to fit the space. These iron wall pieces for potted plants are in the shops just now and are most effective. What to do with the mantel was the next question. There is a hint of formality in the hall and yet it has cottage characteristics as well. Which would predominate would be determined by the little things. We decided on formality, so one oil painting—a primitive of a Madonna and Child in a gold frame—was put over the mantel and fairly sang out against the gray stone effect. Two dull brass candlesticks completed the arrangement. If, on the other hand, a row of plates had been used, or pewter, a cottage atmosphere would have resulted.

Hooked rugs in gay colors, one in front of the fireplace, one in the opening to the living-room, are other evidences of *color* and *individuality.* The black iron center light, the correct French door-knobs, etc., are accents in the scheme.

It is a hospitable and attractive entrance hall—one which may be used as an extra living-room. Best of all, it is individual.

Entertainment Folios

Send for the following Entertainment Folios and let them help you to give amusing parties:

School Banquet and College Dance: all sorts of suggestions for these two occasions 10c

Circus Carnival and A Progressive Travel Luncheon: two new ways of making money for Churches or for charity 10c

Bridge Rules In Rhyme 10c

Bright Bowknot Booklet: games for children 20c

Pirate and Captive Party: fancy dress party for young folk 10c

Tons of Money: Bride's Shower 10c

For ideas for special parties write to Elaine. For any of the above folios send the correct amount in stamps, check, or money-order to Elaine, Entertainment Editor, Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

YOU AND I

By Minnie Case Hopkins

WHEN *you were twenty-four, dear heart,*
And I was twenty-two,
The red rose never bloomed as red
And skies were always blue;
For you were loving me, dear heart,
And I was loving you.

NOW *you are fifty-four, dear heart,*
And I am fifty-two,
The rose still flames its reddest red
And skies are just as blue;
For you're still loving me, dear heart,
And I am loving you.